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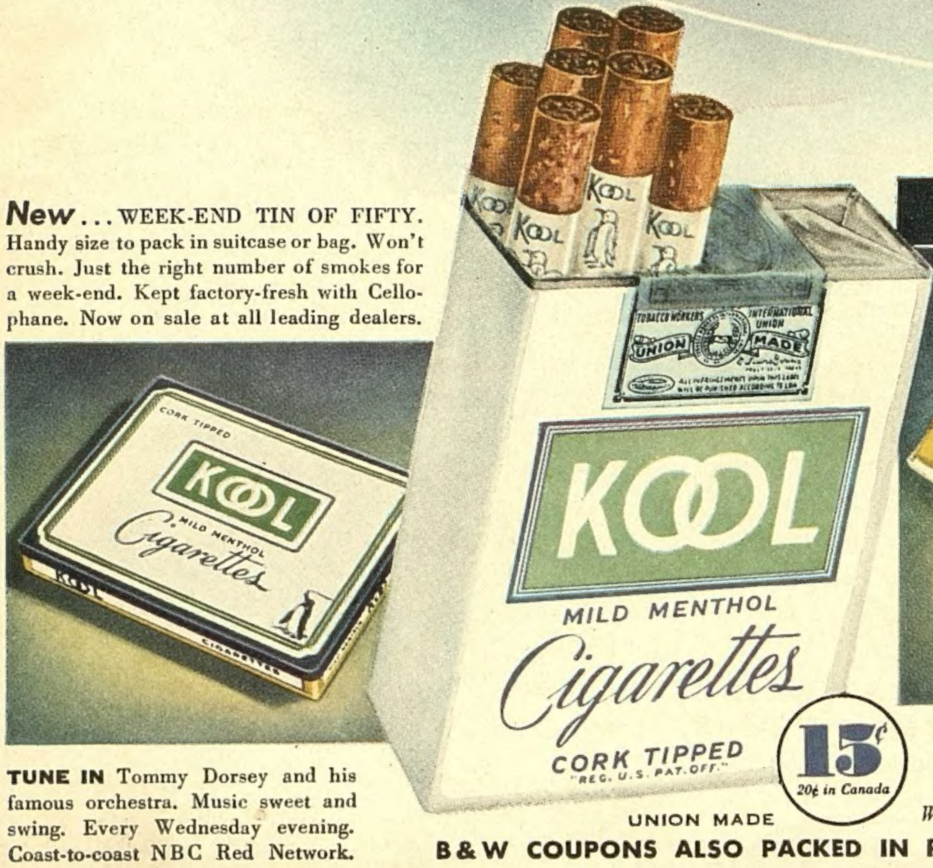
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DECEMBER 10, 1938 **Liberty** VOL. 15, NO. 50

BERNARR MACFADDEN
PUBLISHER

FULTON OURSLER
EDITOR IN CHIEF

UNEMPLOYMENT INSURANCE- OLD-AGE PENSIONS- GOOD, BUT-

BERNARR
MACFADDEN

In the last national election millions of votes were cast in favor of Social Security. The landslide for Roosevelt was due, partly at least, to his ardent support of this legislation. Nearly all the workers wanted unemployment insurance and old-age pensions, and we thought we were establishing something worth-while. Perhaps it can be so classed, with intelligent management.

But if you want to find an example of wasteful incompetence that is indeed pitiful, study the procedure that has been adopted by our government to keep these Social Security records.

Talk about brazen effrontery! What excuse the authors of that system have for considering themselves intelligent accountants would be interesting to learn.

Unemployment insurance and old-age pensions are not new. They have been used by various countries, and it is quite evident that the so-called expert that created the plans to carry out this legislation in this country made no investigation of the procedure adopted in other countries.

England, for example, has had this system for more than a quarter of a century.

In New York and various other states there has been the most caustic criticism from employees attempting to collect unemployment insurance. Waiting hour after hour . . . going from one window to another. Sometimes days are required to secure the payments due.

There is but little reason to wonder at the confusion of the officials who are attempting to carry out the purpose of this enactment. Just consider the simplicity of the recording methods adopted by England and compare them with the confused complications that have been followed in this country.

In England, every employee is supplied with a card . . . and on this card are fifty-two places for stamps—one for each weekly payday throughout the year. Every payday the employees and employers pay their share of the expense required to buy these stamps. The stamp is then placed on the card and canceled. At the end of the year this card is filed away by the government. This is the government's record.

When we compare this with the absolutely insane system . . . complication upon complication . . . that has been adopted by our government, we can only gasp in astonishment that any one with such a limited degree of intelligence should be allowed to guide the procedure necessary to keep such important records.

Thousands upon thousands of dollars, undoubtedly totaling millions, have been spent wastefully to maintain this foolish recording system.

And this is just a sample of the truly amazing incompetence that we will find in some departments of our present government.

Every additional dollar added to governmental expense increases taxes that the citizens of this country must pay, directly or indirectly.

Unfortunately for us, as we have stated on many occasions, most of these taxes are hidden. They are not out in the open. We should know that when we buy shoes or clothing, or pay rent, 20 or 30 per cent of the amount paid represents taxes that have been paid by the retailer, wholesaler, manufacturer, etc., which was added to the price.

And what is indeed more disgraceful is that this money, taken from the workers of the country, is used to help pay our huge national debt. This money is supposed to be put aside in a reserve fund for the particular purpose of paying unemployment insurance and old-age pensions. It should be allowed to accumulate for an emergency, but it is being spent by the Washington government as fast as it is received.

Some of the administration's critics maintain that the humanitarianism assumed in connection with the Social Security laws was all a pretense, and that they were enacted only to help Washington defray the mountain of debt imposed upon the country by wasteful and reckless experimenting.

Bernarr Macfadden

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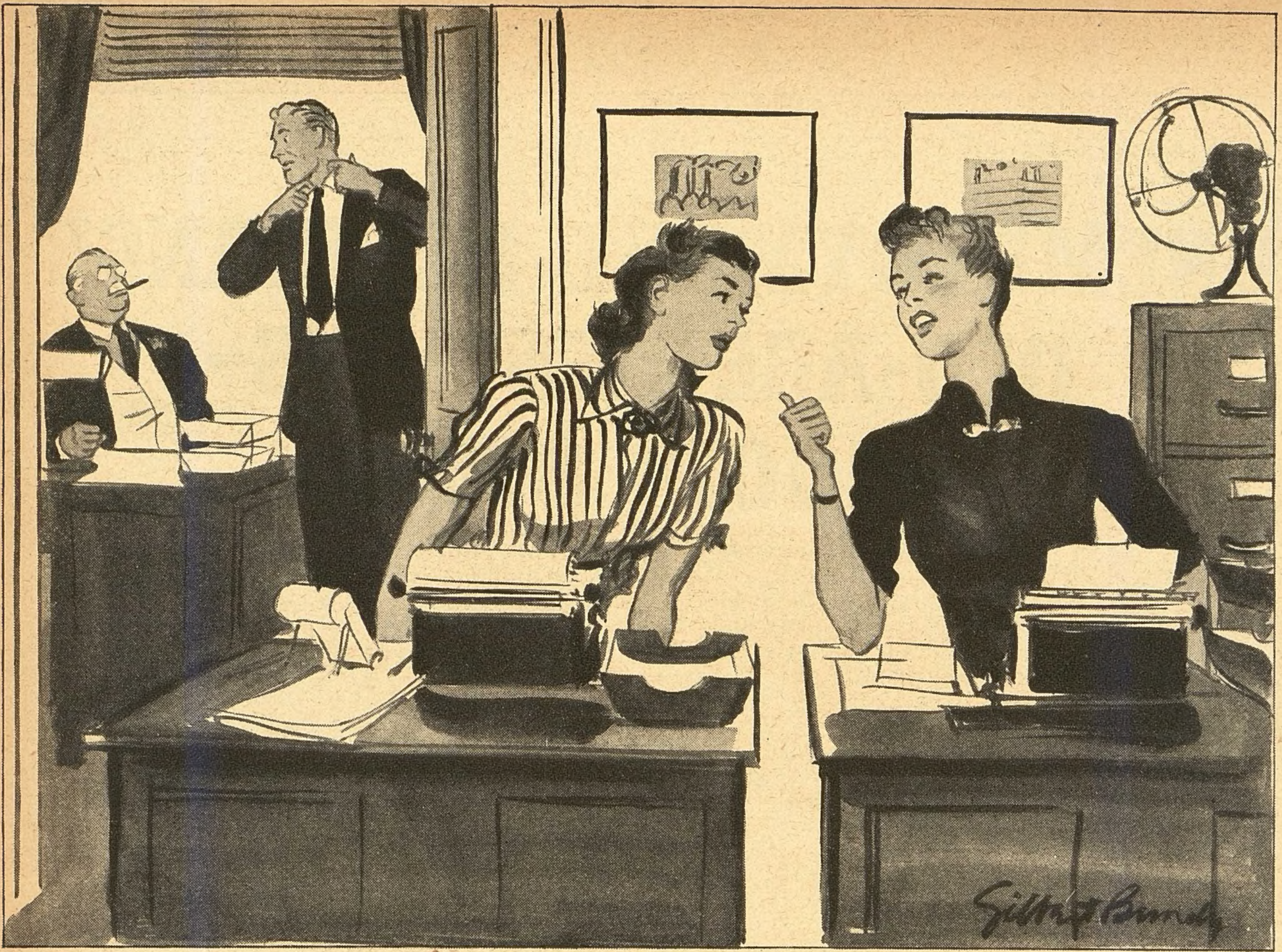


"Looks like Henry has squirmed himself out of a raise..."

SALLY: *Honest, I could cry! Henry's finally got his nerve up to ask for a raise—and look at the boss' face. It's like a thunder-cloud.*

DOTTIE: No *poise,* dearie—that's Henry's trouble. Look at him in there—squirming around as usual, and pulling at his collar—

SALLY: *It's just a nervous habit he's got—*

DOTTIE: Habit, my eye! He's got shrinking-shirt trouble—just like my brother Pete used to have.

SALLY: *Why, Pete's a wonderful dresser!*

DOTTIE: Sure, he is *now.* Mom and I dinged at him until he got some shirts that said Sanforized-Shrunk. And boy, do they keep their fit! You can wash 'em a thousand times and they won't shrink out of size.

SALLY: *But Henry says he buys shirts that have some kind of pre-shrinking done to them —"pre-shrunk" or "full-shrunk" or something like that. Doesn't seem to work, though.*

DOTTIE: "Pre-shrunk"—hooey! My brother says you can't depend on a shirt that just says "pre-shrunk."

SALLY: *They have to be Sanforized-Shrunk, hm? Wonder if I dare tell Henry?*

DOTTIE: Well, if *I* was interested in a man's future, I'd cram it down his throat. I'd tell him the plain facts—how Sanforizing is a special process that takes the shrinkage out of a fabric, within a teeny 1%, *by Government standard test!* I'd tell him how *no* Sanforized-Shrunk shirt can shrink from its original marked size. I'd tell him—

SALLY: *Goodness! How do you know all this?*

DOTTIE: Mom and I read it in Good Housekeeping Magazine. This Sanforizing process is so good there are 195 patents on it. And believe me, Sally, that means shrinkage control with a capital K.

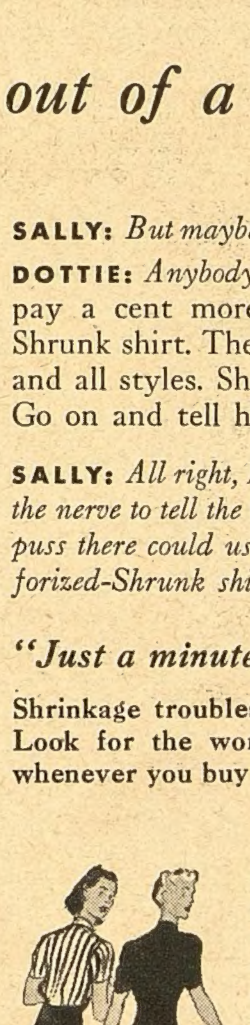
SALLY: *But maybe Henry can't afford 'em—*

DOTTIE: *Anybody* can! You don't have to pay a cent more to get a Sanforized-Shrunk shirt. They have 'em in all prices and all styles. Sh-h! Here comes Henry. Go on and tell him, softie—

SALLY: *All right, I will!—And I wish I had the nerve to tell the boss. Looks like old Sourpuss there could use a few comfortable Sanforized-Shrunk shirts himself.*

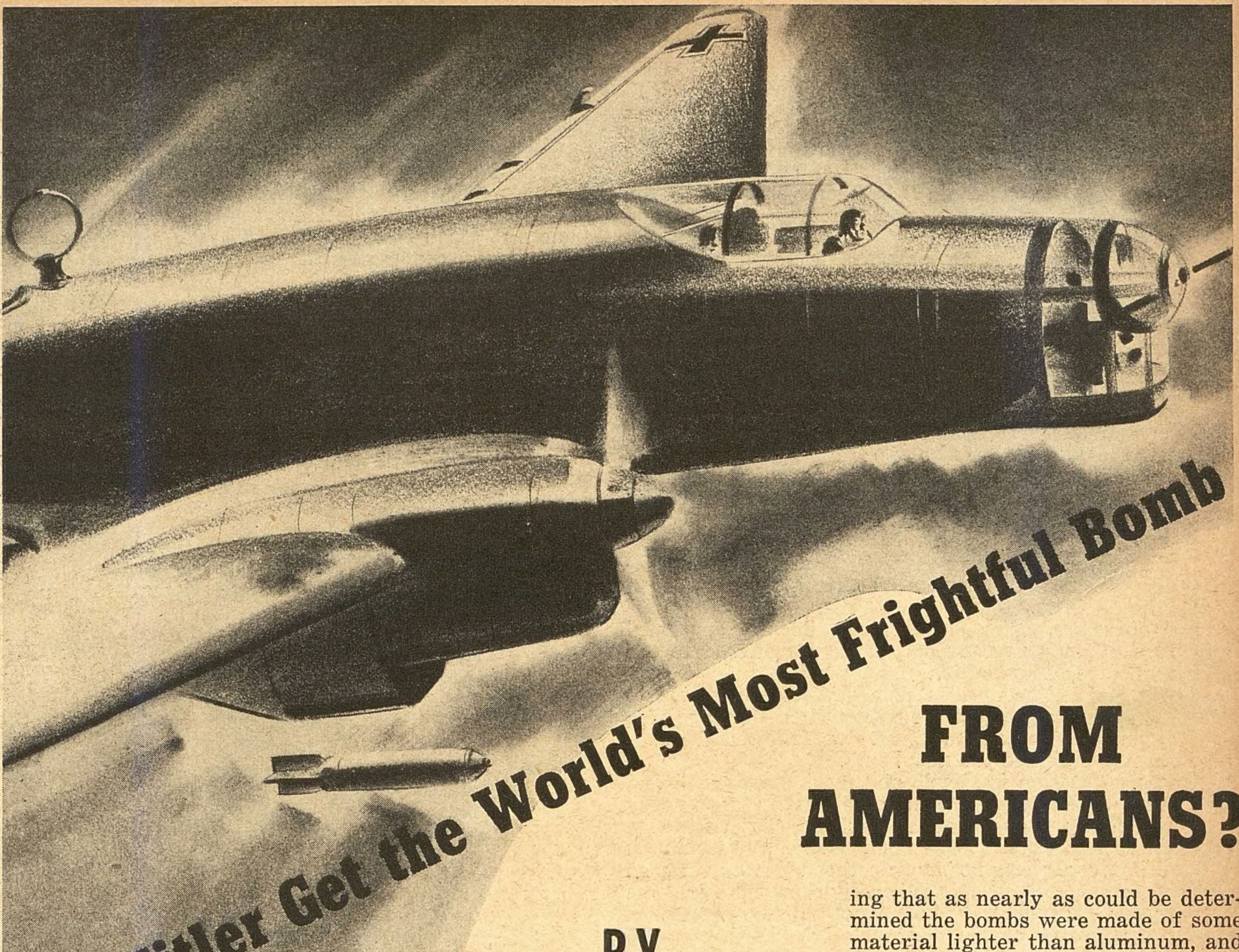
"Just a minute, girls..."

Shrinkage troubles are over for you, too! Look for the words "Sanforized-Shrunk" whenever you buy *anything* made of cotton, linen, or spun rayon:



- ***Women's Dresses***
- ***Nurses' Uniforms***
- ***Men's Shirts, Slacks***
- ***Men's Work Clothes***
- ***Men's Pajamas, Shorts***
- ***Children's Garments***
- ***Slip-covers and Draperies***

To be sure of permanent fit... look for the words... Sanforized-Shrunk



Did Hitler Get the World's Most Frightful Bomb FROM AMERICANS?

BY G. A. SAUER

An amazing account of a weapon of terror born in the U. S. A. that may have made history at Munich

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

WE believe—my co-worker Edwin Hall and I—we know why Great Britain and France made such strenuous efforts for peace in the recent Czech crisis. They and other European countries have learned, to their dismay, that the German government is manufacturing in great quantities a new and very deadly aerial bomb—a missile half as heavy as the ordinary bomb and with five times the destructive power.

This type of bomb was used experimentally in a series of raids on Barcelona not long ago. During three days the Heinkle-Junkers bombers caused more havoc than in all their previous strafings. This despite the fact that they dropped fewer bombs.

One bomb, falling on one of the principal squares of the city, killed everybody in the square, including men and women in trolleys and buses. People an eighth of a mile away were killed, and many were stunned at a distance of more than a quarter of a mile.

The Spanish Loyalist government issued a statement, at the time, saying that as nearly as could be determined the bombs were made of some material lighter than aluminum, and that the explosive used was liquid air.

No wonder London is feverishly building bombproof shelters. During the World War approximately seventy-two tons of bombs were dropped on that city. The casualties suffered were about twice those inflicted on Barcelona in three days. London realizes that a modern air armada could easily drop into her streets, in one day, twice as many bombs as fell during the World War—and bombs of a much more destructive nature.

England, France, Russia, and other nations are working day and night to learn the secret of the new bomb; but so far they have met with little success, either in their laboratories or through their intelligence services.

Nothing has been published about this new weapon hitherto, but we are making it known now in Liberty. We invented this bomb and introduced it to the German government. Because the Germans did not keep certain verbal agreements made to us, we no longer feel obligated to keep the secret.

The Spanish Loyalist government was correct. The bomb cases are made of dural, a comparatively new alloy which is noted for its lightness and its strength.

Liquid air, synthetic wool, and a small quantity of oil are used to charge them. An ordinary fulminate-of-mercury detonator of the contact type is used to explode them.

The bombs are of the concussion type; have practically no penetrating powers. They are meant to be used against troop concentrations, and as an agent to kill, drive into panic, and utterly demoralize the civilian populations of big cities.

German officers have told me they believe that a large air force making a surprise attack with these bombs would create such havoc and such terror that the people of the enemy country would force its government to surrender—and this before any effective resistance could be organized.

Using liquid air as an explosive is not a new idea. Charles E. Tripler in 1899 forecast its use. He was one of the first scientists to produce liquid air in large quantities. He believed it would be used in warfare because he discovered that when liquid air is mixed with certain hydrocarbons it becomes a tremendous explosive.

Among the reasons he advanced for its value as a weapon were the safety factor in handling it, the cheapness of its manufacture, and the ease with which it could be stored or transported.

He predicted that warships would some day manufacture this explosive in air-compression plants aboard ship, if only to eliminate the hazard of powder explosions, then so common.

Nothing was done, however, until European and American inventors, experimenting with rocket motors, began using liquid fuels.

We ourselves, after similar experiments, developed the idea of an aerial torpedo. This we offered to the United States Army, which didn't want it.

Early in 1937 certain German subjects suggested to us that something might be developed in the way of a bomb, using these basic designs. We followed the suggestion and designed the new bomb.

The construction is simple and most economical, and the bomb can be handled with perfect safety until ready for use. The air is not added until shortly before the bomb is to be used; thus there is no chance for accidents.

The liquid air can be manufactured for as little as twenty cents a gallon. Air is readily liquefied by means of compressors, and can be transported hundreds of miles with no difficulty. A complete plant for liquefying air could be installed in a large truck, so that bombing planes could be easily served by mobile units even if operating far from their source of supply.

The elements used to make the bombs can be manufactured and obtained almost anywhere—which is of supreme importance to such a country as Germany. It does not have to depend on outside sources for materials. It can manufacture all the component materials synthetically.

Glycerin, for instance, can easily be made from fats and oils. In Germany today all citizens are required by law to save such waste products. The government collects them regularly.

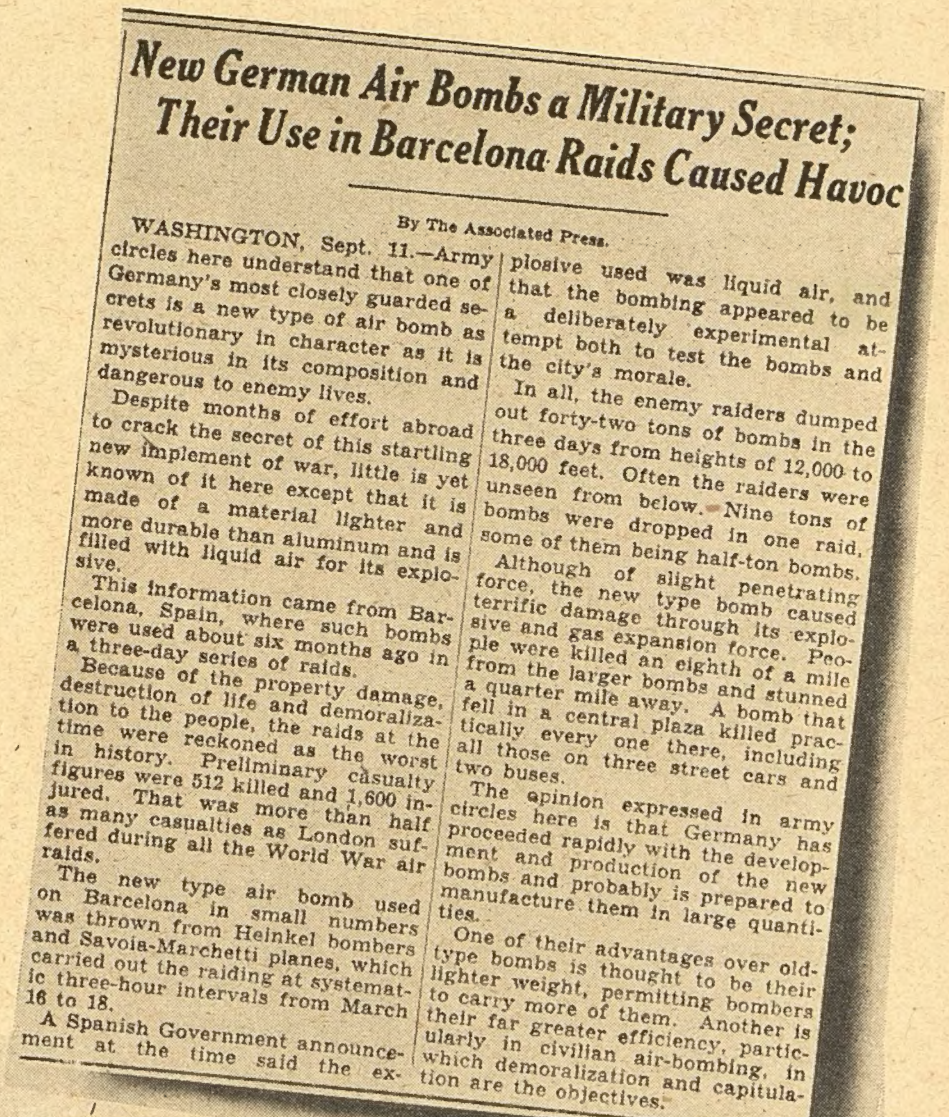
Germany now manufactures synthetic wool, which is used to absorb the liquid air. Charcoal presents no difficulties. Oil is made from coal. Germany leads the world in this method of oil production, though England manufactures not only oil but also gasoline from coal.

We use dural on the cases, but sheet metal may be substituted if dural is unobtainable. Germany has iron ore enough to give her all the sheet metal she may need. In an emergency any canning plant could manufacture these cases.

Armed with such a weapon, so cheap, so easily made, so easily carried, and so merciless, Herr Hitler can continue to inspire terror in all the rest of Europe. He cannot be bluffed. Until other European Powers learn the secret he possesses, none will dare to call his hand.

THE END

Hitler's timely appalling demonstration of his bomb as reported in the New York Times.



New German Air Bombs a Military Secret; Their Use in Barcelona Raids Caused Havoc

By The Associated Press.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 11.—Army circles here understand that one of Germany's most closely guarded secrets is a new type of air bomb as revolutionary in character as it is mysterious in its composition and dangerous to enemy lives.

Despite months of effort abroad to crack the secret of this startling new implement of war, little is yet known of it here except that it is made of a material lighter and more durable than aluminum and is filled with liquid air for its explosive.

This information came from Barcelona, Spain, where such bombs were used about six months ago in a three-day series of raids.

Because of the property damage, destruction of life and demoralization to the people, the raids at the time were reckoned as the worst in history. Preliminary casualty figures were 512 killed and 1,600 injured. That was more than half as many casualties as London suffered during all the World War air raids.

The new type air bomb used on Barcelona in small numbers was thrown from Heinkel bombers and Savoia-Marchetti planes, which carried out the raiding at systematic three-hour intervals from March 16 to 18.

A Spanish Government announcement at the time said the explosive used was liquid air, and that the bombing appeared to be a deliberately experimental attempt both to test the bombs and the city's morale.

In all, the enemy raiders dumped out forty-two tons of bombs in the three days from heights of 12,000 to 18,000 feet. Often the raiders were unseen from below. Nine tons of bombs were dropped in one raid, some of them being half-ton bombs.

Although of slight penetrating force, the new type bomb caused terrific damage through its explosive and gas expansion force. People were killed an eighth of a mile from the larger bombs and stunned a quarter mile away. A bomb that fell in a central plaza killed practically every one there, including all those on three street cars and two buses.

The opinion expressed in army circles here is that Germany has proceeded rapidly with the development and production of the new bombs and probably is prepared to manufacture them in large quantities.

One of their advantages over old-type bombs is thought to be their lighter weight, permitting bombers to carry more of them. Another is their far greater efficiency, particularly in civilian air-bombing, in which demoralization and capitulation are the objectives.

German bombers over Nuremberg—but suppose it were London by night, and suppose they were dropping these bombs!

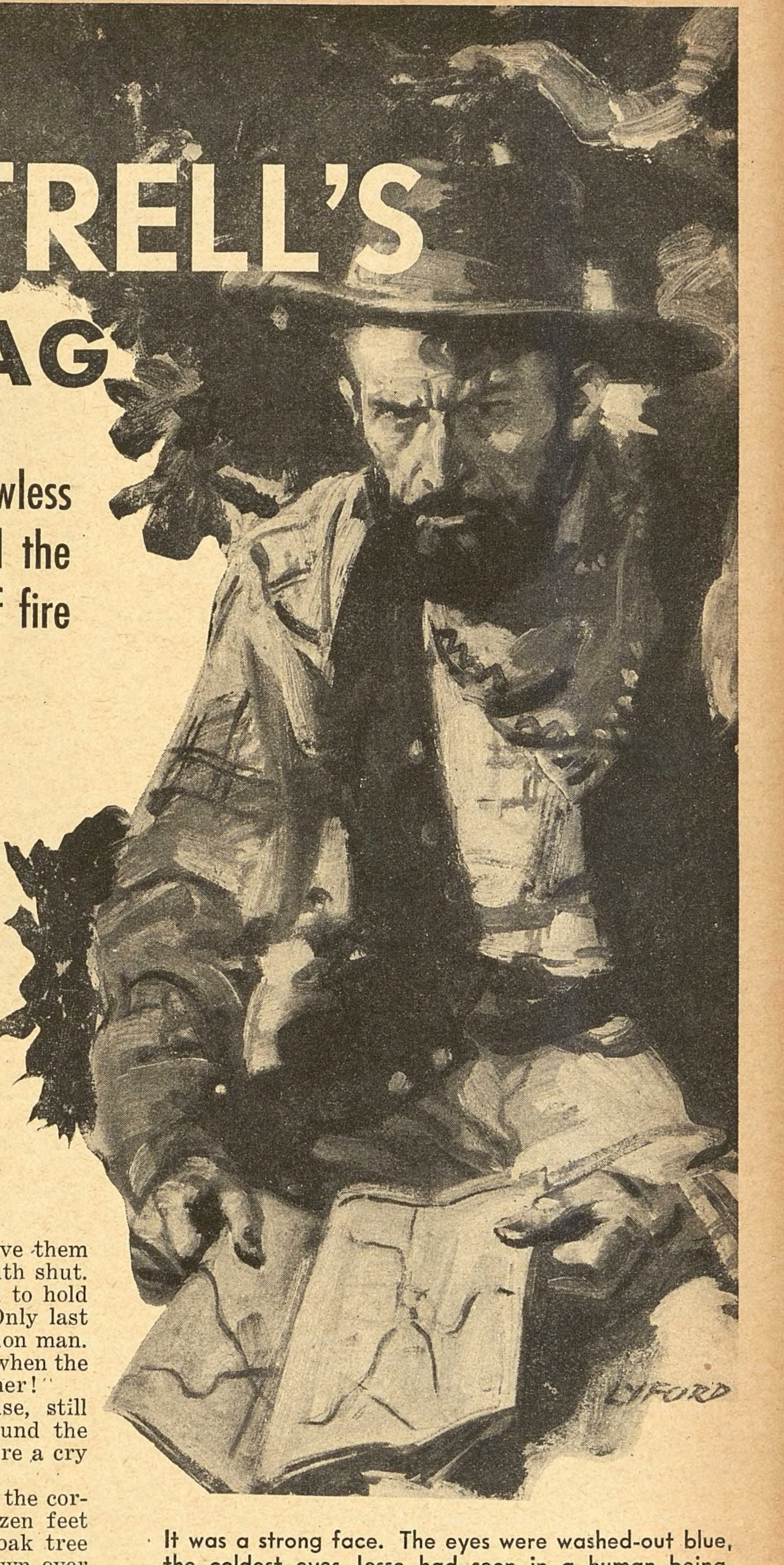
UNDER QUANTRELL'S BLACK FLAG

A vivid, memorable story of lawless men riding war's red trail, and the toll of a boy's grim baptism of fire

BY FRANK GRUBER

ILLUSTRATED BY PHIL LYFORD

READING TIME ● 25 MINUTES 30 SECONDS



It was a strong face. The eyes were washed-out blue, the coldest eyes Jesse had seen in a human being.

THERE was a little more than one uniform among them. One wore blue trousers, another a ragged coat on the sleeves of which were a corporal's chevrons. Two of them had cavalrymen's caps perched on their heads. The other was dressed in homespun trousers and pea jacket. All bristled with guns.

Jesse saw them from the corn patch and leaned on his hoe. They were riding toward the house. He didn't like the looks of the five men and thought he ought to go to the house just in case. But he remembered what the doctor had told him. Since Jennison's purge of Independence and General Curtis' victory at Pea Ridge, the Yanks were mighty uppity. Until Price came back from Arkansas and drove them out of Missouri, it was better to keep your mouth shut.

The doctor was constantly telling his stepson to hold his tongue, but wasn't so good at it himself. Only last week he'd had words, in town, with a known Union man.

Jesse resumed his hoeing. He'd finished a row when the scream caused him to gasp and shiver. His mother!

And then he was running toward the house, still clutching the long-handled hoe. He burst around the smokehouse—and the sight that met his eyes tore a cry of horror from his throat.

His mother was in the grasp of the man with the corporal's chevrons, fighting him furiously. A dozen feet away the doctor was standing under the big oak tree with a rope about his neck. The rope was thrown over the lowest limb and held taut by two of the ruffians. The doctor's toes were barely touching the ground.

Two of the men weren't doing anything in particular. One saw Jesse and yelled, "The brat!"

And then Jesse was on them, flailing away with the hoe. He hit one on the shoulder and the man cried out. A man with a cavalryman's cap rushed him, and Jesse cracked him over the head and knocked him to his knees.

Then a navy pistol roared and wind whistled past Jesse's ears. Startled, he fell back. That gave the man with the corporal's chevrons the opportunity to rush Jesse and fell him with a terrific blow behind the ear.

Jesse didn't pass out; but he lay on his stomach with his face turned sideways and saw men rushing around. Yet he heard no sound of movement. He saw his mother fighting with two men, and knew that he should go to her help, but couldn't. He couldn't move a muscle.

Not until the mule skinner's whip cut him the second time. The first blow lashed his chest, protected only by the thin hickory shirt. He knew the blow landed but he did not feel it.

He felt the second. It curled about his throat and raked his chin. And suddenly red fire exploded within him. He felt the pain of the cut across his chest, the agony on his throat, and screaming pain in the back of the head where the fist had struck.

He came up to his knees, saw the whip coming down for the third time. The blacksnake wrapped itself around his waist and encircled him with a band of terrific pain. He screamed. Before the whip came down again Jesse's mother escaped from the men who were holding her and rushed toward Jesse.

"Go, 'way, mom!"

And then the whip swished. Jesse, horrified, saw it coil about his mother, saw her flinch. But he didn't hear her cry out—and a fierce pride surged through him. Under the stimulus of it he gained his feet.

"Give it to *me!*" he cried. "I can take it."

"Can you?" roared one of the men. He smashed Jesse a terrific blow in the stomach, and when Jesse, bending over, gasped in nausea, hit him another blow, squarely in the face. Jesse went down to the grass, and the man with the whip leaped forward.

HE was conscious of pain even before the curtain of blackness rolled away. When he opened his eyes he looked into his mother's stricken face.

"Jesse!" she said.

"Mom," he replied. His mother put a cold wet cloth on his face. When she took it away, Jesse looked past her and saw green leaves overhead. He struggled to sit up and his mother helped him. Then he saw the doctor. He was sitting a few feet away, head buried in his hands.

"Why are we out here in the woods, mom?" Jesse asked.

"They—they hung the doctor. They thought he was dead, but I cut him down. I—we thought they might come back."

The doctor uncovered his face then, and Jesse knew that he would remember that expression to his last day.

"This is a black day for us, son," the doctor said.

"I'm going to join up with Frank and the boys," Jesse said fiercely.

His mother exclaimed softly: "You're not sixteen. You can't!"

"Any one who took what I took today is old enough," he said. He was not referring just to the physical pain.

"I've marked their faces," said the doctor. "I'll remember them when General Price comes back—or Jo Shelby."

"I'm not going to wait," said Jesse.

THE Parmers were kinfolk. They knew that Jesse's brother was with the boys and they told him where he could find them. Jesse approached the camp late in the afternoon and was challenged by a sentry.

It was Allen Parmer, who was less than a year older than Jesse. When he saw Jesse he lowered his carbine.

"Jesse!"

"I'm joinin'," Jesse said.

Allen gestured to the trees behind them. "Go ahead."

In a little grove less than fifty feet across were the guerrillas. Some sat in groups and talked; others were stretched out on blankets, sleeping; and a half dozen were gambling. None paid any attention to Jesse. Not until he approached the gambling group. Then Frank saw him and sprang to his feet.

"Jess! How'd *you* get here?"

Jesse indicated the horse that he was leading. "I want to join up."

A look of shock leaped into Frank's eyes. "Mom and the doctor—how are they?"

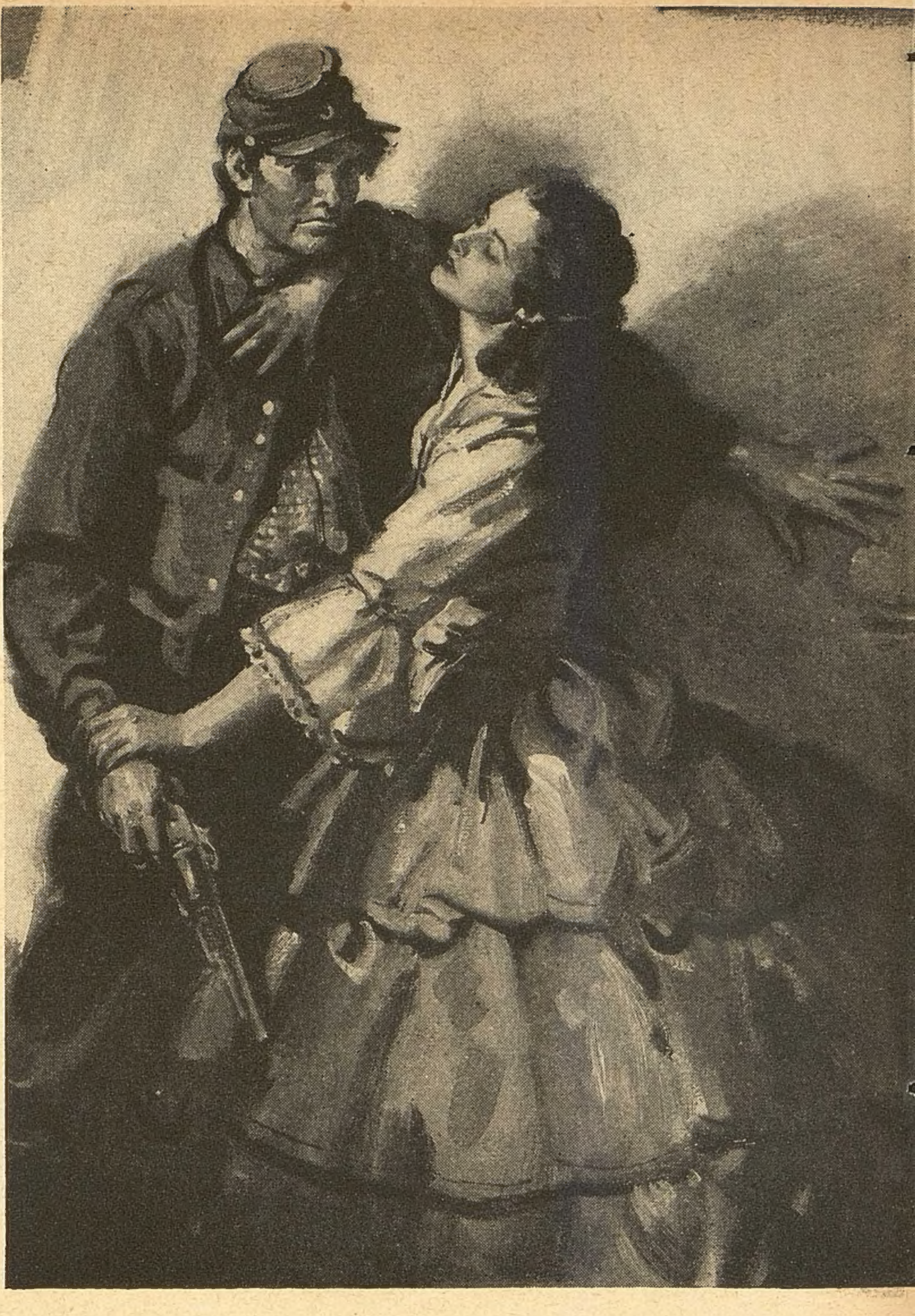
"All right, I guess," said Jesse. He opened his shirt, revealing the angry welts on his torso. "And they almost hung the doctor. Mom—they whipped her, too."

A terrible look came into Frank's eyes. "Who are they?" he whispered.

"The doctor said one of them is called Hayes. He's a Kansas man. The doctor had words with him last week."

"And they hung him?"

"They left him for dead. Mom cut him down. They're living in the woods now."



Frank stared at the ground. Then he sighed. "I kinda hoped you wouldn't have to get into it, but now that you're here—come and talk to the Colonel."

The most dreaded man in all Missouri was sitting on his saddle studying a crudely drawn map. When Frank and Jesse approached, he looked up. Jesse had a fleeting glimpse of the man's face before he got control of it, and a shiver slithered up his spine. It was the face of a man who was damned and knew it.

It was a strong face, with a jaw made to appear even stronger by a short black beard. The eyes were washed-out blue, the coldest eyes Jesse had ever seen in a human being. They were terrible eyes.

"Colonel Quantrell," said Frank, "this is my brother Jess. He wants to join."

The man called Quantrell folded the map and got to his feet. He was a tall man—standing in his boots, over six feet. He was broad-shouldered and solidly built. He looked down at Jesse's slight figure, and Jesse knew that he wasn't missing a thing.

Quantrell said in a harsh voice: "We've got enough yearlings now, Frank."

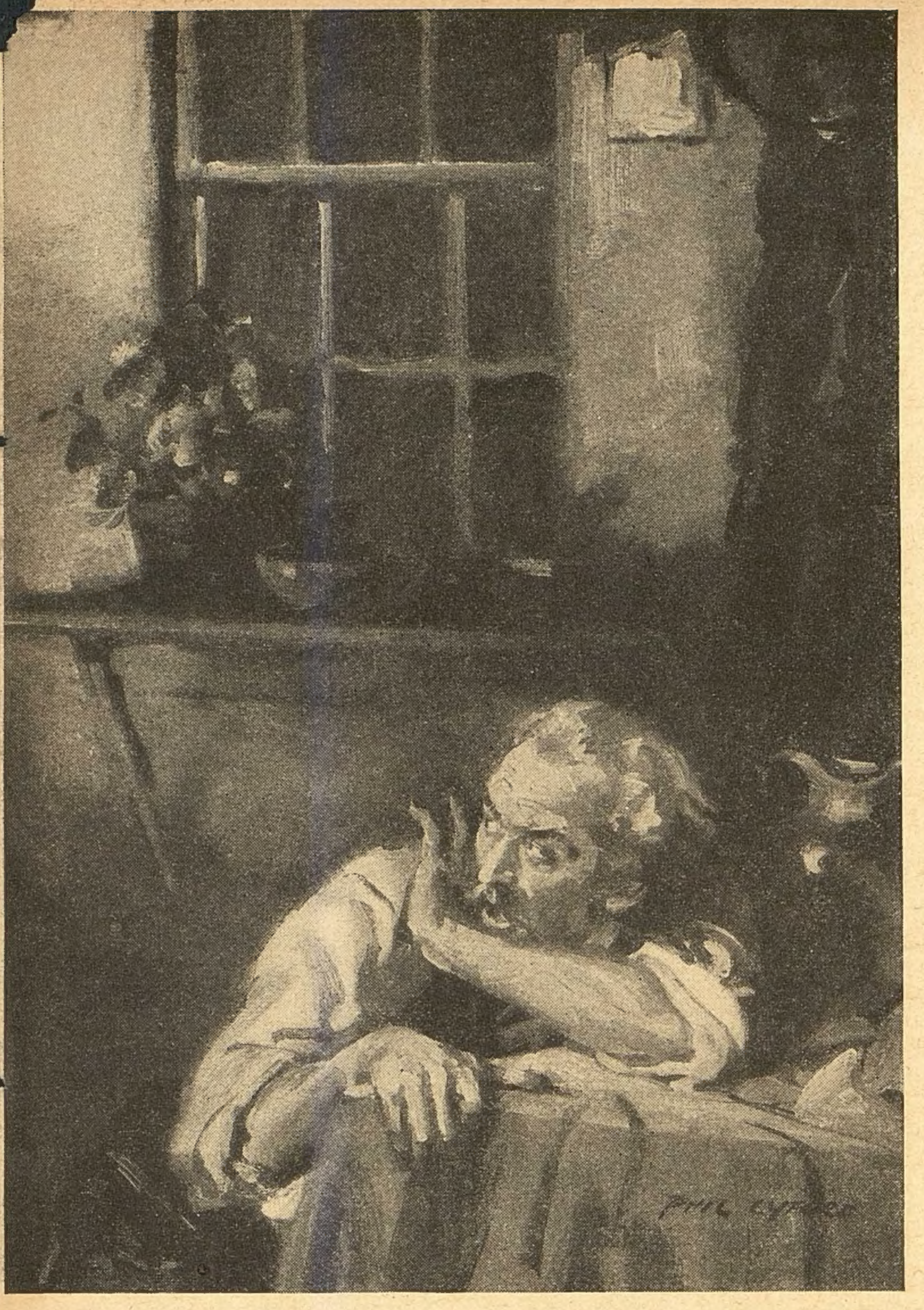
"But I'm almost seventeen!" Jesse exclaimed.

Again those cold eyes pierced Jesse. "You're lying," Quantrell said. "You're not sixteen—*are you?*"

"N-not quite," Jesse stammered. "But I will be in a month. And, Colonel—look what they did to me. Kansas men."

He ripped his shirt open again. "I—I didn't even yell when they whipped me." That wasn't quite true. He had screamed once. But it hadn't been a loud scream, not hardly.

Frank came to his brother's assistance: "They hung Dr. Samuels and they whipped our mother and they



" Please! " sobbed the girl. " For the sake of God—don't kill him! " Her young figure was trembling.

thought they'd killed Jesse. I think he'd be a good recruit, Colonel."

"Can you shoot?" Quantrell demanded of Jesse.

"He's a better shot than I am," offered Frank. "And he's always had spunk."

"All right; look after him, Frank." Quantrell sat down on his saddle. He did not look again at Jesse.

The boys accepted Jesse without any fuss. Twenty-five per cent of the band were from Jackson and Clay Counties. That he was Frank's brother was enough. George Todd had a brother here. So did Bill Anderson, the second in command. And there were the Hite brothers, the Longs, and the Clementses. And the Youngers, Cole and Jim.

When Frank had been home a few months ago he had talked much of Cole, his closest friend in the guerrilla band. Jesse met him now and was strangely attracted to him. He was a huge man, looking much older than his twenty-one years. He spoke flawless English and Jesse knew that he was probably the best educated man in the outfit. He was a good companion for Frank, who was on the quiet side himself.

Jesse and Jim Younger hit it off. "You'll like it here, Jesse," said Jim. "There's plenty fun. We fight before breakfast, before dinner, and before supper. And sometimes, just for the heluvit, we fight at night."

Frank and Cole were sitting off to the side a little ways, talking in low tones and now and then looking over at their younger brothers.

There were perhaps one hundred and seventy men in the camp when Jesse "joined." At least fifty more came in singly or in pairs before darkness. They just came out of the woods and mingled with the others. No one asked them where they had been.

The horses were kept in the horse line on the deep side of the woods. A couple of long ropes had been tied to trees and the horses were fastened to this picket line. They could graze in a small radius. The lives of the guerrillas depended on their horses.

The men sat around the campfires for an hour or so after dark, spinning yarns—of fighting.

Jim Younger, lying on the ground beside Jesse, pointed out certain of the outstanding members. "That's Anderson," he whispered, nodding toward a huge black-bearded man who was conversing with the Colonel. "They call him Bloody Bill. He goes crazy in every fight."

The guerrillas were mostly young. Quantrell himself was only twenty-eight. Cole Younger was twenty-one and a lieutenant. Peyton Long and Arch Clements were a little older, as was Fletch Taylor. Jesse was surprised and pleased at the deference the guerrillas showed his brother. Frank was only twenty, but he'd seen service with the regular Confederate troops before joining with the guerrillas. And he'd taken the oath not to serve against the Union troops.

The oath, Jesse learned, was pretty much of a joke. "Jim Burton's been captured three times," Jim Younger told him. "He's taken the oath three times. But it'd be too bad for him if he got captured by some one who remembered him."

And then they rolled up in their blankets and slept.

JESSE was awake with the dawn, and he lay in his blanket beside his brother, shivering in the morning chill. Raising himself a couple of inches, he counted the still sleeping guerrillas. He made it 238 and knew that men had come in during the night.

Beside him, Frank shivered and groaned. Finally he rolled around and opened his eyes. For a moment they stared blankly into Jesse's. Then he sighed and sat up. "I thought I'd just dreamed that you were here, Jesse."

"I'm here to the end," said Jesse.

"How you feel?"

Jesse sat up. He wrapped his arms around his thin chest and shook himself. "I feel fine. You figure we'll do something today?"

Frank looked around the clearing. He nodded thoughtfully. "Wouldn't be a bit surprised. Charlie's been scheming."

"Charlie?"

Frank dropped his voice cautiously. "Charlie Quantrell. The Colonel."

"Is it true what they say about him, Frank—that he's really a Northerner?"

Frank shrugged. "Fletch Taylor told me that Quantrell claims to come from Maryland. He came out in '56. According to Fletch's story, Charlie and his brother were going to California. Twenty of Jim Lane's Red Legs jumped them in Kansas and filled them full of holes. Charlie lived, and buried his brother. Then he joined the Red Legs and killed eighteen of the twenty men who did for his brother."

"How could he join them?" asked Jesse. "Didn't they know he was the fella they'd shot?"

"He changed his name to Charley Hart. I don't know. There's talk even that he was a schoolteacher for a while. I do know that he hates Jim Lane and the Red Legs of Lawrence, Kansas, more than he hates anything in this world. . . . Well, the boys are getting up. We better stir ourselves."

Almost every one went first of all back to the woods to look after their horses.

Frank looked over Jesse's horse with a jaundiced eye. "She's not up to our mounts, Jesse," he said.

"She was the best I could get. Money's been pretty scarce, you know."

Frank grinned crookedly. "We don't buy things. We'll see about a horse for you. Maybe today."

Breakfast was a skimpy affair: a crust of bread or corn pone and a bit of cold pork, washed down with water from the near-by stream. Shortly afterward the word went around to stay near the camp.

By sunrise another score of men had swelled the guerrilla company. With the pickets Jesse guessed that the band now numbered 300.

The blankets which had been left to dry in the sun were rolled up and lashed to the backs of the saddled horses. A few minutes later Quantrell called his lieutenants together: Anderson, Todd, Gregg, Shepherd, Taylor, Maddox, Yager.

"Something big coming," Jim Younger told Jesse. "Maybe we're going to try for Westport."

"I'd rather it was Clay County," said Jesse grimly.

The lieutenants left Quantrell and went quietly among their men. They assembled in the center of the glade, holding the reins of their horses. Quantrell, seeking a small hillock of earth, stepped up on it.

In his hand was a small roll of cloth. When the men were all gathered, he made a dramatic gesture, gave the roll of cloth a sudden flip, and let it billow out.

Jesse stared, fascinated. A black silk flag with the name "Quantrell" worked into the center in white silk.

Quantrell spoke: "Men, you know what this flag means. We're riding to Lawrence. We're going to destroy the place that spawned Jim Lane and Jennison and Anthony. We ride!"

The guerrillas broke up into poorly formed sections. Jesse, mounting his horse beside his brother, was stopped by the latter. "You've only got a carbine and a ball-and-cap pistol, Jess."

"They'll do," exclaimed Jesse enthusiastically. "Just show me some one to shoot."

Frank smiled crookedly. Then he handed up two big navy pistols. "Take these. And make sure you have plenty of percussion caps."

Every man had two revolvers; some had three and a few even four. They wore them in holsters on their hips, tucked into their waistbands. All had knives and a few even swords.

They rode in twos, except where the woods were too thick, when they went in single file. Occasionally, even, they had to dismount and lead their horses. Shortly before noon they came to a narrow winding country road. The guerrillas rode as a solid troop, but there were skirmishers ahead and behind and on either side.

They were upon the road an hour when a guerrilla came galloping back to Quantrell.

"Federals!" the word ran down the line.

Bloody Bill Anderson, riding with Quantrell, came back and spoke to Cole Younger: "Come on, boys—it's just a small troop."

Jesse's pulses raced. He was in the section. They rode past the vanguard of the guerrillas, put their horses to the trot, and in a moment rounded a turn in the road, leaving the main band of the guerrillas behind.

A couple of hundred yards, and a picket rode out of the green covering beside the road. He spoke a word or two to Anderson, then fell in with the troop.

"All right, boys!" said Anderson.

JESSE clutched the reins tightly in his left hand. With his right he drew one of the navy pistols Frank had given him that morning. Then he saw that most of the guerrillas had the reins in their teeth and a pistol in either hand. Quickly Jesse followed their example.

Frank turned in his saddle. "Keep behind me!"

Then they were galloping. Ahead, a single shot was fired. A guerrilla yelled lustily in response. And then they burst around a curve in the road and were full upon the Federals. It was a small troop, scarcely more than a dozen men in it. They were standing their horses in the middle of the road.

When the guerrillas came into view the Federals fired a ragged volley. An insect seemed to sting Jesse's left thigh, and he exulted fiercely. He kicked his horse's rump and the animal leaped ahead of Frank's.

The Federals were less than twenty yards away. The guerrillas fired almost as a man. It was terrific . . . marvelous. Half of the Federals toppled from their horses. Animals screamed and reared and plunged. One or two took to the woods. A couple more were whirling to run away.

Somehow, Jesse found himself charging a Federal full tilt. He got a quick glimpse of corporal's chevrons on a sleeve, yelled through his teeth as he had heard the guerrillas yell before, and thrust his left-hand gun almost into the corporal's face. He didn't know that he pulled the trigger, but he saw blood spurt from the big face. And the corporal was gone then.

"Yee-ow!" Jesse screamed.

This was war!

A snarling blue-uniformed man swung his horse to block Jesse. A gun spurted fire, but Jesse felt no pain. He stabbed out with both of his own guns, snapped the triggers, and felt the satisfying recoil of the weapons.

This was war!

Some one clawed at his arm. Jesse jerked it away, turned—and winced. It was Frank.

"It's over, Jess!" cried Frank.

It was. There wasn't a Federal sitting a horse. Jesse saw huddled bodies lying on the ground, saw blood running from Bloody Bill Anderson's face.

Jim Younger's face materialized. Jesse was shocked. Jim's face was twisted and distorted. "I got me one!" Jim exulted.

Big Cole Younger rode up. "Jesse got two," he said quietly.

The main body of the guerrillas was coming at a trot. Frank dismounted from his horse, made a dash, and captured the trailing reins of a huge black animal. He brought it up to Jesse. "This was the corporal's horse, Jess. Change to it, quick!"

Jess didn't hesitate. The mount was worth four of the sort he was riding.

"We've got to ride for it, boys!" Quantrell said.

RIDE they did. They took to the woods, and the branches and bushes cut Jesse's face and stung his aching body. There was no let-up until the middle of the afternoon, when they reached a small stream beside a thick patch of woods. Then Quantrell called a halt.

The guerrillas ate a cold lunch, and then the welcome word came that they would camp here for the night.

And now Jesse found what it was like to be a real guerrilla. Lieutenant Fletch Taylor clapped him on the shoulder and grinned. Fierce Bill Anderson, his face filthy from the tobacco he had plastered over the wound on his cheek, growled at Jesse: "You'll do!"

When Jesse crouched near a poker game that started up, the dealer looked questioningly at him. Jesse hunkered down on his heels. "Deal me in," he said.

The next day they crossed the river and rode due west until late in the afternoon. Beside a pleasant Kansas stream, where the timber was thick and the grass long, the guerrillas halted. But they did not unsaddle their horses or put them on picket lines.

Shortly before dark a half dozen guerrillas, under Dick Maddox, brought in three cringing Kansans. Quantrell talked to them.

When it was quite dark the guerrillas took to the saddle again. They rode through the night. Shortly before dawn Jesse, riding in the center of the column, heard three quick shots ahead. He jerked out two pistols, but Frank spoke to him in a low tone:

"It's only the boys taking care of the Jayhawkers."

"The guides?" gasped Jesse. "They killed them?"

"Can't take a chance on their giving the alarm."

They left the protection of trees and came upon the open prairie. Gradually Jesse could see the men around him. The gray dawn spread over the prairie.

"Lawrence!" the word ran through the column.

They halted on a small knoll and looked down on Lawrence, Kansas. It was a peaceful prairie town with wide streets and trees, new frame houses and older log cabins. Smoke was rising lazily from a few chimneys.

It was August 21, 1863. It was the blackest day Kansas was ever to know.

The blood raced madly through young Jesse's veins. His first big battle. His first real chance to strike a blow for mom and the doctor . . . and the South.

This was the home of the Jayhawkers and the Red Legs, the cradle of the ten-year border warfare. Here lived the Boston Abolitionists who had, under the pretext of humanity, embroiled the North and the South in a holocaust of hatred and death. On the battlefields from here to the Atlantic Ocean thousands of men were fighting and dying because these Abolitionists thought they had the divine right to take away a man's chattel property—his slaves.

Of course there were very few slaves in Jackson and Clay Counties. But that made no difference. Every man was free and equal. He could, in time, win enough affluence to purchase a slave. He could, with them, wrest a living from the rocky soil. Blast the dirty Yankees who thought a black man had as much right to life and freedom as a white man!

A low cry ran through the ranks of the guerrillas. "The camp first!"

Jesse, rising in his stirrups, looked off to the right and saw the double row of tents. He was a bit disappointed. There were only a dozen tents there. They couldn't hold more than forty or fifty men. Hardly enough to make a real fight against the guerrillas, of whom, Jesse had been told, there were 310.

FRANK GRUBER

went into the regular army at sixteen, came out, tried various jobs, and ended up editing trade papers in the West. In 1934 he quit to become a writer and has since turned out 300 short stories and novelettes. He is thirty-four, married, and lives in Westchester County, New York.

Now the column was in a canter, going into a full gallop. Down upon Lawrence!

They were within a hundred yards of the rows of tents when a stupid sentry saw and challenged them. He was still clutching his rifle at the port when a volley of pistol balls riddled him through and through.

And then they pounded down on the camp. A solid volley of death blazed from the pistols of the guerrillas. Balls zipped through the canvas tents. Screams of terror, fright—and of defiant exultance—rang through the crisp morning air.

The horses floundered on the canvas. Men scuttled out from under, weaponless. They were ridden down and shot. The crackle of gunfire was like no thunderstorm that Jesse had ever experienced. It was continuous, terrific.

He discharged his navy pistols at tents, at blue figures running about. His horse's hoofs crunched a man's bones. He shot a man through the heart and saw the awful look that came over his face before he crumpled forward to the earth from which he had sprung.

Jesse heard no command. But after a while he was aware that the guerrillas were galloping through the wide main street of Lawrence and that he was with them.

A man in his underwear appeared in the door of a hovel, holding a Sharps rifle. Four guerrillas charged him, riddled him with bullets, and rode their horses into the house. A minute later flames burst out of it.

A half dozen men came out of a two-story frame building up the street and discharged a feeble volley at the charging guerrillas. Jesse was in the group that rode them down.

The guerrillas broke up into bands. They charged individual houses, dragged out men from their beds and shot them down. Archie Clements shot a man with a baby in his arms. Then, to stop the screaming of the man's wife, he killed her too.

Riding and shooting. Killing and burning. They killed them on the streets, they shot them in the houses, ferreted them out of the cellars and dragged them to the street and executed them. Men, boys . . . women!

Ten minutes—fifteen minutes. A half hour. In the kitchen of a little unpainted house, Jesse thrust a navy pistol at the head of a kneeling white-bearded man. Some one knocked his hand down and clutched it. His lips parted in a snarl, he whirled—and looked into the face of a girl no older than himself.

"Please!" sobbed the girl. "For the sake of God—don't kill him!"

Her face was beautiful. It reminded him of his mother's. Her young figure was trembling. She was on the verge of hysteria, may have passed through it.

"Please don't kill him. He's my father!"

A white-haired man on his knees, begging for his life. This was *not* war!

A shudder ran through him. He choked and stumbled out of the house. Somewhere he had dismounted from his horse and left it. Guns still roared and thundered. Men dashed about in little groups, but they did not rush pell-mell as they had before.

His foot tripped on something, and he looked down and saw a boy no more than twelve years of age, his eyes staring sightless at the sky, his arms flung out on each side of him.

A woman with blood streaming down her bare bosom ran out of a house. A guerrilla came plunging after her, yelling. He fired a huge dragoon pistol, and the woman broke and fell to the street—the dusty, bloody street of Lawrence.

Across the street a house went up in flames. A man ran out of it, and was shot down by a half dozen guerrillas. Jesse had gone by before he realized that one of the guerrillas was Jim Younger.

In front of a huge frame building bearing the sign CITY HOTEL, two guerrillas were dragging a man by the heels. He bleated, and one of the men dropped the leg and shot the man in the face. His partner swore in disgust. He turned—and it was Frank.

"Jess!" he cried. "Where've you been?"

"Killing," Jesse said.

Frank looked sharply into his face. "You're too young for this," he said softly.

Stupidly Jesse shook his head. "Is this war?" he whispered.

"War?" said Frank. "This is *massacre!*" A tragic smile flitted across his face and he clapped his brother on the arm. "You'll dream about this."

QUANTRELL came out of the City Hotel. He seemed taller than Jesse remembered him. His face was set in the lines that Jesse had seen so briefly in his first sight of the man. His pistols were in his holsters, and he strode to the edge of the veranda and looked up the street and down the street.

His eyes came to rest briefly upon Jesse, and again Jesse felt that they were looking right through him—those penetrating mad eyes.

A beardless youth stumbled around the edge of the City Hotel. A middle-aged woman came after him, tears streaming down her face. Then three men, only partially dressed. And behind, herding them, Oll Shepherd, Peyton Long, and Tom Maupin.

Quantrell, from his height on the veranda, looked down upon the miserable group. "Shoot them," he said briefly.

Frank took a couple of quick steps toward the veranda. "The woman?"

Quantrell looked at Frank. Then his eyes traveled to Shepherd, Long, and Maupin.

Youthful Peyton Long moved uneasily. "She wa'n't really holdin' a gun," he said.

Quantrell's lips curled. His eyes left the face of Peyton Long and continued to Jesse. He said—and the command seemed to be addressed to Jesse himself:

"Shoot them!"

A shudder started low in Jesse, rose through his body, and came out of his throat in a sudden snarl. He whipped out his navy pistols. He fired them both into the face of the youth, who was younger even than himself. Other guns thundered about him.

Jesse stared at the woman's body lying on the ground. He stared, fascinated, at a rivulet of blood that ran from under her ample breasts. His brother brushed against him and Jesse looked in his face. He saw nothing.

He looked at Quantrell, and the tall chief's eyes were no longer penetrating. A ripple ran through Jesse.

This *was* war!

He turned away from the building of the City Hotel, looked up the street. He saw burning houses, shooting men, galloping horses. He held a navy pistol in each hand and started walking. He walked into eighteen years of hell and, at the end, an assassin's bullet.

He walked into the black pages of history, where his name led all the rest—the greatest outlaw of all time, the most desperate man of his age.

Jesse James!

THE END

READING TIME
15 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

THE

IN GRACIE ALLEN'S LIFE

Inside facts about a sapient lady and the trouper who fell in love with the girl who stole his act

SAINTS get days named after them. Politicians get babies named after them. Occasionally great ladies of the stage get theaters named after them. But never in the history of the cinema did an actress have a motion picture named after her until Hollywood promised to give us The Gracie Allen Murder Mystery, by S. S. Van Dine.

The picture isn't out yet. George and Gracie, on loan to M-G-M, had to finish that commitment before starting on this one for Paramount. (George is, of course, George Burns, the man in Gracie Allen's life.) But there is one thing I can say about this picture without seeing it: It's got to be good.

It's got to be good because Gracie herself is no mean writer of mystery stories. You may recall the one entitled (the typography is Gracie's) "it's MURDER but it could be worse," a little number based on the life of the great detective, Rollo Hodkins Hatch, who forever "paced forth and back, forth and back, wondering why he didn't pace back and forth as other folks do."

A poet Gracie is, too, and an artist as well. Several of her canvases—all very, very surrealist—were exhibited this fall at a Fifth Avenue gallery to raise funds for medical aid in China. Here are some of the titles: Man with Mike Fright Moons over Manicurist; Dogs Gather on Street Corner to Watch Manfight; Before the Yet Under the Vase Above the World is in Tears and Tomorrow is Tuesday; Gravity Gets Body Scissors on Virtue as Night also Upside Down; Eyes Adrift as Sardines Wrench at Your Heart Strings.

Artist Allen is not to be censured too harshly for these titles. They are no more bewildering than those used by other surrealists who are not as pretty as she is.

Asked what made her choose this medium of expression for her subconscious, she answered:

"What made Maine and Vermont choose Landon?"

"When she started this," said her husband, who is the personification of patience, "I thought she was whipping up an omelet. I ate one of them before I discovered what the heck she was up to."

Gracie's versatility, as you may have gathered, is stupendous. Everybody—at least every young body who had never looked on vaudeville when it was not in the red—was surprised to see Gracie, in Damsel in Distress, dance step for step with the great Astaire. But no one who knew San Francisco in the first decades of the century was surprised.

Gracie Allen's father was a song-and-dance man. Gracie made her first stage appearance at three and a half. At fourteen she and her three older sisters—now dancing teachers in San Francisco—formed a song-and-dance act of their own and toured the Coast circuits.

Gracie's brother—yes, there is such a person—was not in the act. He stayed home and entered business, determined at all costs to live a life of extreme privacy.

At confirmation time—the Allens were devout Irish Catholics—Gracie begged to be allowed to take the name Ramona. Her parents compromised on Rosalia. Her full name is Grace Ethel Cecile Rosalia Allen, the first letters of which, when properly scrambled, spelled Grace.

When all the feminine world was wallowing at the sandaled feet of Rudolph Valentino, Gracie, unpredictable then as now, fell in love with Charlie Chaplin.

"He was pretty and charming," she explains, "but it was his money that made me love him for himself alone."

After playing Irish colleens in stock, the future Public Idiot No. 1 started East as the "company" of a five-a-day act called Larry Reilly and Company, but she left in a dispute over billing. The act got to be called just Reilly, and she wouldn't stand for it. She was "resting" when she met Nat Birnbaum, alias George Burns.

The story of the Birnbaums is the usual heartbreaking saga of New York's lower East Side; five boys, five girls; a mother who worked day and night as a seamstress; the youngster with a yen for the stage, singing for his supper—and his mother's and his sisters' and his brothers' suppers—in saloons, in back yards, on street corners.

At twelve Nat Birnbaum corralled three of the better singers of the neighborhood and formed the Pee Wee Quartette. The "take" per boy was sometimes as high as fifty cents in a day.

First strictly professional appearance of the four was at a Coney Island political dinner. Eddie Cantor, aged fifteen, was on the same bill. The Quartette split five dollars for their night's work.

At sixteen Nat Birnbaum swapped the three boys for a girl, and got immediate booking on the subway circuit. Thereafter he played small-time vaudeville all over the United States, Canada, and the British Isles. He appeared in over a hundred different acts, and with almost that number of partners, both male and female. In fact, he was about to make one of his almost weekly changes when Gracie from San Francisco swam into his backstage vision in the metropolis of Union Hill, New Jersey.

MAN

BY FREDERICK L. COLLINS

Billy Lorraine, the partner on the way out, was looking for a girl to team up with him. Gracie was applying for the job. Lorraine liked her, and they were running over a few routines, when Burns—he had acquired the Irish moniker somewhere in his travels—offered to help, and helped so efficiently that he, and not Mr. Lorraine, became the man in Gracie Allen's life.

Gracie didn't object to the billing this time—after all, George was the experienced vaudevillian and should come first—but she hesitated a little over the split on the take, which was 60 per cent for Burns and 40 per cent for Allen.

"But George fixed it," says Gracie. "He said I could have 40 per cent and he'd take 60 per cent, which made it much better for me."

Their first playing date was at the Hill Street Theater in Newark—three days for fifteen dollars. George had written a nice act. Being the writer, he had given Gracie all the questions and given himself all the answers. In short, he was the comedian, she was the feeder. But the audience didn't see it that way. Every time Gracie asked a question, it laughed its fool head off. Every time George gave an answer, it played dead.

The next afternoon George spoke Gracie's lines and Gracie spoke his. The revised act was a riot—and has been ever since.

George Burns has told the above story many times. It takes a big man to tell a thing like that on himself. It takes a bigger one to do the thing. Most of the vaudeville actors I know would have gone out and gotten themselves a more unfunny girl. But George is an unusual person. He not only did not sulk in his dressing room, but he fell in love with the girl who stole his act.

When I say the act in reverse was a riot, I don't mean that Mr. Keith and Mr. Albee swam the Hudson to sign them up for the New York Palace. I mean they continued to eat more or less regularly while they trekked back over the small-time trails George had trekked so many times before. Once they got almost to Broadway—the Bushwick Theater in Brooklyn—and the audience laughed so hard that the big boys in Times Square must have heard the echoes. Anyway, they gave the pair their first big-time chance at a Sunday Night Concert at the Columbia (now Mayfair) Theater, across Forty-seventh Street from the Palace.

The result of the first New York showing was a six-year Keith-Orpheum contract, fifty-two weeks solid each year; and the first result of the contract was that Mr. Burns issued an ultimatum to Miss Allen anent a matter which had been troubling him for the better part of four years.

"He suddenly announced"—Gracie herself is authority for this—"that if I couldn't think of a good reason why I shouldn't marry him within ten days we'd have to split up the act. I thought and thought for nine days, but I've always been unlucky at guessing games, so I had to marry him on the tenth day."

In their sixth year they broke all New York records for a vaudeville act. They played seventeen out of eighteen weeks on Broadway, nine of which were at the Palace on the bill with Eddie Cantor and Georgie Jessel as master of ceremonies, and the other eight at the Paramount across the square.

One night during the long run at the Palace, Cantor asked Gracie if she wouldn't like to go over to the broadcasting studio with him and help him make life miserable for Rubinoff. She said she would, went on in a five-minute spot, and stole the show. Rudy Vallee, just beginning his career as radio talent scout extraordinary, promptly signed up Gracie and her partner for a guest performance. After that came two weeks with Guy Lombardo, and then five almost uninterrupted years on the air.

Meanwhile the goofy pair had clicked for Paramount both in a movie short and on the stage. The result was a contract unique in the history of show business, providing for continuous three-way employment on the screen, on the stage, and on the air.

"The rest," says Mr. Burns, "is history."

"History?" says Mrs. Burns. "That sounds familiar. What is it, Georgie Porgie?"

"Gracie, you know. Napoleon, Hannibal, Caesar—"

"What stations are they on?"

"Quiet, Gracie! Well, Lincoln, then. You must have heard of him."

"Oh, yes; I just heard the other day. And wasn't it too bad?"

The young Birnbaums can hardly believe all that has happened to them since the country became Burns and Allen conscious. Gracie is especially confused:

"George tells me I have been on the radio for nearly six years now, but whenever I turn on the radio in our house I never get me."

Gracie is apparently in a continual state of bewilderment as to world events. "I've just been reading in the papers," she is quoted as saying, "that the Los Angeles police are hunting for a Chicago gangster. But why should they want one from Chicago? Can't they be satisfied with a home-town boy?"

George's patience in the face of such idiocy is remarkable. Usually he contents himself with "I see what you mean," or "I think so, Gracie," or "I don't know—where were we?" or "Now, Gracie, let's let the whole matter drop." Occasionally, however, he gives way to understandable irritation, even pardonable disgust.

When Mr. Burns is especially cutting, invariably Gracie takes what he says as a great compliment and comes back with "Isn't George pretty?" or "George says the nicest things!" or "Oh, George, there you go!" or "I'll bet you tell that to all the girls."

The lost-brother gag was the most successful ever pulled on the air. Gracie had been talking about her brother since long before the Bushwick days, but never with such effect as when she lost him and went barging about through the night, crashing first the Vallee program, then the Benny, then the Cantor, in mad pursuit of him. In four days during this period she received over 225,000 letters from listeners offering help.

There have been teams of funny comedians on the screen and vaudeville stage before Burns and Allen. There are great comedy teams today on stage and screen and air; among others, Laurel and Hardy, Willie and Eugene Howard, Myrt and Marge, Amos 'n' Andy, the Strouds, and, of course, Edgar Bergen and Charlie McCarthy.

But for sheer goofiness there never has been and probably never will be a rival entry to these "nitwits of the network," Burns and Allen.

To Gracie especially goes the well earned titles of "America's favorite nitwit," "the no-brains girl," "the dumb Dora of screen and air." Her "dizzy giggle, moronic voice, and gushing inanities" have made her a symbol of all that is moon-struck and pixilated.

"No one thinks my wife's funny," moans her admiring husband. "They think she's just crazy."

Well, that's what she wants them to think. No one has ever tried harder to give the impression of complete inanity, not only in her appearances before the camera and behind the footlights and the mike, but in those glimpses of her so-called private life which she has vouchsafed to the ladies and gentlemen of the press.

She never steps off a train in New York, for instance, without indulging in crazy antics which rock Grand Central Terminal to its star-studded ceiling. Rushing to her hotel suite, she gives out la-di-da-da interviews to gaping reporters which are designed to strengthen the general belief that she is just plain dumb. Newspaper columnists and fan-magazine writers, knowing good copy when they see it, have, with few exceptions, conspired to pass the goofy idea along.

But I am going to take my life in my hands and tell you that the real Gracie Allen, the Gracie Allen I know, is not like that at all.

The real Gracie Allen is a poised, gracious, almost demure little lady with a quiet reserved charm and a warm mellow voice nearly an octave lower than the one she uses in her work. She indulges in no wisecracks, is unusually well read and well informed, and behaves herself generally like a well bred woman of the world.

And you don't have to take my word for it. The psychology classes of the University of Southern California recently made a survey of the mental habits and capabilities of feminine motion-picture personalities in an effort to choose the most intelligent woman in Hollywood. Their methods were thorough and scientific, their conclusions authoritative. Here are the rankings:

1. Gracie Allen. 2. Mary Pickford. 3. Norma Shearer. 4. Ann Harding. 5. Irene Dunne. 6. Claudette Colbert. 7. Grace Moore. 8. Bette Davis. 9. Ruth Chatterton. 10. Jeanette MacDonald.

I don't mean that Gracie's braininess impresses you to the exclusion of all other qualities. The first thing that strikes you about her is how little she is—she measures a bare five feet from top to toe and weighs an even hundred pounds; the next thing is how pretty she is, with those great hazel eyes set in an Irish-clear face framed in curly ebony hair; and the third is how quiet she is.

If she has known you before, she greets you with a shy friendly smile. If you are new, she puts you at your ease with a "Hello, this is Gracie Allen." But after that she has very little, sometimes embarrassingly little, to say—even to her intimates.

If she is in her own home, she is likely to be garbed in silk lounging pajamas. In street clothes she is exceedingly chic and frankly feminine. She likes sweaters and small hats, frequently but not necessarily blue, and wears flowers on every occasion, usually violets.

"Gracie," her husband will tell you, "is a great actress on the set or at the microphone—for my money she's the greatest comedian of them all, flawless in timing, uncanny in getting the most out of every line through inflection and interpretation. But once the door of our home separates Gracie from the world's champion dumbbell, she's the least actressy woman you ever saw."

All of which is in black-and-white contrast to George himself, who is, on or off, the perfect vaudevillian. He is the perpetual-motion gagman. He gags to live and lives to gag. He makes more smartcracks than Hank Greenberg does home runs. He was born broadcasting. His favorite books are Boners, and More Boners. His favorite art, the comic strip.

He is very popular with men. The Friars Club has presented him with an ornate bar. Jack Benny thinks he is the funniest of men. There is always a welcome for him at the big table in the Vine Street Brown Derby, to which he repairs daily for hamburgers and tomatoes, after bull sessions in the Plaza Hotel across the street over the routine for next week's program. His companions on such occasions are his two assistant gagmen and brother Willie Burns, who serves as the team's laugh guinea pig.

"If Willie blinks," says George, "the joke is good."

Gracie doesn't have anything to do with the preparation of the program. She doesn't know what she is going to say until she sees the script. There are two reasons for this: her confidence in George's judgment, which is implicit, and her own physical fragility. Gracie has never been strong, so she rests a good deal and sleeps all she can, which is considerable. George makes the broadcasting as easy as possible for her. She doesn't even appear at rehearsals. She saves her strength, not only for her work but for her family.

Which brings us, by way of San Francisco and New York and Union Hill and Hollywood and a lot of other towns, both swank and tank, to Sandra Jean and Ronnie Jon, the Birnbaums' adopted children.

I find it difficult to enthuse over the borrowed babies of Hollywood. But there are, I suppose, in many cases plenty of good reasons why Hollywood mothers don't wish to have their children in the old-fashioned way. In Gracie's case, there may be thousands of good reasons in addition to the possibly ruling reason of protecting her fragile health. Anyhow, she and Nat—that's what she always calls her husband in real life—have adopted two of the cutest little tykes you ever saw—and Gracie devotes her life to them.

Well, almost all of it. She can still spare a little time for the man whose act she stole.

After eleven years George and Gracie are charmingly in love. "Two nice little people." "Just about the nicest little couple you ever saw." "Something fine about these two." Such are the comments of their close friends and of strangers who meet them for the first time.

Until very recently they have lived in the simplest manner. In New York they didn't even have a car. In Hollywood they lived first in an apartment, then rented Pauline Frederick's old house in Beverly Hills, finally in 1936 built their first real home. Now, as before their great success, they spend their free time with the old friends of the vaudeville years—the Marxes, the Eddie Cantors, the Ted Lewises, the Jack Haleys, the Al Jolsons, the Fred Allens, the Jack Pearls, and the Bennys—always the Bennys.

George's respect and admiration for his wife's cleverness is unbounded; he takes small credit for their success. Gracie regards him without reserve as boss of the act and head of the house. Although she earns a fortune every year, she invariably says of a new gown or bottle of perfume, "Nat bought me this" or "Nat bought me that."

Nice people, George and Gracie. They have earned their prosperity, and they enjoy it. But at heart they are troupers. It would surprise them, but it wouldn't break their spirit, if they woke up some morning to find they were playing a split week at a whistle stop!

THE END

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20 QUESTIONS

1—This week's early photo is of an Indiana-born humorist best remembered for his tales employing slang; his name implies refreshment on a warm summer day. Who?

2—How old is an "aged" horse?

3—Which Italian city is in the shadow of Mt. Vesuvius?

4—The "window" of the eye is called what?

5—Which famed film cost about $85,000 to make and took in almost $15,000,000?

6—Roald Amundsen discovered what in December, 1911?

7—Who taught the only "school" that is mentioned in the Bible?

8—The earth's atmosphere is about three quarters what?

9—Which state has the largest number of municipalities enforcing a city sales tax?

10—In Mexico a cowboy is called what?

11—Which Washingtonian employs the most people and spends the most money?

12—How long does a chukker of polo last?

13—If a cadet studied at New London, Connecticut, he would likely be appointed an officer in what after graduation?

14—A compass has how many points?

15—According to Shakespeare, what was Romeo's last name?

16—Is a chinchilla a hot Mexican pepper, a rodent, a Cuban dance, or a small French muff for the chin?

17—Which steed, famed for endurance, was nicknamed "Old Bones"?

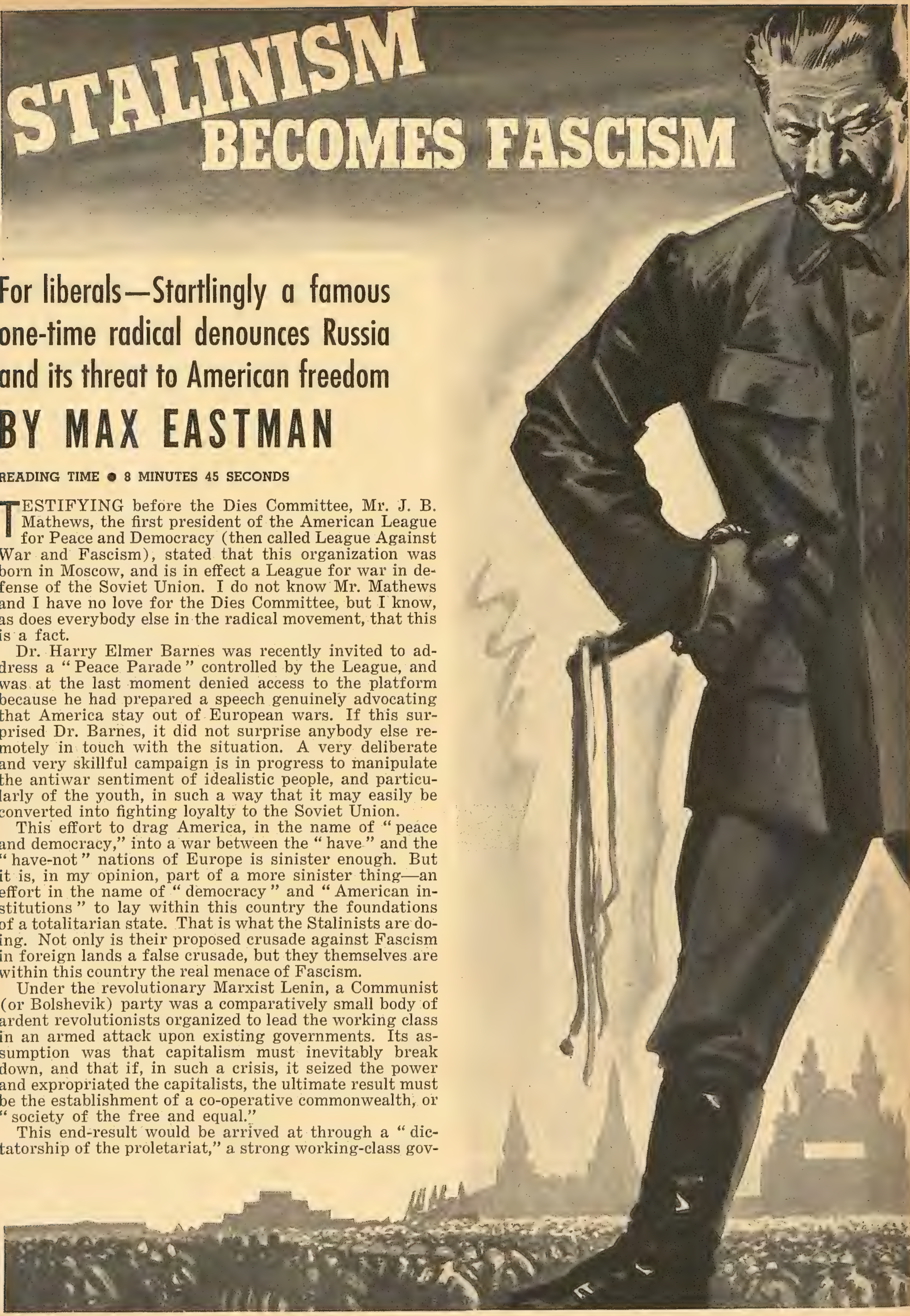
18—Who wrote Das Kapital?

19—Ethyl alcohol is better known by what name?

20—Who was Pennsylvania's first Democratic governor in forty-four years?

(Answers will be found on page 46)

STALINISM BECOMES FASCISM



For liberals—Startlingly a famous one-time radical denounces Russia and its threat to American freedom

BY MAX EASTMAN

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

TESTIFYING before the Dies Committee, Mr. J. B. Mathews, the first president of the American League for Peace and Democracy (then called League Against War and Fascism), stated that this organization was born in Moscow, and is in effect a League for war in defense of the Soviet Union. I do not know Mr. Mathews and I have no love for the Dies Committee, but I know, as does everybody else in the radical movement, that this is a fact.

Dr. Harry Elmer Barnes was recently invited to address a "Peace Parade" controlled by the League, and was at the last moment denied access to the platform because he had prepared a speech genuinely advocating that America stay out of European wars. If this surprised Dr. Barnes, it did not surprise anybody else remotely in touch with the situation. A very deliberate and very skillful campaign is in progress to manipulate the antiwar sentiment of idealistic people, and particularly of the youth, in such a way that it may easily be converted into fighting loyalty to the Soviet Union.

This effort to drag America, in the name of "peace and democracy," into a war between the "have" and the "have-not" nations of Europe is sinister enough. But it is, in my opinion, part of a more sinister thing—an effort in the name of "democracy" and "American institutions" to lay within this country the foundations of a totalitarian state. That is what the Stalinists are doing. Not only is their proposed crusade against Fascism in foreign lands a false crusade, but they themselves are within this country the real menace of Fascism.

Under the revolutionary Marxist Lenin, a Communist (or Bolshevik) party was a comparatively small body of ardent revolutionists organized to lead the working class in an armed attack upon existing governments. Its assumption was that capitalism must inevitably break down, and that if, in such a crisis, it seized the power and expropriated the capitalists, the ultimate result must be the establishment of a co-operative commonwealth, or "society of the free and equal."

This end-result would be arrived at through a "dictatorship of the proletariat," a strong working-class government. But, from the day the power was seized, that strong government would show signs of dissolution. In the new society, when it ripened, all men would be workers, all men would be free. There would be no classes, and ultimately no need of any governing. The state itself would "wither away," and we should have an Early Christian paradise on earth.

Believing in this extreme ideal, and believing that it could be attained only by a "civil war," as Lenin boldly called it, the Communist parties of Lenin's day adopted not only strict discipline and centralized command but conspiratorial habits, what we call the "war psychology." The problem was to *build up power* for this party which should lead the working class in its great historic act of insurrection against the dying capitalist state.

Now, in Russia, beginning in October, 1917, that great historic act was achieved. But the spontaneous co-operative commonwealth failed absolutely to appear. Instead, the supposedly transitional "dictatorship of the working class" soon turned out to be a dictatorship of the Party itself. This evolved into a dictatorship of its Executive Committee. That developed into a dictatorship of the committee's Political Bureau, that into a "triumvirate." And that—swiftly indeed!—turned out to be the dictatorship of one man, Joseph Stalin.

So the outcome of the Russian revolution has been a ruthless, bloody, and intemperate personal tyranny. There are various ways of explaining this. There is no doubt about the tragic fact. In Russia you have a tyrant state in which one man alone is free, the dictator, and one class prosperous, the bureaucrats with their lackeys in all fields. The workers are exploited more ruthlessly than they can be under democratic capitalism.

But meanwhile similar machines for seizing power had been built up *in all other countries.* They had been built up with the same original end in view. The Russian tyrant, however, once he had successfully usurped the power won by the workers in his own country, did not want these workers' revolutions in other countries. On the contrary, he wanted them stopped. He wanted to play the game of power now on the international arena. He could not do this so long as all those military-conspiratorial organizations in other countries were still fighting under his leadership for working-class revolution. Very far from it. But if he could get them to fight under his leadership *for power,* that would be a card in his hand that no tyrant ever held before.

And that is what has happened. *Organized for working-class insurrection, the Stalinist parties have become organizations for power in the hands of a tyrant.*

Lenin's Machiavellian ruthlessness was tempered by an impulsive honesty, a keen sense of the necessity of being trusted by the masses, and by the mollifying influence of his ultimate ideals. In Stalin, who has relinquished those ideals, there is neither temperamental restraint nor a pressing sense of the necessity of being trusted. Stalin loves intrigue; it is the very air he breathes. And having power already in his hands, he can substitute patronage, intimidation, jail, forced labor, death, exile, and a police-controlled press and radio for public trust. His followers in other countries are not so fortunately placed—as yet—but they take their attitude to life together with their policies from him.

Stalin combines absolute ruthlessness with infinite patience. As an operator of the steam roller he has few equals in history. *Boss Tweed and Richard Croker and Mark Hanna and Charlie Murphy all rolled into one would look like a Sunday-school superintendent beside Stalin.*

If you have power, the technique is simple for changing an organization into its opposite. First you kick out all the members who combine honesty, clearheadedness, and courage. Then you bribe those who are not quite honest, befuddle those who don't know how to think, and intimidate those who lack courage. A bare handful of the present members of the Communist parties were members under Lenin. All the keen-minded, faithful-hearted rebels against "bourgeois society" have been expelled or executed. Trotsky is only a symbol of what has happened in these parties throughout the world. The seats of the old rebels in the party councils have been occupied by natural-born bureaucrats and toadies, proletarian yes men, and penthouse "sympathizers."

To anybody having had contact with a genuinely revolutionary movement, the showing up as Communist "sympathizers" of people like Heywood Broun, Dorothy Parker, Corliss Lamont, Ernest Hemingway, Rockwell Kent, Donald Ogden Stewart, John Strachey, Harry Ward, etc., has long been proof positive that Communism of the official brand had abandoned its revolutionary aim. The tenderness displayed by some of our genteelly liberal papers toward the Stalin "party line" has also proven it. Those people and those papers, every one of them, and practically everybody who has any association with them or any likeness to them, would fight a workers' revolution tooth and nail, ink and inkpot, if they saw the flicker of its advancing shadow westward of the Third Avenue El.

However, it is no longer necessary to adduce proofs that Stalin has abandoned the idea of armed insurrection by the working class. In last June's convention the Communist Party adopted, at Stalin's orders, a constitution explicitly renouncing this idea and declaring absolute allegiance to the American government and the American conception of democracy. No doubt it set many anxious democrats' minds at rest. But that is a fatal mistake.

The Stalinists have abandoned the idea of working-class insurrection which alone justified in Lenin's mind the building of a Jesuitical machine of power. But they have not ceased to build the machine. It is now a system for piling up political power and placing it in the hands of a commander in chief.

All these things constitute an assault on American democracy very similar to that made—also in the name of Americanism—by Mayor Hague of Jersey City or by the Ku Klux Klan. This is not an open political party presenting a candid program to the electorate, but a secret society having purposes not revealed to those who vote. The heads of this secret society were designated by a foreign dictator, are removable by him, and receive orders from him on all vital questions by cablegram. The danger lies not there, however, but in the "Americanizing" of this same system which is now in rapid progress. Browder is already rewriting American history to prepare the way for a native "Beloved Leader," native spy hunts, shock troops, blood purges, and all the complete machinery of an American totalitarianism.

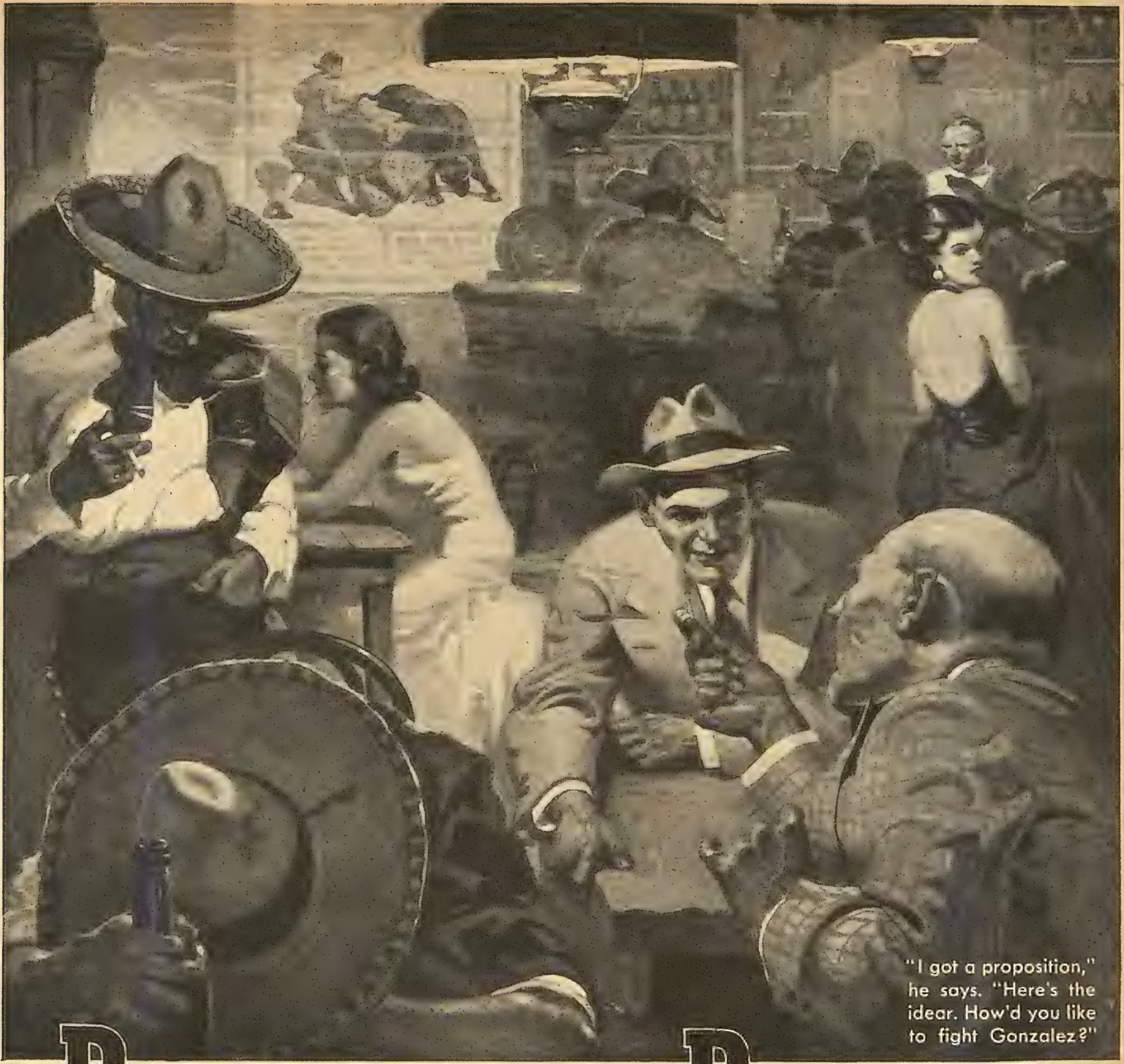
To some it may seem almost fantastic to say that the Communist parties are thus becoming Fascist parties. Fascism originated out of Communism in exactly this way. Mussolini was a revolutionary Socialist. He learned all he knew from the Bolsheviks. He created Fascism by the simple device of inscribing Italian Nationalism in the place of International Working-Class Revolution on the banners of an organization almost precisely like Lenin's. Mussolini learned it from Lenin, Hitler learned it from Mussolini. In origin that is what Fascism is.

In the name of Americanism, and with the assistance of a Russian dictator, Browder and his cohorts are building an unscrupulous machine of power that in success would stamp out every remnant of America's real rights and liberties, and what respect she has for mercy, justice, scientific truth.

Every one of the despotic barbarisms introduced by Hitler into Germany has been outdone by Stalin in Russia —every single one except the wholesale persecution of the Jews, and that will come when it is needed. (News dispatches of October 4 reported the disfranchisement of 321 Soviet citizens "mostly Jewish" in the Far East.) Every one is defended by the American Stalinists and included in what they mean when they say "democracy." Do not forget that to them Stalin's new constitution, under which no single citizen can record a vote against the gang in power, is "the most democratic in the world."

The Stalinists have gone over to *national* Socialism, and they won't come back. They still talk a little more about the "Socialism" in this combination than the Nazis do. Thus they fool people otherwise too intelligent to be fooled. Once let Stalin and Hitler draw together—and that is far less improbable than it seems—and you will see things called by their true names.

THE END



"I got a proposition," he says. "Here's the idear. How'd you like to fight Gonzalez?"

ROCKABY BRADY

A prizefighter, a child, a strange adventure—Don't miss this colorful novel!

READING TIME
23 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

BY EDWARD DOHERTY

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY FISK

ROCKABY BRADY, a prizefighter reputed to have lost his punch, knocks down two gunmen whom he and his trainer, Mushroom Mike O'Leary, meet in the desert near the Mexican border. In the gunmen's car they discover a ragged little girl of eleven or twelve, bound and gagged. Mush suggests that she may be Hilda Clavering, the movie star who has been kidnaped, but the child denies it. Rocky and Mush take her and her doll with them on their journey.

A policeman in the town of Santa Martina suspects the child of being the missing movie star, and takes the three to the police station. There Virginia tells the captain that she is Rocky's child, and Rocky, to avoid explanations, lets the story stand. In the jail they meet Philip St. Albans, a ventriloquist. Rocky bails him out with fifty of his last hundred dollars, and St. Albans takes them to his boardinghouse, run by Judith Ware. Judith berates Rocky for neglecting and starving his daughter, and he gives her his last fifty dollars to buy clothes and medicine. In spite of her disapproval of him, Rocky falls in love with her, and while he is telling St. Albans that he intends to marry her, Judith overhears him.

PART TWO—ROCKY CROSSES THE BORDER

I ALWAYS was leery with dames. Ever since I came out of the Home. Leery and fumble-footed. They were something like angels to me. Maybe it was my fault.

Maybe it was the sisters in the Home. They sure put funny ideas in my dome about girls.

I met a lot of dames after I went into the ring. All kinds of dames. And any one of them didn't have no trouble making a monkey out of me. They were all champs with me, and me just a dub sparring partner.

"You're a sap for the molls," Duffy Ryan used to say. "You'd give the lousiest tramp your right eye if you had nothing else, if you thought she could hock it."

Well, dames were nice to hang around with, I thought; even if they did take every nickel I earned. And once I thought I was in love with one of them, the Rosario dame. Donna Sully. It broke me up when she double-crossed me. I swore I was off dames for life.

I used to sit in that café in Rosario and just stare at Donna Sully for hours, watching her dance, listening to her sing, thinking all kinds of nice things about her. She always dressed in black, a funny kind of shiny dress that fit her so tight you could sometimes see her left knee tremble as she sang.

Her hair was black too, and her eyes were black. And her shoulders were white, a beautiful kind of white.

When she sang, everything in me started singing. If I could make up a song and sing it to her, I thought, then maybe I could tell her a little about how I felt.

Donna Sully. She sure made a bum out of me.

And now here was Judith Ware looking at me with lightnings flashing in her eyes—the kind of dame I'd never met before, the kind I used to hear about from the nuns in the Home. Yeah, and dream about. And she was saying in a funny voice, "So you're going to marry me, Mr. Brady!"

"Yes," I said. "I sure am. Either that or die."

I may go down. But I'll go down fighting.

AFTER a minute or so the lightnings went out of her blue-black eyes. And something like a smile, only it wasn't a smile, came into them.

"How interesting!" she said again.

She wasn't high-hatting me. She was just trying to figure me out.

"Suppose you go upstairs and bathe and shave," she suggested. "You can use Mr. St. Albans' razor. And brush your clothes. I'll get dinner."

"Thanks," I said.

I felt like the first round was over and I'd found out I wasn't so good. I was in for the toughest fight of my life, and I hadn't trained right for it. And I felt like I'd held my own, too, in that first round, even though I'd taken plenty of punishment.

She followed me out into the hallway.

"I'll show you to your room," she said.

We started up the stairs. And there was the brat, in a nightgown eight sizes too big for her, hanging over the rail at the landing.

"Is she going to be my stepmother, daddy?" she screamed, excited as a kid when the school's on fire.

"No," I said. "She ain't going to be nobody's stepmother."

"You needn't shout at your child," Judith said.

"I ain't shouting," I said. "And she ain't my child."

"I am!" the brat screamed. "I am too. And if you say I ain't, I'm going right back to that police station. Am I your child or ain't I?"

"All right," I said. "All right."

"He deserted my mother," the brat said, turning her attention to Judith. "He beat her up and left her. And now he wants to desert me."

"You never had no mother," I said.

Every second I was getting in wronger and wronger.

"Go back to bed, Virginia," Judith said. She said it like nothing had happened. We went on up the stairs. "This is your room," she said, opening a door. "Mr. St. Albans uses it too. But you and Mr. O'Leary won't mind that, will you? You'll find his razor in the bathroom."

It was a big room with two full-sized beds in it. And there was a private bath. Tub and shower, both. One window looked out over Mexico, and it was all blue and gold and red and hazy there. The other window looked out at the t. b. sanitarium grounds, next door, and the trees, and the far-away black-and-purple mountain.

Mush came up while I was shaving.

"Them beans was good," he said, "but I wish they was a cold boiled potato and an onion in that icebox."

I hung around until Mush finished shaving. He sung while he shaved, except when he was shaving close to his mouth. He only sung one song ever since I knew him. And I knew him ever since I was sixteen and getting ready for my first pro fight. Seven years.

Write me a letter.
  Send it by mail.
Send it in care of
  Birmingham Jail.

The brat came running in, almost tripping on the long nightgown.

"Mushroom!" she said. "I didn't know you could sing so beautifully. Will you teach that song to me?"

"Beat it, brat," I said. "Don't you know enough to stay out of a gent's room, even when you're asked to come in? Whoever raised you done a bum job."

"Nobody raised me," she said. "I was born in an orphan asylum. And I'll come in here any time I please. Ain't you my daddy?"

I took up the hairbrush, and she beat it, slamming the door. And she sung that song outside the room:

"Write me a letter.
  Send it by mail.
Send it in care of
  Birmingham Jail."

"Arrah, Rocky," Mush said, "don't be hard on the lassie, and her an orphan."

"Orphan my eye," I said. "Unless I socked that redhead gunman too hard."

"Sure, Rocky," Mush said. "Unless you socked him too hard. You're right, Rocky. Orphan my eye."

I took a hot shower and then a cold one. I felt a lot better. But I started coughing again after I dressed.

"The dust," Mush said. "The dust of the desert in your lungs, Rocky. We shouldn't have walked all that way, Rocky. And you with—"

"Shut up," I said. "I'm all right."

"Sure, Rocky," Mush said. "Sure you're all right. You ain't lost your punch. You ain't lost nothing. Didn't you clip them two gunmen? And them two cops?"

"You clipped one of them," I said. "One of them cops."

"Did I now, Rocky?" he asked me, "Did I now?"

He was as pleased as a kid.

DINNER was ready when we went down. And that ventriloquist was right. Steak and mashed potatoes and gravy. And how! We ate until we near foundered. The brat, too, sitting there in her borrowed nightclothes. And never a word out of her. Alligator-pear salad. Pie that thick. And coffee till I couldn't hold no more.

"More dessert?" Judith asked.

"No, ma'am," Mush said. "Just a cold boiled potato and a bit of an onion."

And right there was when Pixie Taylor, a blonde little cyclone of a girl, came waltzing in.

"'Lo, sweetie!" she cried.

St. Albans shot up like a jack-in-the-box.

"You're late, darling," he said, whisking a chair from the side of the room and placing it next to his.

"Hello, Pixie," Judith said, and introduced us.

Pixie bounced into the other room, jerking off her hat and flinging it on to a chair, hurling her little handbag on to a table, fluffing up her hair in front of a mirror. She bounced back into us again, sat in the chair, helped herself to what was left, and kept talking all the time.

"I saw the swellest hat today in the Bon Marché. Two ninety-eight. Black. And very, very Russian. It looked divine on me. I almost bought it. This steak is cold, Judith. And then I met Alta Gracia. She used to be a nurse with us in the sanitarium, Mr. Brady. Judith and I were both nurses. But they cut down the staff and we were fired. Luckily Judith owns this house. And we had a drink in the Mariposa. It's opened up again, Phil. And I got a job!"

"Singing?" Mush asked. (*Continued on page 20*)

What *does she care* about the Railroads?

THIS little miss is one of the more than 1,300,000 children throughout America whose education is being paid for by the $101,000,000 of school taxes paid each year by the railroads.

And school taxes are only part of the tremendous tax contribution which the railroads make to the activities and welfare of local communities—such things as police and fire protection, public health service, good roads, and a long list of other aids to public safety, comfort and well-being.

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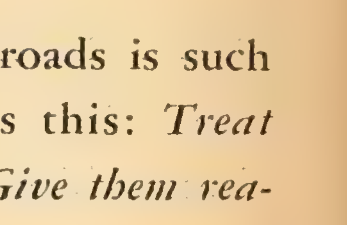
What is needed for the railroads is such common-sense treatment as this: *Treat the railroads as a business. Give them reasonable freedom to "price" their only product — transportation service. Give them greater freedom to adjust rates to meet competitive situations; to adjust services to the demands of traffic; and to adjust expenses to the conditions of their business. And give them equality of treatment and opportunity — equality with all other forms of transportation in matters of regulation, taxation, subsidy and the like.*

* * *

In the interest of straight-thinking, railroad men have prepared a concise and clear-cut program for a public transportation policy. You'll find this whole program interesting. Send for your copy today.



SAFETY FIRST—
friendliness too!

ASSOCIATION OF
AMERICAN RAILROADS

(*Continued from page 18*) I got it then. With that one word. It reminded me of Donna. And Donna reminded me of Pixie Taylor. They were a lot alike. Donna never talked in a streak like that, except when she was getting at something, when she wanted something and didn't know how to come right out and ask for it.

"No," Pixie said. "Not singing. Selling cigarettes. I start tonight."

Judith shook her head.

"Surely, Pixie," she said, "you're not going to take that kind of a job. In the Mariposa of all places."

Pixie went on eating and talking. I never saw a girl who could do both so well and so fast.

"Twenty a week and tips," she said. "I'll make fifty at least. Of course it's a joint. And I don't like the manager. He came out from under a rock. But it's a job. You should have seen that hat, Judith! Pour me some coffee, Phil. And they need a bouncer there, Mr. Brady."

She threw that at me like a left. I never been able to dodge a good straight left. This one banged me right on the nose. She went right on.

"I've got to eat and run, because this is the first night and I got to look over the stock and inventory it, and maybe fix my costume. The shoulders are a little tight. When does your trial come up, Phil? I wish you could see that hat on Alta Gracia, Judith. You'd have died. It was all I could do to keep a straight face. Maybe I can get an advance from Fallow. He's the new manager."

We all sat around like dummies, just listening to her. Me, I kept wondering what was wrong with her, why she kept looking at the brat every now and then, looking at her and then looking away quick. But it wasn't important to me then. I was too full of Judith Ware.

IT wasn't until Pixie started to talk to the brat and then changed her mind that I begun to give her any serious worry.

"Say, ain't you—" she said to the brat. And she kind of hesitated, and a sort of scared look came into her eyes. "Ain't you the nice little girl?"

I knew what she meant to say and didn't have the nerve to say. And I wondered why she didn't have the nerve to say it. Something screwy was going on. Right in my own corner. And I couldn't tag it.

"A wrong dame," I said to myself. I was sorry for St. Albans. I snuck a look at him. He was sitting there, all wrapped up in her, like I imagined I looked once, watching Donna do her stuff.

"When does your trial come up?" I asked him.

He come out of his trance.

"Oh," he said. "Excuse me. I didn't hear you at first. The trial comes up next week. But there's nothing to it, really. I'll plead guilty, of course. I am guilty, you know. I was drunk and disorderly."

"It was my fault, Phil darling," Pixie said, giving him the warm eye for the first time since she'd come in. "I'm sorry, of course. But I really wasn't flirting. You see, Mr. Brady, this man came up and asked to dance with me. And he was obviously a gentleman. With the loveliest red hair. And Phil was jealous. For no reason at all. He started to wreck the place."

"A redhead?" I said.

"Oh, fiery red."

I looked at Mush. And Mush looked at me.

And then the brat piped up.

"I learned a new song today. Like to hear it?"

And with no encouragement from anybody she stood up and sang Birmingham Jail.

That busted up the party. I was satisfied. I never was so tired in my life. Me and Mush went upstairs, and St. Albans come up and lent us some pajamas and robes. The guy had a wardrobe that'd knock your eye out.

"What do you make of Pixie Taylor?" I asked Mush, when the ventriloquist had gone downstairs again.

"A nice girl, Rocky. Only what's she afraid of?"

That was it. She was afraid of something.

"You hit it," I said. "Right on the button."

"Sure, Rocky. She's afraid. Why does she talk like that unless she's afraid? What's she trying to cover up?"

"And the way she looked at the brat!" I said. "And her and the redheaded guy. Do you suppose—"

"He was out cold, Rocky. You ain't lost your punch."

We'd just got into bed and Mush was sound asleep when the brat tiptoed in.

"Mush," she called. "Mush! Here's your cold boiled potato and an onion."

Mush woke up. He'd wake up any time if you even mentioned food. He got out of bed and turned on the light. And there was the stuff on a little white plate, with a salt shaker leaning against the onion.

"Lassie, you're the prettiest little angel in forty-eight states," Mush said, squeezing the skin off the potato and pouring the salt on it. She gave him a smile. She looked almost human, smiling. She turned to me, and the smile was gone.

"Daddy, come and tuck me in," she said.

"Beat it," I said.

She begun to scream again.

"Daddy, my own daddy! He won't kiss me good night. He won't tuck me in!"

I give up. I didn't want Judith running up the stairs to see if I was beating her up. I got out of bed and took her to a room at the end of the corridor. She made me hold her hand too. All the way into the room. Then she jerked her hand away and jumped into bed.

"Rocky," she whispered, "her hair's bleached."

It was the first civil thing she said to me.

"How do you know?" I said.

"You can tell bleached hair a mile off," the brat said. "Her hair's black at the roots. Didn't you notice? And she thinks I'm the Clavering kid."

"I know that," I said.

"You ain't so dumb," she said. "Not so dumb as you look. You couldn't be. I saw you fight once. In Hollywood. A fellow named Gonzalez. Remember? You knocked him cold in the first round. My real daddy took me there."

"Your real daddy," I said. "First you tell me the redhead is your daddy. Then you're an orphan. Then I'm your daddy. You're a dirty little liar."

"Lies are fun," she says. "Any goof can tell the truth. A woman should cloak herself in an aura of mystery."

"Did you say your prayers?" I asked her.

"No," she said.

"Then down on your marrowbones and say them," I said.

Quick as a wink she was down on her knees.

"All right," she said. "What'll I say?"

GEE, I felt like a fool. Me, Rockaby Brady, the toughest on the Coast, telling a brat of a girl how to say her prayers. I felt like getting up and running.

"Didn't you never pray?" I said.

"I never had no mother," she said. "Never, Rocky. How should I know anything about prayers?"

Was she kidding me? Or wasn't she? I didn't know. I felt ashamed of myself, whichever way it was. All right, I said to myself, here goes. Let's get it over quick, before anybody comes, before anybody catches me at it.

"Our Father," I said.

"Our Father," she repeated, bending her head and holding her little hands together, palm to palm and fingers up.

I went through with it, a couple words at a time, and I could feel the sweat pouring down from my forehead. Whew! That was a tough spot.

"Amen," I said at last.

"Amen," she said, and jumped back into bed.

"Now tuck me in," she said, "and kiss me good night, daddy."

"I will not!" I said, and I beat it out of there, fast.

Like I expected, she screamed. You could hear her for blocks. After a time, like I also expected, Judith came tapping at my door.

"Mr. Brady," she said, "hadn't you better kiss her good night?"

"No," I said. "I never kissed no woman in my life. And no brat either. And I ain't going to start now."

"That's nonsense!" Judith said.

"You've been married, haven't you?"

"Me?" I said. "Never!" (*Continued on page 22*)

This man knew all the answers ... do YOU ?

TO TELL THE TRUTH, our curiosity got the better of us.

You see, we wanted to find out how much most men really *know* about whiskey—so we set out to ask a few questions at random. It didn't take us long to find a man who knew all the answers.

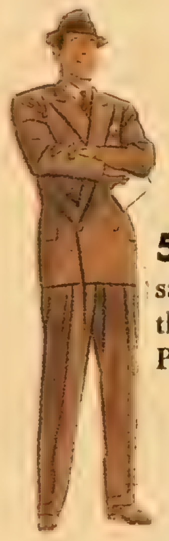
Tune in on our conversation and see if you could have done as well:

1. SAID WE: "What one quality is shared in common by fine champagne, sherry, and Paul Jones Whiskey?"

2. SAID HE: "Why, they're all DRY."

3. SAID WE: "That's right—but just what do you mean by a DRY whiskey?"

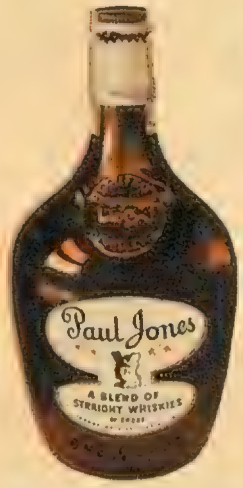
4. SAID HE: "Well, it's a whiskey without a trace of sweetness."



5. SAID WE: "What would you say is the best way to appreciate the crisp quality of DRYNESS in Paul Jones Whiskey?"

6. SAID HE: "That's a funny question! It all depends on whether you prefer your whiskey *straight*...or in a *cocktail*...or in a *highball*. A DRY whiskey, like Paul Jones, wins my vote all three ways!"

7. SAID WE: "Your answers couldn't have been better if we'd written them ourselves! Can it be that you're prejudiced in favor of Paul Jones?"


Paul Jones
A BLEND OF STRAIGHT WHISKIES

8. SAID HE: "I certainly am—and I'll tell you why: I honestly think I know something about fine liquor. And believe me—if you only realized how that quality of DRYNESS points up the flavor of a fine whiskey, you'd be prejudiced in favor of Paul Jones *yourself!*"

9. SAID WE: "We *are!* And thanks for your time!"

Paul Jones

*IT'S DRY**

—and every drop is straight WHISKEY!

*DRY means not sweet.

Paul Jones is a blend of straight whiskies—90 proof. Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville and Baltimore.

Even men with fifteen valets—give Ingram's thrifty cream their ballots!

Give your face the bracing KICK of Ingram's!

INGRAM'S big, billowy brushfuls of speedy, wilting lather give you the luxury that even a banker would envy. For Ingram's is a real high-hat shaving cream with a bracing quality that gives a "wake-up and grin" kick to your face. That's what makes Ingram's different—it's a shaving cream and a lotion all in one. And with all its luxury and ease *you save money* because Ingram's is concentrated—it goes further. Get the thrifty tube or economical jar at your druggist's today.

A SPEED LATHER! Ingram's lather works lightning fast! It wilts the fight out of the most stubborn whiskers in jig time.

FEEL THAT KICK! With each and every stroke of your razor, Ingram's "wet-inside" lather gives a cool and bracing kick to your skin.

NO NICKS—NO BURNS NO TERRORS Smooth, easy shaving and a cool, smooth, fresher skin are the rewards of thrifty Ingram's.

INGRAM'S *Concentrated* SHAVING CREAM

A little goes a longer way

(*Continued from page 20*)

Then I got hep to myself. "Well," I said, "only once."

I could hear her laughing outside the door. It was like running water. It had music in it.

The brat was still screaming.

"All right," I said. "I'll go in and kiss her."

"Thanks," Judith said.

I went in and kissed the brat, and she threw her arms around me and squeezed me. Like she meant it.

"I knew I could make you do it," she said. And gave me the heehaw.

"I got a good mind to spank you," I said. But I didn't. I went back to bed.

I lay awake a long time, trying to figure things out, and getting nowhere. Then St. Albans come in and turned on the light and started to undress and talk.

First he took off his shirt. Then he took off a heavy undershirt. Then he took off a girdle. Then he took off a light undershirt. Then he put on two pajama coats, a cotton one and a wool. Then he put on a heavy bathrobe. Then he took off his pants.

AFTER that he sat in front of the dresser and cold-creamed his face, like I seen girls do in the movies. Then he put something on his hair, and rubbed it in, and combed it, and put on a stocking cap. Then he took six different kinds of pills. Then he went into the bathroom and gargled. He come back and took off his shoes, and a pair of socks off each foot. He rubbed some stuff on his feet, and wiped it off with a towel. He give his toenails and his fingernails a manicure. After all that, he went through some setting-up exercises, put his teeth in a glass of water, and picked up his dummy.

And, like his girl Pixie, he talked a blue streak all the time, except when he was pill-swallowing and gargling. Man, he was high!

"Ain't she the most wonderful thing you ever saw? I'm insane about her. From the very first. Oh, at the very inception. I came here to rent a room. I came, I saw, I was conquered. If it hadn't been for the dummy I'd have gone raving mad.

"I never could talk. I'm shy. Oh, terribly. You've no idea. I used to blush and stammer, even at home. Even when I wanted to say the simplest things. Then I found I had something unique. I could throw my voice. I could make people say things. I was a ventriloquist. If I hadn't been a ventriloquist I never could have won Pixie. Never. I proposed to her through the dummy. She slapped the dummy's face but she kissed me.

"You know, I really believe she's jealous of the dummy. Because it's only when I have the dummy that I can say things to her. Without the dummy I'm lost. I'm a clam."

Every little while he'd reach out and pat the dummy gently.

"The dummy always knows what to say. And he says the most beautiful things to her. I never could think of them. I mean, by myself. Never. Tonight, for instance, I wanted to tell her not to take that job. It's a tough place, the Mariposa. Really no place for a girl like Pixie. She's so innocent, and so generous, and so sweet. She doesn't see through men. The veriest bounder can say hello to her, and she's as sweet to him as she is to me. She can't hurt people's feelings. Even that redheaded ruffian. She would actually have danced with him, if I hadn't interposed."

"Does he wear a cap?"

My voice seemed to startle him.

"Oh! Excuse me," he said. "I was far away. A cap? The redhead, you mean? No. But a ruffian, just the same."

"Look," I said. "Why don't you get a job in the Mariposa? You're a ventriloquist. You could get by."

"Oh, no," he said. "Pixie wouldn't like it. She'd think I was spying on her, or trying to protect her. It wouldn't do. I tried to broach the subject tonight, but I got nowhere. She pointed out, too, that the Mariposa was no place for me. The people who went there wouldn't appreciate my act. I'd—I'd lose caste. You can see by that how fond of me she is, how proud of me! She's a darling. There never was another like her."

I'd known hundreds like her, but I wasn't airing that. It'd be like leading with your right. Sucker stuff.

St. Albans turned out the light after awhile, and went to bed with the dummy beside him. And I lay there shadow-boxing with myself, trying to sleep. But there was too many things on my mind, so after awhile I got up, pulled on my duds, and snuck out of the house, carrying my shoes.

THAT part of town was dead, so dead my footsteps sounded like a parade. I seen lights to the south, and headed for them. I didn't have no trouble finding the Mariposa. I just went into Mexico, and there it was.

Mexico. I got a kick out of that country. I breathed different. There was a million new smells too. Dust, flowers, trees, things cooking over little charcoal fires wherever I looked, meat and fish in the market place, perfume and sweat and garlic as people passed by. I could even smell them big shiny stars right up there above the chimney smoke.

The Mariposa was a little joint with loud music. The loudest and worst music in all Mexico, I'll bet. I went in and asked for Fallow, and after a minute he come out into the bar, a fat guy with squinty eyes, a New York accent, a cigar in the corner of his puss, a check suit, a pink tie, a blue shirt, and tight yellow shoes. A heel. I seen that right away. A first-rate no-good guy.

He looks kind of disturbed at first. He comes at me all covered up, cautious, trying to feel me out. Then he laughs, and there's something in that laugh that says, "Rockaby, look out! Don't forget to duck. This guy ain't no set-up; he's poison; you been framed."

"Well, well, well," he says, and gives me a fishy duke to shake, "we was just talking about you, Mr. Rockaway."

"Rockaby," I said.

"My erra," he says. "I was just talking about you with Miss Taylor. A nice goil, Miss Taylor. I never seen you fight, but you look like a fighter. You in condition?"

"Sure," I said.

"Come in. Sid down. Have a drink on the house." He led the way into the big room, and we sat down.

"I don't drink," I said.

"Of coise," he said. "*Naturalmente.* Sure. I undastand." Then he asks me about that last fight in Rosario. I win that fight but take a panning from the sports guys. They says I lost my punch.

"I still got my wallop," I said. "Don't let them kid you."

"I know," he said. "I know." And there's something in his eye that tells me he does know.

"You got no manager now," he says quick.

"No," I admits. "Duffy Ryan give me back my contract. After he stole my girl."

"Of coise," he said. "And you beat her up. I don't blame you, Rockaby. But it gives you a bad name." He leans over, confidential. "I got a proposition," he says.

"Bouncer?" I says.

"No. The bouncer is filled. This is a high-class place. But sometimes we got roughnecks here. And we need a bouncer. But not for you. Here's the idear. How'd you like to fight my boy Gonzalez again?"

"He's a good boy," I stalled. I beat his head off once. I laid him out in one round. But I was a young punk then. Nineteen. And there was nothing the matter with me.

"Good?" Fallow says. "He's another Mexican Joe Rivers. How about Sadday night? In the casino here?"

"How much?" I says.

"One grand," he says. "Your end. If you hadn't beat up that dame I make it two grand. But you got a bad name. People come now just to see you get beat up."

ALL the time I'm looking around, trying to see if I can get a peek at that redhead. But he ain't there.

"I'll think it over," I says.

"But it's Sadday night," he says. "I got to know quick."

"Tell you tomorrow," I says. "I got to see Mush first."

"That's fine," he says, and he laughs again, like he's give me a rabbit punch. "That's good, wery, wery good. And now—a little absinthe frappé, a little tequila, a little pulque, a little Scotch and soda, or maybe you like gin?"

"All I want," I says, "is a little sleep."

I snuck back into the house and woke up Mushroom.

"A guy wants me to fight Gonzalez," I says, "for a grand note."

Mush don't get it for a minute.

"Sure, Rocky," he says. "You'll murder him."

Then he does get it.

"No, Rocky," he says. "You can't fight nobody, Rocky. I'll fight him, Rocky."

I didn't say nothing for a long time. I knew he was right. Then I got thinking again.

"Fallow knows I clipped the redhead and his pal," I said. "How you suppose he found out? I smell a rat, Mush. And how!"

"No, Rocky," Mush said. "That was the onion I et. That wasn't no rat."

He went back to sleep again. But not me. Something screwy was happening, and the brat was in it, and Pixie Taylor, and Mush, and Judith Ware somehow, and me. And maybe St. Albans too. Something very screwy. Trouble. And plenty of it. And I was too dumb to savvy what it was.

"Well," I says to myself, "stick around. You'll find out, Rockaby. And if it kills you, what the hell?"

Is the fight a frame-up? Is Fallow somehow connected with the red-haired man of the desert? And what does Pixie know of him, and of the brat? Follow the thread of the mystery in next week's chapter. You will find it packed with strange surprises.

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THE BIGGEST CAUSE OF CRIME IS NO PUZZLE TO ME

BY A "SIX-TIME LOSER"

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

JUST so long as our "big shots"—men like the Hon. Homer S. Cummings, J. Edgar Hoover, Fulton Oursler, and a few others who are writing on crime subjects—continue to classify paroled convicts and discharged prisoners as "one and the same animal," just so long will they mislead themselves and others. They mean well, but merely do not know.

Paroled convicts are constantly being blamed for crimes which should be laid to our *discharged* prisoners. The truth is—and all records will bear me out—that paroled convicts cause our authorities very little trouble. Statistics show that even less than 5 per cent of them are even accused of committing new crimes while still on parole. Paroled convicts simply can't get away with much "funny stuff." They are still wards of some state and are watched by both friends and foes, by their parole agent, the police, their employer; by almost every one. To get to be a paroled convict a man must have some kind of a job to step into the minute he leaves prison gates; otherwise he doesn't go. True, it is seldom much of a job, and it may be that he is being hired by some one who employs him merely to get a "slave" who perforce must do his bidding, and do it for whatever this boss sees fit to pay, or go back to prison.

But it's a job. It pays enough for a scant livelihood at least. And he can complain to his parole agent in case he feels that he is being "rode"; and this agent is at least supposed to be his good friend. So let's leave the paroled John Doe and turn to Richard Roe, a *discharged* prisoner.

Roe is a discharged prisoner for one of three reasons: He has served all of his sentence in some prison or penitentiary; some board or governor has cut his time and ordered him discharged; or he has been discharged from his parole conditions and is now a free man. Yeah, he's free all right—free to steal or starve! For it is ten to one that he will not continue now to work for his former employer, if any.

The state gives Richard Roe a five- or a ten-dollar bill—rarely over fifteen dollars—and says in effect: "Go and skin no more!" On top of that they dress him out in a cheap suit of clothing, give him a suit of underwear, a two-bit cap, a ten-cent necktie, a pair of cotton socks, and a pair of shoes. He can now buy his own handkerchief, and can use the railroad or bus ticket the state has given him to go home; but the chances are that he has no home, and would be crazy to go there if he had. For neighbors and old friends, like elephants, never forget!

From now on Richard Roe is strictly on his own. All state aid, all state supervision has been removed. Who'll hire him? Will *you?*

"Where did you work last?" employers are sure to ask him, and they have a perfect right to know. Can he say: "In the X Penitentiary, for Warden Z. I worked for him in there for two, ten, or twenty-five years"? And if he lies, his phony references are quickly checked up on and the job gone anyway. So what?

Well, I know what I have done. I stuck it out honestly as long as I could—as long as my few measly dollars lasted—and then I stole. I tried my damnedest to find any kind of honest work, couldn't do it—then stole. And not just once or twice but hundreds and hundreds of times! It was steal or starve with me every time, I tell you; and any hungry man will steal. You would. If you think you wouldn't, then you really must try it some time!

Our present set-up allows neither me nor my judge any choice in the matter. What is the answer to such a vicious circle? I will tell you what I would like to see done about it:

I would like to see either Mr. Cummings or Mr. Hoover suggest to the next Congress—and to President Roosevelt—that Uncle Sam establish a few camps throughout the United States—camps similar to the successful CCC camps—to which men like myself could turn rather than have to run around committing new crimes. *Most* of us would take advantage of such camps, *and your present high crime rate would fall like a punctured balloon!*

I personally know more than ten thousand discharged prisoners, and I know that not one man in twenty goes back to a life of crime after his first clash with the law for any reason in the world except because *he has to do so* merely to exist!

The CCC camps were successful in reducing reformatory (whatta word!) populations all the way from 50 to 100 per cent. Why? They took our idle youths off the streets and gave them suitable, healthy employment. Those camps have saved the nation millions and millions of dollars more than they cost the taxpayers merely *by preventing* thousands upon thousands of crimes!

According to J. Edgar Hoover's own figures, it costs the taxpayers of the United States more than fifteen billion dollars a year to fight crime! There are thousands of murders in this country every year—most of them committed in connection with some robbery—and unquestionably a large percentage of them committed by discharged prisoners, men actually forced to steal or starve.

No, it is not the prisons themselves that raise all the hell with us fellows. *It is their aftermath!* It is *you* that we are afraid of. You and your ignorance of exactly what we are up against. You and your quick willingness to blame us because we have to eat! In prison, we got by. We had a roof over our heads and food for our bellies. You deny us these things from the very minute we are set "free," and call us names and send us back to prison. I don't exaggerate. I am but partially to blame. I can't beat a game that has *all* of the cards stacked against me. And neither could you, in my shoes. The only wonder to me is that I haven't done worse by you than I have. So far, I have held my many crimes to straight theft. Others haven't always been so considerate of you!

Camps such as I suggest seem to me to be the most logical answer to this great problem. It is possible that factories of some kind can be established which would answer practically the same purpose. The whole idea is to see that these potential thieves and murderers are given some kind of a run for their money.

I have been in three penitentiaries—Nevada, Missouri, and Ohio—and in three prisons: New Jersey, Minnesota, and Wisconsin! I take it you will grant that such wide experience gives me the right to suggest. This issue affects all of us—you as well as me and my kind. The thing is far too big for any one state to even attempt. It's positively a national affair, for *we* come from all of the states, and go everywhere.

Forget the more or less harmless paroled convict. Concentrate your efforts on providing work for the discharged man and things will come out all right. The present WPA is useless to the discharged prisoner.

Liberty is helping by presenting you with these facts. What are you going to do about them?

THE END

"SIX-TIME LOSER" IS MOSTLY RIGHT,

SAYS PRISON BUREAU CHIEF

BY JAMES V. BENNETT

Director of the Bureau of Prisons, U. S. Department of Justice

READING TIME ● 2 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

Here is a most remarkable ray of light on the crime problem—and an even more extraordinary example of what American democracy and free speech mean to mankind. A convict serving his sixth sentence takes sharp issue with high authorities, points to the plight of discharged prisoners as the biggest cause of crime, pleads for something like the CCC camps as a remedy. And the ranking federal prison official warmly ratifies this convict's diagnosis, differing only as to the remedy advisable! And—can *you* think of another great nation where a contribution like "Six-Time Loser's" would appear in print, for national circulation, side by side with such an endorsement as this of Mr. Bennett's?

THE prisoner in the Ohio State Penitentiary makes a very good point, I feel, when he says that the public ought to discriminate more clearly between the paroled prisoner and the discharged prisoner. He is also quite right, I think, in saying that it is the man who goes out of prison "scot-free," with no friend or funds, who soon gets into trouble again. We hear of a few cases of paroled prisoners who again commit crime, but it is the man who goes out without help and supervision who is most dangerous. We know that nearly 50 per cent of the men leaving prison today will again commit crime and be back in the institution within a period of five years.

If the normal, well intentioned man now coming out of prison is not able "to make good," as the inmate's article points out, it is usually because he is a social outcast and cannot get a job on his merits. The ex-prisoner has to have perseverance, stamina, and an ability to take it on the chin, which is quite beyond the comprehension of most people who do not understand his problem. Almost nothing is done by the prisons to help the ex-prisoner, and the public complacently sloughs off the problem as too much for them.

Certainly the prison administrator is inclined to feel that they are not his responsibility, the police take no interest, and usually the welfare agencies completely disbar ex-prisoners from relief benefits. An ex-prisoner can't get into the CCC camps. He can't get a position with any government organization. He usually will not be taken into a union. He can't get a driver's permit. In short, he is discriminated against on every hand. The wonder is that more of them don't get back into an institution sooner than they do.

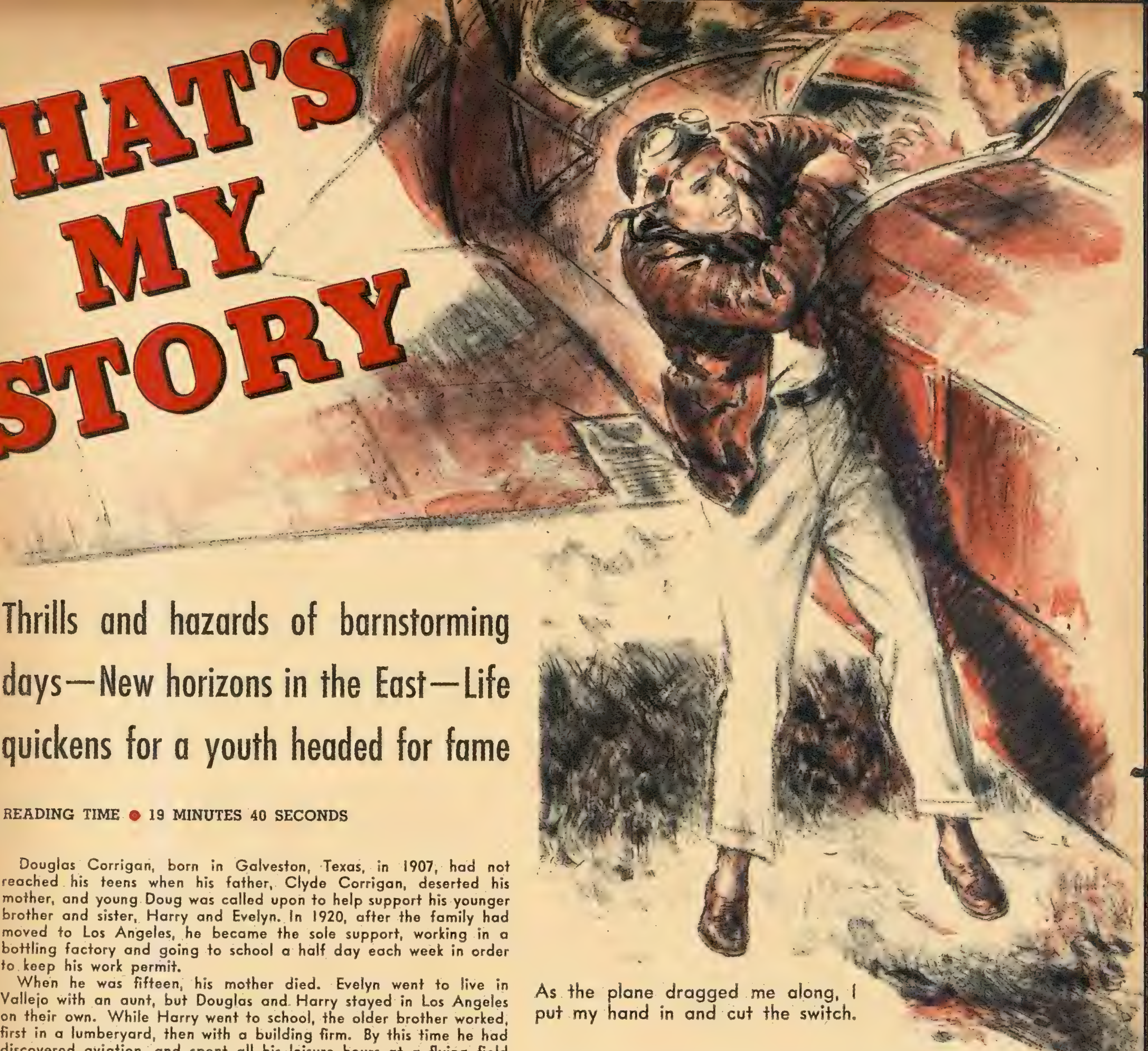
I can't quite agree, however, that the remedy the author of the article you sent me is suggesting is sound. I don't believe in special camps for ex-prisoners. They would simply prolong the period of imprisonment without any legal control over the inmates. Moreover, a man ought to try to readjust himself as soon as he is discharged from an institution. At that time he is usually full of enthusiasm and determination to make a good start. He must not get to feeling defeated, as I am afraid he would if he were permitted to remain in a camp at public expense. Nor do I think the analogy with the CCC camp is sound, if you consider the difference in the type of intake and the fact that the CCC camps are primarily relief projects.

What's needed is an organized group in each community to assist sympathetically the ex-prisoner. They could help him find a job. They could supervise his acquaintances and could provide him with healthful outlets for his leisure time. Most of all, they could stimulate and encourage him. An organized group to help ex-prisoners in every community could save thousands of dollars now wasted on crime and prevent much suffering.

Pending the day when each community would have a prisoners' aid society under public direction and tax-supported, I have felt that our parole boards might do as they formerly did in Germany under the old regime. There, they permitted a prisoner to leave the institution for a few days or a week to hunt a job and to make contacts in the community. If he failed, he was permitted to return without prejudice and without setting back the day his sentence expired. Sometimes men were permitted these leaves two or three times.

THE END

THAT'S MY STORY



As the plane dragged me along, I put my hand in and cut the switch.

Thrills and hazards of barnstorming days—New horizons in the East—Life quickens for a youth headed for fame

READING TIME ● 19 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

Douglas Corrigan, born in Galveston, Texas, in 1907, had not reached his teens when his father, Clyde Corrigan, deserted his mother, and young Doug was called upon to help support his younger brother and sister, Harry and Evelyn. In 1920, after the family had moved to Los Angeles, he became the sole support, working in a bottling factory and going to school a half day each week in order to keep his work permit.

When he was fifteen, his mother died. Evelyn went to live in Vallejo with an aunt, but Douglas and Harry stayed in Los Angeles on their own. While Harry went to school, the older brother worked, first in a lumberyard, then with a building firm. By this time he had discovered aviation, and spent all his leisure hours at a flying field and all the money he could scrape together on flying lessons.

At twenty he left Los Angeles for San Diego, where he took a job with the company which later built Lindbergh's Spirit of St. Louis. Doug worked on the construction of the plane, and met Lindbergh, who became his Number One hero.

His next job was with the San Diego Air Service, as a mechanic. In October, 1929, he got his pilot's license, and was made chief mechanic and assistant pilot at a branch field in Palm Springs.

PART SIX—STUNTS AND SKY RIDES

WHEN I arrived in Palm Springs in October, 1929, the airport was located on Mr. Stevens' place, just east of El Mirador. The new field which Mr. Lawson was starting was two miles directly south of the old field, and was much larger, having three different runways, made by just clearing the bush off the sand.

When we were ready to start business, there came a crash. Not an airplane this time, but the stock market in New York. Most of the people who usually came to Palm Springs were busy at home that winter, trying to keep a shirt on their backs. The few who were in town weren't interested in buying airplane rides. When you told them how far up above the ground you'd take them, the first thing they thought of was how far down below the ground you might take them. It had just been brought to their attention that things could go down farther than they had gone up.

That Christmas my brother Harry drove out from Los Angeles in his Model T roadster. He had a young lady in the car with him, and was I surprised when she jumped out and kissed me. I was more surprised when I found out this was our little sister Evelyn whom I hadn't seen for more than seven years. Why, she'd been just a skinny little runt when she went up to Vallejo, California, to live with our Uncle Roy Corrigan, right after our mother died.

Everything went haywire in Palm Springs that winter, even the weather, which was cold and windy. At one time there were more than ten planes grounded at the field, waiting for the weather to break.

One day all the Lockheed factory pilots were in at Palm Springs. First Marshall Headle came down in a Vega to take some air photos for the movies. Then Herb Fahy stopped on the way East with some passengers, because the motor in his Vega was using up too much oil. While I was putting in more oil, Wiley Post came in from the East, on his way back to the Coast, having just set a speed record of eight hours between Los Angeles and Kansas City. As Wiley had the better plane and it was just a short distance back to Los Angeles, Herb persuaded Wiley to trade ships with him, so that he wouldn't have any trouble getting his passengers to the East Coast in a hurry.

One morning I woke up and looked out the window and thought I must be seeing things. There was snow on the ground and it was still snowing. No one could remember having seen snow in Palm Springs, except one old Indian who said there had been a snowstorm sixty-one years before.

By the end of January I'd flown only three hours in three months, so I sent in my resignation. The work on the field and hangars was all done and I figured the company would be that much better off with me off the pay roll.

I went to Los Angeles, and got a job as pilot-mechanic for the Southern California Flying Club. The club consisted of twenty members who each owned one part in the club's Kinner-powered Crown two-place biplane. They kept the plane at the Lincoln airport on Mesa Drive, on the exact spot where Shorty Rossiter and I had been going to start a field four years earlier. I worked for the flying club about four months and taught several of the fellows to fly, although most of them had already soloed. There were two lady pilots in the club, both of whom could fly all right.

While in Los Angeles, working for the flying club, I was living with my brother Harry, who was then in his second year at the University of California. For the last two years of his aeronautical engineering course it would be necessary for Harry to move to Berkeley, and as the flying club seemed to be going on the rocks, I decided to go to New York with a friend of Harry's, named Betts, who was driving back to Nova Scotia.

Betts bought a 1921 Model T Ford coupé for fifteen dollars, and in June, 1930, he and I started out for New York. The first day, after we had passed Riverside, California, the motor made a lot of noise and stopped. Investigation showed that the camshaft gear had lost most of its teeth, and as the gear was stuck on the shaft, it was necessary to tear the whole engine apart. We slept in our blankets, rolled up right next to the highway, and early in the morning I walked back into town and got a new gear. We had the car all fixed before sundown. During the next two days we crossed the desert with only a few flat tires each day.

One night in west Texas we were sleeping peacefully on the ground, when we were awakened by a thunderstorm, so we jumped into the car with our blankets, to get out of the rain. In a few minutes we became aware of the fact that the top was leaking like a sieve. Two days later we drove into another storm. This time the top didn't just leak; it blew off completely.

Corrigan and the J-5 Stearman at Virginia Beach

After taking up on the connecting rods in the engine three more times and fixing three or four flat tires each day, we finally reached New York, just eighteen days from Los Angeles.

Betts went on to Nova Scotia and I stayed in New York to settle up my father's estate, of which I had just been appointed administrator. Dad had been killed a few years before while working for the New York Central as a switchman. My uncle and my grandfather hadn't wanted to bother with it, so nothing had been done until after I became of age. Then a lawyer in New York who had done some work for dad a few years before wrote me saying the railroad would pay us something if I became administrator and let him settle up the estate.

So now I went around to the lawyer's office, only to find he was in Europe. After he got back, things dragged along for months, and in the end my brother, sister, and I never got a penny from the railroad. It would sure have helped my brother and sister in getting through school.

In the meantime I had been looking for a job. One day out at Roosevelt Field I asked for work, and as usual they didn't need a pilot or mechanic, but when I said I was a welder, the boss said he'd give me a job fixing up a Fordson tractor that was used to move the planes around. The first day I was there they put me on a hurry-up airplane repair job, and on another one the next day, and before the week was out I was working as a regular airplane mechanic.

THE company, Air Services, Inc., was owned by William B. Leeds and had the agency for the Lockheed and Monocoupe planes. Ed Connerton and Charlie Gaver were running the hangar for Mr. Leeds, and the pilots were Connerton, Frank Cordova, and Russ Thaw. The other mechanics' names were James McIntosh, Felix Blum, and Gene Longlois.

During the next ten months I did different types of airplane and engine overhaul and repair. Among the airplanes I worked on was the Lockheed that Henry Brown and John Henry Mears were going to fly around the world. They were going to change from wheels to floats in Russia, and I fitted the extra fin to the bottom of the fuselage, so that there wouldn't be any trouble when it was installed in Russia. The plane blew a tire and cracked up while taking off in Newfoundland. Luckily neither Mr. Mears nor Mr. Brown was injured.

Another ship I did some work on was the Emsco monoplane that Ted Lundgren and Roger Williams were going to fly around the world. This plane had so many gadgets on it that went haywire even before the flight started, that finally the trip was called off.

Al Williams had his Curtiss Hawk at the Air Services hangar then. It was powered with an English motor that used half gasoline and half benzol for fuel. It would also keep running when upside down, and Al used to put on some nice exhibitions while testing the plane.

Captain Roy Ammel brought his Lockheed Blue Flash in for a complete check before making his nonstop flight from New York to Panama. He made it all right going down, but nosed over when he hit a mud puddle on the take-off for the return trip.

Harold McMahon decided to put a more powerful engine in his Breese monoplane, the Aloha, and as it was necessary to change the motor mount, I had a welding job for a few days. The Aloha had been flown from California to Hawaii three years before by Martin Jensen. Jim Roy was at the field with a Pitcairn autogiro, which he demonstrated in such a fine manner that Standard Oil bought one, and I had a ride in it a few weeks later with Pilot Dexter.

On October 6, 1930, Lindbergh came out to Roosevelt Field and took a flight in the low-wing Lockheed with an all-metal fuselage which we had there as a demonstrator. I don't think he liked it as much as his own wooden-fuselage low-wing Lockheed. The metal fuselage

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Signed Charles Simms
Assistant Manager, Terminal Barber Shop
Hotel Pennsylvania, New York City

1. QUICKER
because you don't have to prepare your beard before using Colgate Rapid-Shave Cream.

2. SMOOTHER
because its rich, small-bubble lather melts the beard soft at the base, so your razor cuts clean.

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because you use less than brushless creams of the same size and price class. There's no waste with Colgate Rapid-Shave Cream.

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Colgate
RAPID-SHAVE CREAM

made more noise and vibrated more than the wooden one.

Another ship at the Air Services hangar was the Crosley Lockheed Vega flown by Ruth Nichols. It had extra gasoline tanks to give it a range of more than 2,500 miles, and Ruth made a record flight between New York and Los Angeles. While Ruth had the Lockheed at the hangar, Clarence Chamberlin was around quite a bit, advising her as to the equipment for the plane.

My old instructor from Los Angeles, Red Harrigan, now test pilot for Lockheed, was at the field with a demonstrator a few times that winter, and I was up with him on several flights in the metal Vega. I learned at this time that my old friend Bobby Hopkins, who was flying for National Air Transport, was killed when his car turned over one night. Bobby had learned to fly with Shorty Rossiter and myself, and we three had been the best of friends. Now I was the only one left.

In the next hangar at Roosevelt Field were three Laird planes that belonged to Mr. Patterson, the publisher. I did some work on these. Captain Becker and Joe Brooks were flying for him, and Charley Sutter, from San Diego, was his mechanic. In the Air Services' hangar were also kept Mike Thorne's Laird and Eric Wood's Travelair, and the Sikorsky amphibian that Murphy and McKenna almost flew to Chicago.

Working long hours as a mechanic, I didn't have much time to fly, especially during the winter. So in May, 1931, I quit my job and flew an OX5 Waco for a fellow named Cordiliko from Hartford, Connecticut, carrying passengers on Sundays.

JACK McKENNA and Don Gutch had the Waco hangar, and I flew for them, going to New Jersey or some place in New York on Saturdays and Sundays to take up passengers. One Sunday, at Belmar, New Jersey, after taking in ninety dollars, I had to stop flying passengers in the middle of the afternoon—the valves in the OX5 motor were blowing so bad the plane wouldn't get off the ground with even one passenger. It just barely got in the air with me alone, and when I got back to Roosevelt Field, the motor was running yet—but that's all.

A few days later, as McKenna and I were overhauling the motor, a fellow came in and told me that McIntosh had recommended me as a pilot and asked would I like to fly his J-5 Stearman at Norfolk, Virginia. I had only been flying OX5 Wacos the past few weeks, and as the J-5 Stearman was a much bigger and better plane, I took it. Anyway, I wanted some experience in a different part of the country. Two days later, after servicing the motor, I left Roosevelt Field with the Stearman and in three hours was circling Norfolk, Virginia. Steve Reich, who owned the plane, had driven down in his car the day before with his fiancée, Nettie Gendela and a friend of hers, Helen Fiala. The girls worked in an office in New York, and were spending their two weeks' vacation in Norfolk that summer.

The field at Norfolk was just a strip of ground—100 feet wide and 2,000 feet long—located near Glenrock, just east of the city. We boarded at the home of Lonny Halblieb, who had been taking flying lessons in the Stearman. Lonny's mother and sister Catherine put more and better food on the table than I had been used to, with the result that I put on more weight than I had been used to.

We stayed at Glenrock with the Stearman for several weeks, but business never did get good, even though we had parachute jumps on Sundays by a navy jumper. The field was owned by Mr. Hudgins. It was too far from town and not close enough to the beach, so we decided to fly from a small field we had seen near Virginia Beach. This field was 80 feet wide and 600 feet long, with telephone wires at one end, so we took down the fence at the other end and cut down some of the farmer's corn in the next field, for which we paid him. Business was pretty good there right from the start, and we took in as high as $140 a week.

AS the summer wore on the corn got higher, and as it was necessary to land through the cornfield, due to the wires at the other end of the field, we were picking cornstalks off the landing gear and tail surfaces after every flight. Those cornstalks began to look as high as trees to me, and one day I got a little over to one side of my usual patch on a landing. The right wing caught in the cornstalks and the plane started to turn that way, so I applied the left-wheel brake and the ship started to nose over, but it didn't. We pulled the plane out of the cornfield and kept on flying.

Steve usually sold the tickets and I did the work on the plane and flew it. Sometimes it took quite a bit of persuading to get the people to fly, so we worked up a series of sales talks. Lots of times we would waste a long convincing spiel on some old guys who would ask a lot of eager questions like "What makes it go up?" Finally, when they ran out of other excuses for not going up, they would say, "I'm tired of flying. I used to be a pilot during the war." There must have been at least a million pilots during the World War, because we talked to that many ourselves.

We were down at Elizabeth City, North Carolina, in the Stearman one day, and a lot of colored fellows were standing around examining the plane. While I was up on a flight, Steve heard one of them say, "Boy, I would sure hate to be up in the air with that machine." One of the others answered, "Boy, I would sure hate to be up there *without* it." One of the colored fellows was telling all the others how flying was tame and that he'd go up if he had a dollar.

After listening to him for a while,

the others chipped in and paid for a ride. The brave one decided he had to go back to work now, and didn't have time, but finally they got him in the plane. I looked over in the front seat as I got in and was surprised to see that he had his face way down between his knees, with his arms wrapped over his head. I knew he couldn't see anything that way, but I didn't say anything. He never raised up during the whole flight, but as soon as he got on the ground again he was telling his friends how unexciting it was.

I was alone at the field one day and had made several flights when I got two lady passengers and put them in the front cockpit.

There was a lad running a golf driving range next to the field and he would always get in the pilot's cockpit to work the switch and throttle while I turned the propeller. This time the engine started as usual, and I was walking around the wing to get in, and the lad was getting out, when he accidentally bumped the throttle with his knee, causing the engine to speed up, and the plane started rolling. I grabbed hold of the wing tip and told him to close the throttle. He sat down in the seat but got excited and couldn't find the throttle, switch, or brakes.

While I was holding on to the wing, the plane started turning that way, which was towards the ditch on the side of the field. When I saw the fellow wasn't going to be able to do anything, I let go the wing and ran in and grabbed the edge of the cockpit with one hand, and as the plane dragged me along I put the other hand in and cut the switch. The plane had picked up quite a bit of speed by now and even with the motor stopped it jumped a six-foot ditch and stopped.

THE lad was so scared he couldn't get out. The ladies up front didn't know anything was wrong, but they saw the plane had stopped, so they turned around and asked if the ride was over so soon. I told them that as it was almost dark, we had decided to put the plane up for the night. So I refunded their money and told them to come back again the next day.

Soon as they left we got a bunch of planks and built a bridge across the ditch and with the help of about twelve men got the plane back on the field. Outside of a few holes being punched in the bottom of the wings, there was no damage to the plane.

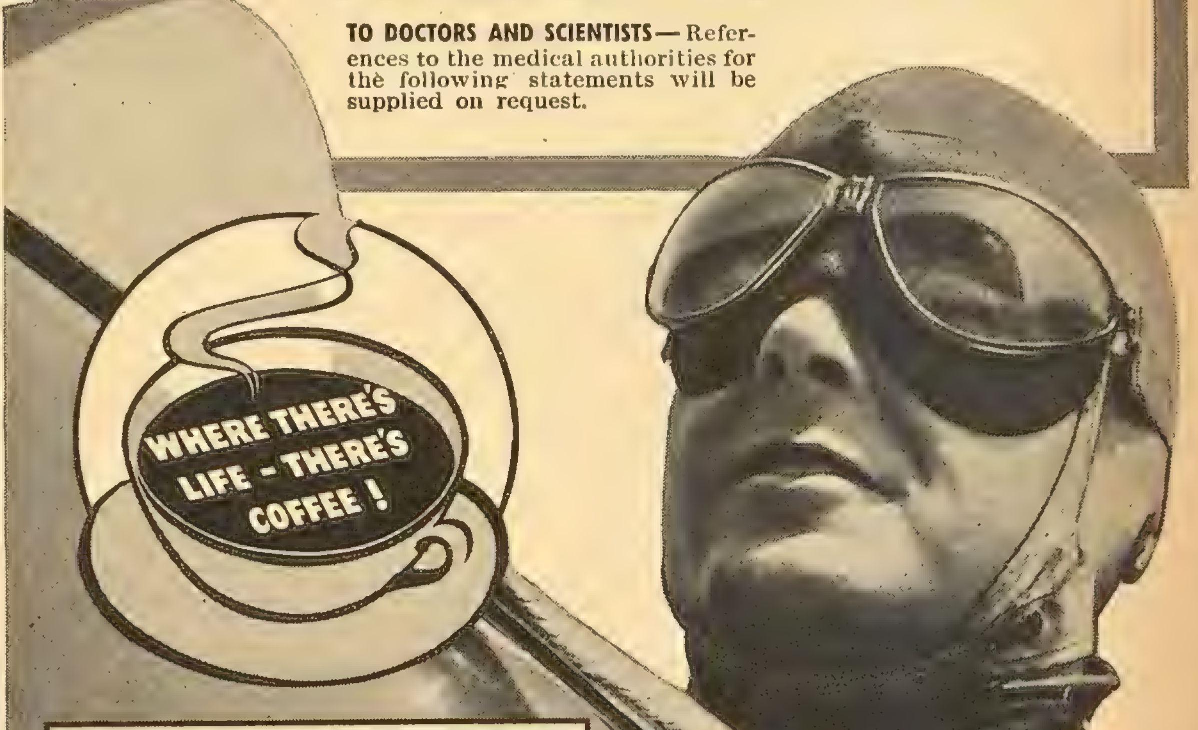
One day I flew down to Kitty Hawk, North Carolina (which is located on the strand between Albemarle Sound and the ocean), with two civil engineers who wanted to inspect the foundation of the monument that was being erected there in memory of the Wright brothers' flight. Quite a few of the natives had expressed a desire to go up, but I didn't have time to fly them, so a few days later, Steve and I flew down there and stayed all day. We did pretty good and were starting home when the people told of another little town, further down the strand, called Nags Head.

TRUE-or False?

Artemus Ward, 19th century American humorist, once wrote, "The trouble with Americans is they know so many things that ain't so." Maybe Mr. Ward was thinking of coffee . . . because you hear so many fables, falsities, superstitions, and so much general nonsense about it. Here are a few truths—and falsities. How's your knowledge?

WHAT'S YOUR SCORE? Put a check mark in the "true" or "false" squares below—then compare your answers with those at the end of each statement of the facts.

TO DOCTORS AND SCIENTISTS—References to the medical authorities for the following statements will be supplied on request.


WHERE THERE'S LIFE - THERE'S COFFEE!

YOUR MONEY CAN BUY 100% MORE COFFEE TODAY THAN IN 1929.*
True? ☐ False? ☐

The Labor Information Bulletin "Retail Food Prices 1929-38" states that you can buy 14.5% *more* milk for your money than in 1929. You can buy 58.8% *more* butter, 28% *more* of all foods averaged together. But your money buys *100% more* coffee. Now everybody can afford good, full-bodied, flavorous, high-quality coffee. Don't skimp . . . coffee's too inexpensive. Use *good* coffee—and *plenty* of it!

Statement in the headline above* is True.

COFFEE IS NEVER DRUNK BY AVIATORS.*
True? ☐ False? ☐

Because coffee induces mental alertness, fights off fatigue, and helps maintain a high level of concentration and attention, good, strong coffee is the favorite drink of airmen. And of everybody else who seeks the same mental and physical fitness.

Statement in the headline above* is False.

COFFEE MAKES ASPIRIN WORK FASTER, BETTER.* True? ☐ False? ☐

Aspirin, or any similar analgesic, does its work faster and alleviates pain in less time if followed immediately by a cup of good, hot coffee. Remember that next time you have a racking headache or other pain.

Statement in the headline above* is True.

To make good coffee use enough—a heaping tablespoonful for each cup!

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Pan American Coffee Bureau,
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Published by the Pan American coffee producers, for the benefit of the American public, the largest consumers of coffee in the world.
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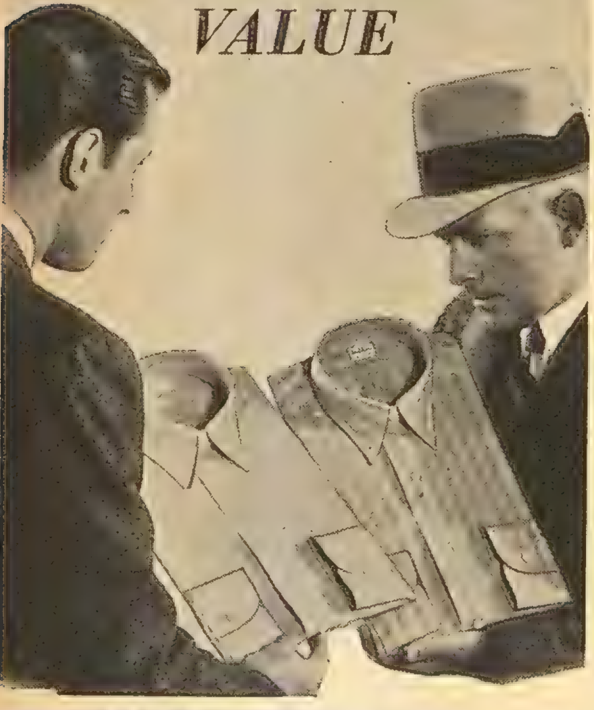
WE PLANNED IT THAT WAY

and Now Men All Over America Say This MARK TWAIN *Shirt Is Simply Amazing*

VALUE



COMPARE MARK TWAIN Shirts From Every Angle... Check materials, patterns, cut, and style. Note the expert workmanship, the beautiful finishing in every detail. Then look at the smart new non-wilt Twain Set Collar. Starched collar appearance with soft collar comfort.

IT'S A SWELL CHRISTMAS GIFT FOR ANY MAN

RALPH BELLAMY, appearing in Columbia's Picture, "GIRLS' SCHOOL," shows off the non-wilt Twain Set Collar. MARVELOUS is the word for this new Twain Set Collar!

Men everywhere call the MARK TWAIN Shirt by ELDER "America's No. 1 shirt value." From the advance styled Twain Set Collar right through every seam and buttonhole in those exclusive full-shrunk materials, custom-quality has been tailored into every detail of MARK TWAIN Shirts. By all means see them. Your haberdasher has a beautiful gift selection for the holidays.

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We went on back to Virginia Beach, but decided to return on Sunday. We got to Nags Head on Saturday, just before dark and just after a large rain squall had soaked the field. We tied the plane down for the night and walked over to the only boardinghouse to get supper. The rest of the people had already eaten. "You're too late," the lady said. "Supper is over." "But we're hungry," Steve said. "We haven't eaten all day." The lady said, "I'll see what I can find." She returned and said there was nothing left but soft-shell crabs. Steve said, "All right. Bring a lot of them." He had never eaten soft-shell crabs, neither had I. And I added, "And a lot of bread and butter and—" "There isn't any bread and butter—nothing but soft-shell crabs," she answered. That made us slightly downhearted, but we brightened up when she walked in with a plate heaped up with steaming food.

When they were on the table and I saw them, I shuddered, and said to Steve, "Look, they got eyes!" "All the better to see you with," said Steve, trying to be funny. I put a fork into one and it went *squish* and a lot of goo ran out. I decided I wasn't that hungry, so stopped right there.

After supper we went over to the combination billiard parlor and dance hall, which was the only place to go, as it was raining outside. The dance floor was of pine boards with splinters sticking up all over, but the gals down there were so tough they were dancing barefooted. As Steve and I didn't dance, we watched the games awhile and then went back over to the boardinghouse and turned in.

WE no sooner got to sleep than we woke up all wet. The roof was leaking. We felt around in the dark, as there was no electricity in town, and found a dry spot and were moving the bed over when it fell apart. We tried for ten minutes to put the bed together again but couldn't find all the parts, so slept on the floor. The next morning we found the field flooded with over two inches of water, but as the ground was very sandy, it didn't get soft. We made a number of flights that day and on every take-off and landing the water sprayed up over the plane, completely covering it. I was soaking wet after the second flight, and the passengers got a shower bath at the beginning and end of their ride, but they thought it was a lot of fun. For two weeks after returning to Norfolk, the water kept running out of the wings of the plane.

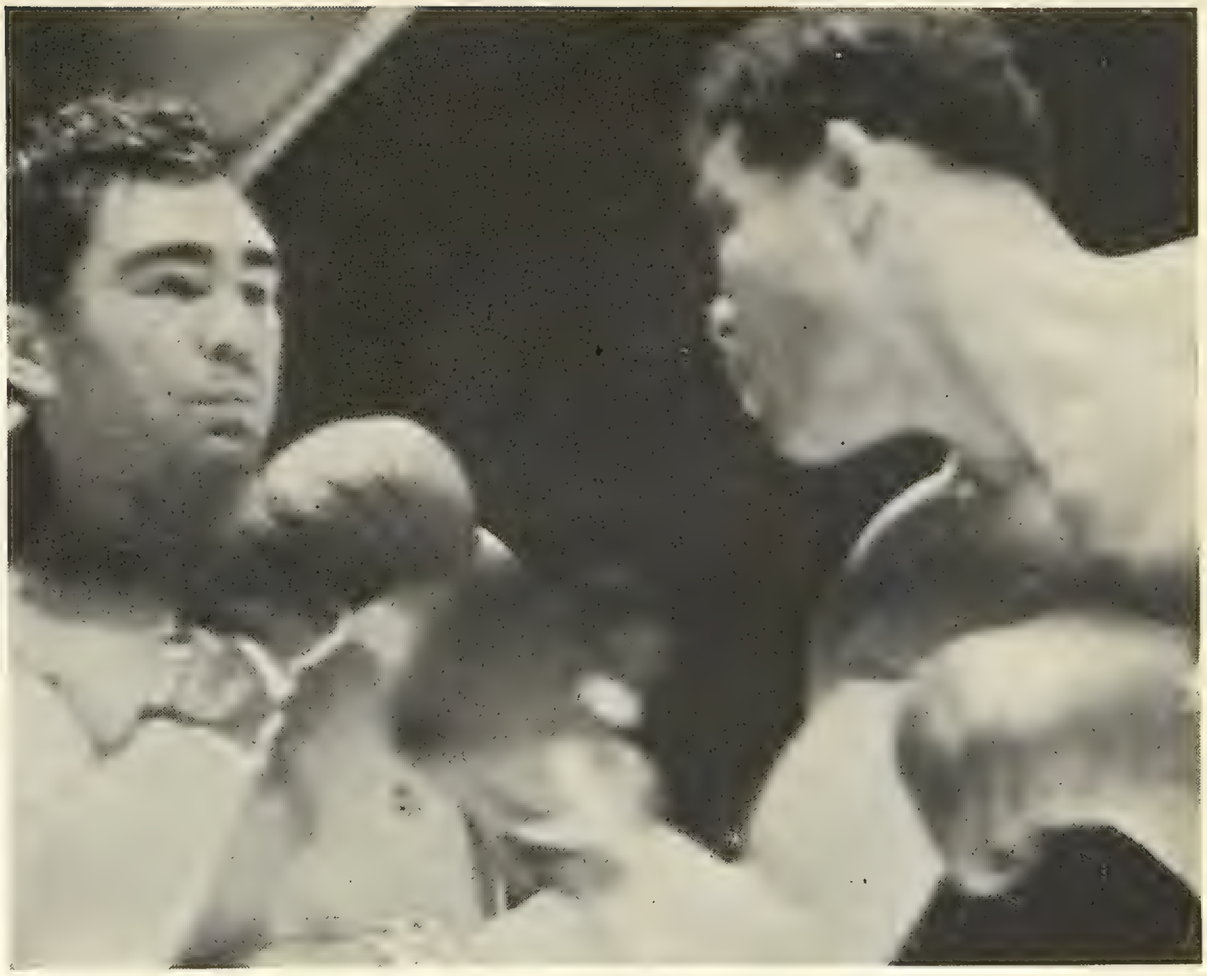
We were down at Nags Head again two weeks later, when two fellows came up to look at the plane. Steve asked them, "Take a ride, fellows?" "No; too risky for us," they said. "We're bank clerks." "There's nothing to be afraid of," said Steve. "We'll give you a nice gentle ride." The fellows said, "Wait a minute," and went over to their car and took a drink out of a bottle and came back and said, "All right. Just a short, smooth ride." They got in and I took them around very gently. The little guy said, "That's enough," but the big guy wanted to go up again. "Higher this time, with some dips." "No dips," said the little guy as he took a drink. One of them wanted stunts, the other didn't, so I did some gentle wing-overs.

We came down, and the big guy who had wanted stunts was sick. The little guy was hollering, "More stunts!" and waving his bottle. After about six more flights in which I did wing-overs, then loops, then spins, then barrel rolls, and finally power dives right down to the sand dunes, the guys wanted to ride some more, but we had all their money—twenty-seven dollars. They wanted to fight when we tried to get them out, and that would have meant a lot of holes in the wings. So finally Steve said to the little guy, "You're a Southern gentleman, aren't you?" "Sure I'm a Southern gentleman," he answered. "Then why don't you get out like a gentleman?" asked Steve. The little guy looked surprised and sobered up and got out, apologizing.

IN a little Carolina town two girls came up and asked for a ride, "smooth, but with a few frills." I gave them some wing-overs and stalls, and came down. They got out all excited and said to Steve, "That was marvelous, and such a young pilot too!" I was just going to get out of the plane, but changed my mind when I heard that. Steve said, "He looks young, but he knows all the stunts." "I'd like to get him on my front porch tonight. I bet I could show him some stunts," replied one of the girls, looking around towards the plane. I became intensely interested in the instrument board until they had gone.

When the summer was almost over, there were not so many passengers around Virginia Beach, and Steve wanted to return to New York. One day we put all our belongings in the Stearman and flew up the coast, stopping at a few beaches in New Jersey that were pretty good passenger-carrying spots. After being at the Jamaica, Long Island, airport a few days, we moved out to Massapequa where there was a nice field with a big hangar on it that was not being used. This was Fitzmaurice Field, named after the Irishman who had flown across the Atlantic Ocean from Dublin, Ireland, to Labrador. Steve still had the Robin I had flown up from Norfolk. So we had two airplanes, a big hangar, and a flying field. We weren't barnstormers now. We were airport operators.

Another step on the way to his goal—but there is rough weather ahead! Corrigan is to encounter pitfalls and disappointments before he finally realizes his cherished ambition. Read about them in next week's Liberty, and thrill to the irrepressible courage of the young pilot as he forges on toward fame.



Exit Max Schmeling. A fractional part of the two-minute-four-second battle. Was this Champion Louis at his peak?

IS JOE LOUIS GOING SOFT?

A new, revealing slant on the champ.. from one who knows whereof he speaks!

BY WILLIS N. ("Jersey") JONES

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 7 SECONDS

WHETHER or not the Joe Louis who so completely demolished Max Schmeling was the greatest heavyweight champion the prize ring has produced is a matter of opinion. Personally, in my book he rates tops.

Not because he flattened Schmeling so quickly. But in the 2 minutes 4 seconds he required to polish off the German veteran Louis turned in the most perfect exhibition I've seen in nearly a quarter of a century of close association with boxing.

Joe's performance the evening of June 22, 1938, in New York's Yankee Stadium was a masterpiece of technical workmanship.

In that superb physical condition, with that grim determination and the driving incentive that spurred him on against Schmeling that night, I believe Joe Louis would have whipped any heavyweight the ring has known.

John L. Sullivan, Jim Corbett, Bob Fitzsimmons, and Jim Jeffries may have been great fighters. I wouldn't know. They were before my time. But from a close and impersonal study of them, their styles and their records, I wouldn't have ranked any of them with the Louis that beat Schmeling.

Of the more " modern " champions there are only three I would have conceded a chance with Louis. They are Jack Johnson, with his tremendous strength and great defensive skill; Dempsey, with his rip-roaring attack and thunderous two-handed punching; and Tunney, with his speed, superb boxing, and shrewd ring generalship. But I would have strung along with Louis against any of them.

At the same time, I predict now that we never again will see Louis reach the peak of physical and fistic perfection he attained for Schmeling.

I have handled Louis' training-camp publicity for nine of his outstanding bouts—with Primo Carnera, Max Baer, Paolino Uzcudun, Jack Sharkey, Al Ettore, Jorge Brescia, the title-winning affair with Jim Braddock, and the two scuffles with Schmeling.

I have had ample opportunity to study Louis from a personal as well as a professional point of observation.

I don't believe I am violating any confidence when I say that Joe Louis is fed up with the fight racket. It has served its purpose. He has come up through bitter poverty to the top of the boxing world. He is wealthy.

He can go no further—in boxing. He is a twentieth-century Alexander with no more worlds to conquer.

He needs a driving incentive to spur him on—or what the fight racket calls a " kick in the pants."

That " kick in the pants " was supplied during Joe's spectacular first year and a half in the professional ring. There is no fighter more dangerous than a " hungry " fighter. And Joe Louis was starved—starved for all the things fame and money represented. Coupled with remarkable natural talents, this driving incentive made him a great ring man from the start. The twenty-one-year-old Joe Louis who annihilated Primo Carnera and Max Baer during the summer of 1935 was one of the most remarkable bundles of human fighting machinery the ring has uncovered.

He knocked out Paolino and Charley Retzlaff. Then he was stopped by Max Schmeling. Joe himself never offered an alibi. But that reverse did not set at all well with him. He *knew* he was a better fighter than Schmeling.

For two years that return match was an obsession with Shufflin' Joe. What other bouts were arranged were incidental to the main objective. It was Schmeling he wanted. Even after winning the title from Braddock, Joe said: " Ah ain't no champeen yet. Ah got to lick that Smellin'."

No fighter ever trained more religiously, adhered more closely to a rigid conditioning schedule, than did Louis during his campaign of preparation for this second fight with Schmeling. And no fighter ever entered the ring in better physical condition—and with a more powerful driving incentive.

Joe Louis reached the absolute peak of fistic greatness that night against Schmeling.

And now what?

Shufflin' Joe no longer is hungry. He is a man of wealth, of prominence. He is at the top of his chosen profession. He can climb no higher.

And Louis is tired of it all.

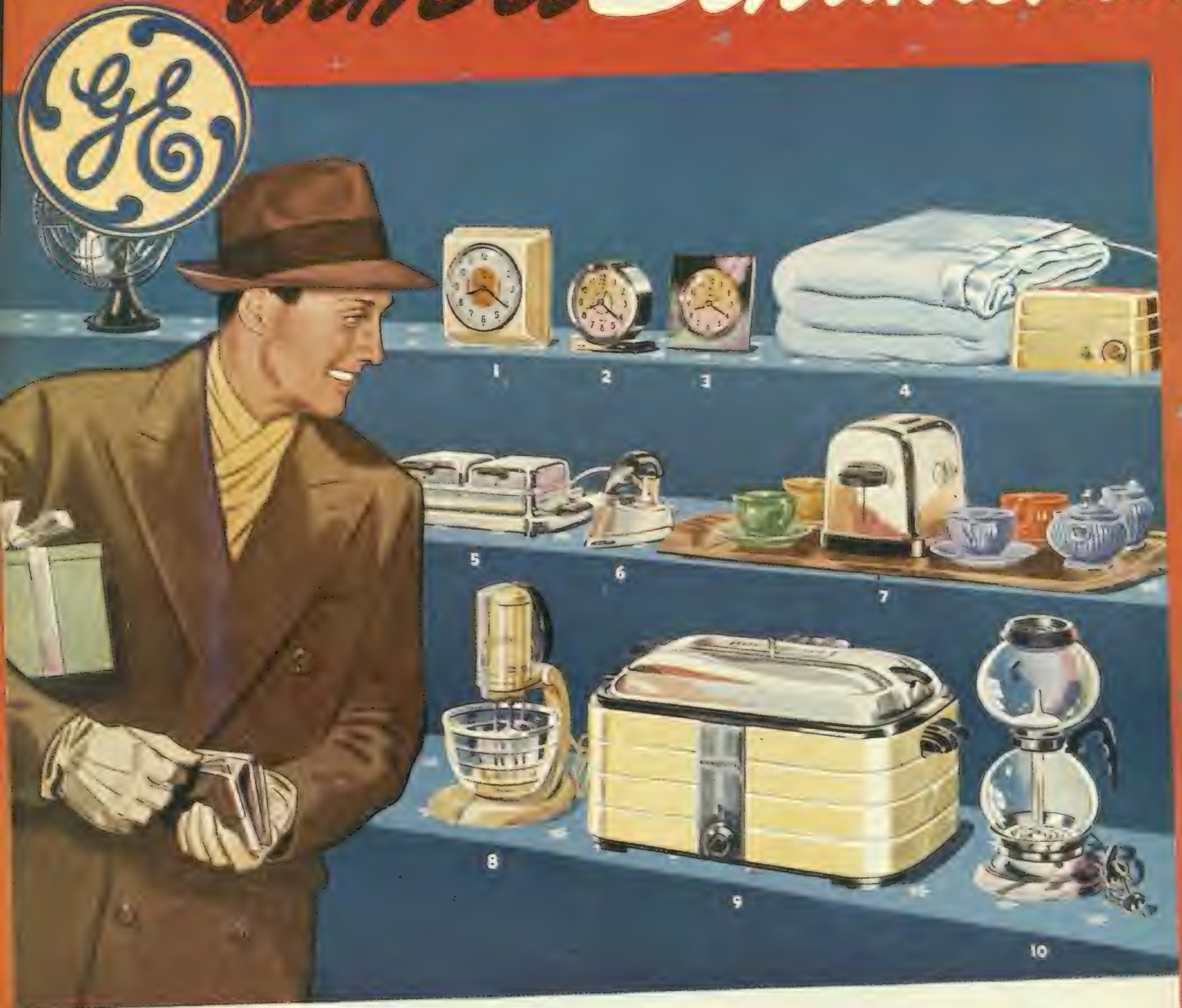
It isn't likely his managers or promoter Mike Jacobs will let him retire. He is too precious a box-office asset.

But Louis never again will be the invincible fighting machine that swept Schmeling to such quick and utter destruction. A vital " something " will be missing.

That driving incentive that helped him blast down Primo Carnera and Max Baer and Jim Braddock and Max Schmeling has reached the end of its trail. Joe Louis will miss that " kick in the pants."

THE END

For the Practical Pe
with a Sentimenta



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9. G-E ROASTER — Automatic. Cooks complete meals for 8 to 10 people. It roasts, bakes, broils, fries. Roaster $29.95. With smokeless broiler, $36.90.

10. G-E COFFEE MAKER. Perfect coffee every time. In holiday gift package, $5.95. Other models $4.95 to $9.95.

All prices subject to territorial variations

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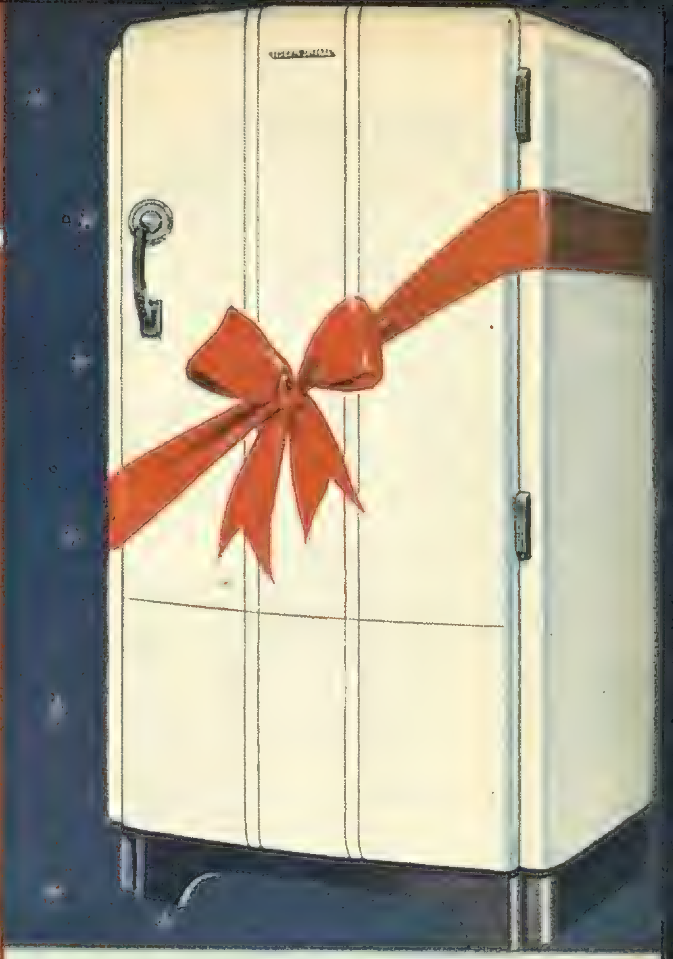
This Christmas Give Her Hours of Freedom

IF there are ladies in your life whom you really want to please, give them practical General Electric gifts . . . gifts that will *mean* something in their lives every day for *years* to come!

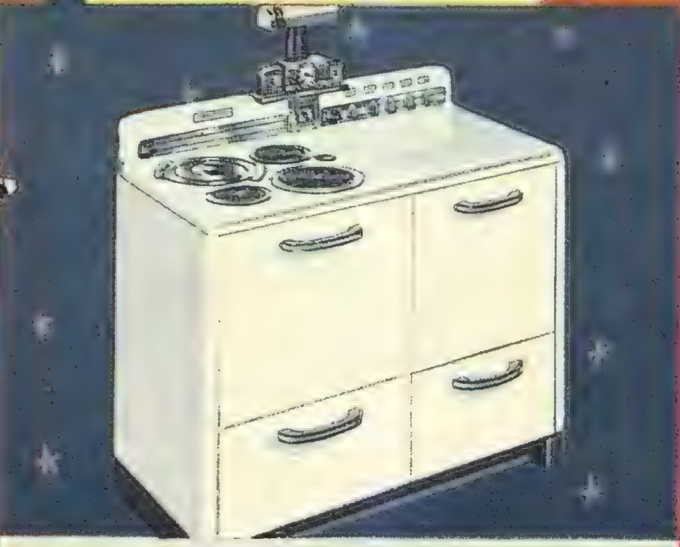
When you present a General Electric gift you are giving extra hours of freedom from household tasks . . . a new ease of living that brings lasting appreciation.

The gifts shown here . . . and many more . . . are now on display at General Electric dealers everywhere. You'll find their stores the best possible Christmas shopping headquarters . . . with a wide assortment of more than 150 desirable gifts to choose from.

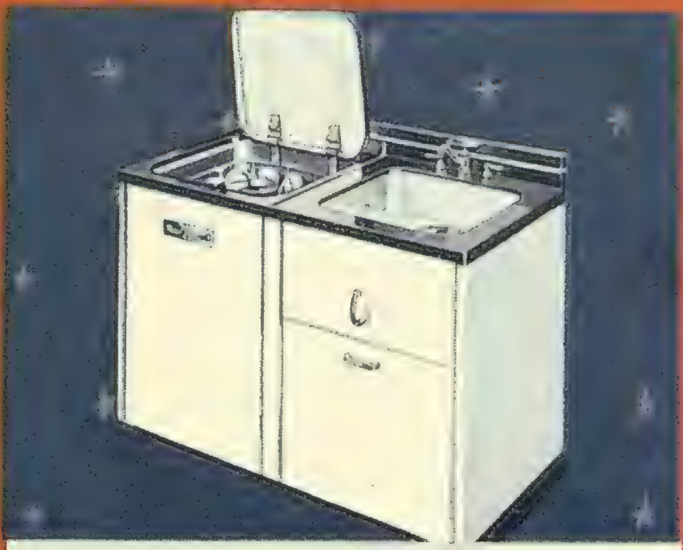
A G-E gift puts no strain upon your Christmas budget. For the smaller gifts are most modestly priced and the major items are all available on the General Electric easy payment plan.



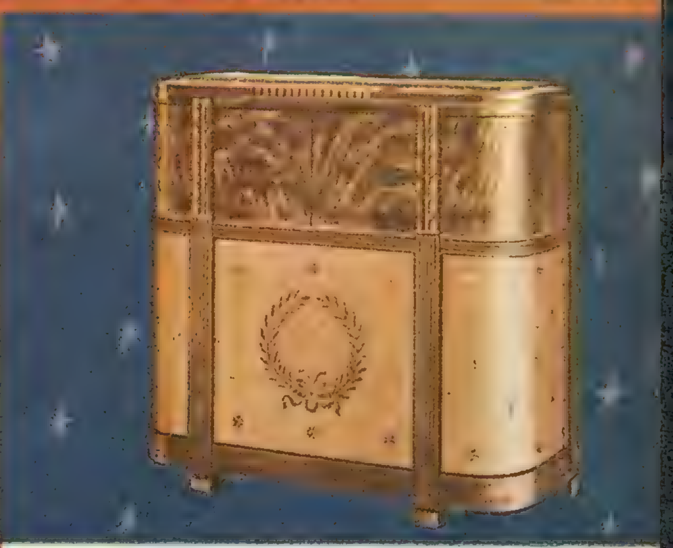
G-E TRIPLE-THRIFT REFRIGERATOR. The gift with a lot of "g
G-E, first choice of millions, has the famous sealed-in
Thrift Unit with Oil Cooling. It's thrifty in price, cu
upkeep. Can be purchased for a minimum down paymen
as little as $5.00 per month.



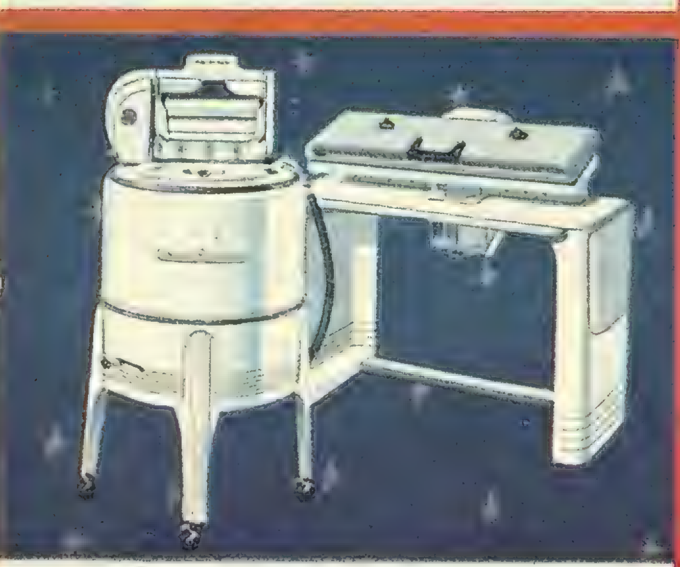
G-E ELECTRIC RANGE. Any Santa Claus will be proud to present one of these beautiful G-E Electric Ranges. Three new thrifty G-E features: Tel-A-Cook Lights—5 Speed Calrod Cooking Units—Tripl-Oven (3 ovens in one). Can be purchased for a minimum down payment—and as little as $5.00 per month.



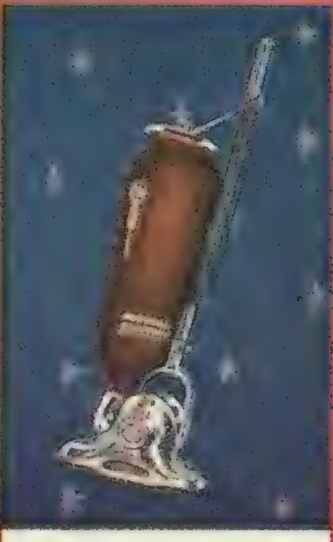
G-E ELECTRIC SINK. With dishwasher and garbage disposal. Drives dishwashing drudgery right out of the kitchen—and ends the messy accumulation of garbage. Can be purchased for a minimum down payment and as little as $5.00 per month.



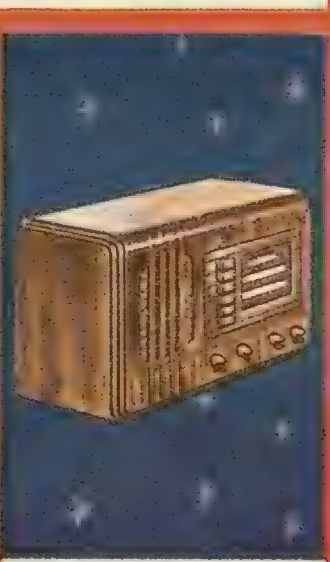
G-E RADIOFORTE MODEL G-95. No dial—no knobs. New bu
Beam-a-Scope ends need for aerial and ground wires.
board Touch Tuning and a dozen other great G-E feat
Many of these same features are offered in other G-E mo
Consoles priced from $39.95 to $200.



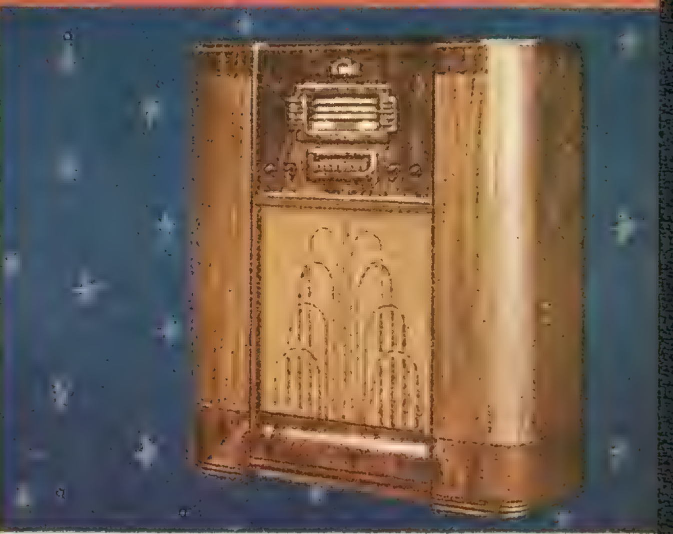
G-E WASHER AND G-E FLATPLATE IRONER. The simplicity of the One-Control Wringer and effortless operation of the Flatplate Ironer make the household's hardest tasks lighter. Can be purchased for a minimum down payment and as little as $5.00 per month.



G-E CLEANER. All the features of more expensive cleaners. $21.95 to $59.95.



G-E TABLE MODEL G-53. A welcome gift—for bedroom; nursery; guest room; kitchen or cottage. Many have Keyboard Touch Tuning. $12.95 to $59.95.



G-E RADIOGRANDE MODEL G-76. Here's a radio that perf
as handsomely as it looks. 7 tubes, 3 bands. Remarkable
fidelity. Lightning Fast Keyboard Touch Tuning. And
other G-E features found in more expensive models.
Consoles may be had for as little as $39.95 or as much as

GENERAL ELECTRIC

Focus Your Camera on a Big Award!

$2,100 Cash Prize

INTERNATIONAL HOME LIFE SNAPSHOTS CONTEST

THE RULES

1. Each week for ten weeks, ending with the issue dated January 7, 1939, Liberty will award $200 in cash prizes for the ten best home life snapshots submitted in accordance with the following rules by nonprofessional photographers.
2. Anyone, anywhere, may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.
3. There are no restrictions regarding size of prints. If enlargements are submitted, the prints from which such enlargements are made must be attached. Send no negatives until requested.
4. Photographs need not be taken specifically for this contest, but they must be taken on or after October 26, 1938, and in every case must be the work of the person who submits them. By entering any contest in this series you agree that you will, upon request, submit to Liberty the negative from which your print was made.
5. Submit as many prints as you wish. Each print submitted must have the name and full address of the entrant plainly printed on the back. No prints will be returned. Prize-winning prints become the property of Macfadden Publications, Inc., for reproduction whenever desired.
6. The first week's contest closes Monday, November 14, and succeeding contests will close each following Monday, including January 16, 1939, which ends the contest series.
7. Quality of photography does not count, except that any snapshot, in order to win a prize, must be of sufficient clearness to reproduce satisfactorily for publication. Prizes will be awarded on the basis of human interest only. On that basis each week of the contest series the person submitting the best snapshot will receive the First Prize of $50. The Second Prize of $25 will be awarded to the second best, and prizes of $5 each will be awarded to the twenty-five entries next in order of excellence. In the event of ties duplicate awards will be paid.
8. Address all entries to HOME LIFE SNAPSHOTS, Liberty, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

FOCUS your camera on a cash award. There is still plenty of time to win several of Liberty's cash prizes if you get into the competition without further delay.

This is only the sixth week. You can win this time and in each of the other four remaining weeks as well. You'll find a scene of prize-winning potentiality almost anywhere. Cottage or mansion, city or hamlet offer equal opportunity for pictures of the sort that will win awards under the conditions of this contest. Why not claim your share of the prize money? A $50 First Prize is yours for the winning each week, and there are lesser prizes, each well worth while.

In addition, there is a special award of $100 awaiting the best interior snapshot received during the entire competition.

Read the brief rules carefully. Then shoot for a Liberty prize.

This week's contest closes Monday, December 19.

SPECIAL INTERIOR AWARD!

In addition to the regular weekly cash prizes, at the close of the ten weeks' series Liberty will award a special prize of $100 for the best interior shot submitted during the competition. This is over and above any prize that may have already been awarded such print.

Advertisement

Hundreds of Additional Weekly Awards of

MASTER Photo Finishers Blue Ribbon ENLARGEMENTS

To Entrants in this
LIBERTY HOME LIFE SNAPSHOT CONTEST

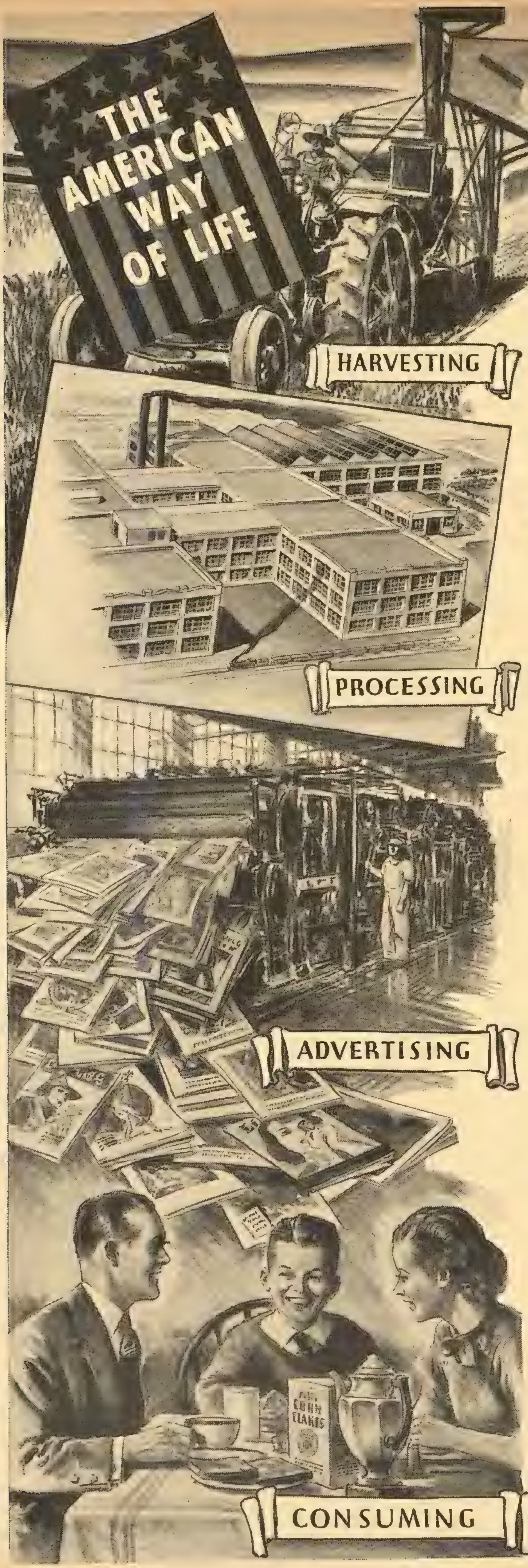
MASTER PHOTO FINISHERS all over the United States and Canada will make these additional awards for the best pictures entered in each locality through their dealers, after which they will be forwarded direct for entry into the LIBERTY Home Life Snapshot contest.

GET YOUR ENTRY BLANK from and leave your snapshots or films with any photo dealer or drug store whose photo finishing is serviced by a MASTER PHOTO FINISHER.

DEVELOPING
AUTHORIZED DEALER
SERVICE AND QUALITY
PRINTING

MASTER PHOTO FINISHERS OF AMERICA

A nation-wide organization giving MASTER photo finishing service to the amateur through the better Photo Dealers of the United States and Canada.



The STAFF OF LIFE

The story of cereals—A chronicle of ancient tradition and modern genius

BY GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

DECORATION BY ROBERT A. CAMERON

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

I ALWAYS go back to my experiences in China for contrasts with life in America. One is a country where there is no mass production, no mass distribution, and, except in a few large cities, no advertising. That, of course, is China. The other is a land where every day, in newspapers, magazines, on the radio, I am being told of what exists, of what is to my best advantage.

And another thought comes to me as I contrast these two countries. In China, things tend to be stabilized; here, we tend to be progressive. There, what has always been used is being used; here, competition, particularly competition through advertising, forces those who produce commodities to improve them—even to create altogether new commodities. Of course, as the Chinese go in for advertising, they will come out on the progressive side too.

But nothing is really quite as deadly as stability—particularly when it comes to food. Eating the same thing every day is pretty hard on the imagination. In a country like China, only the very rich can enjoy a great variety in food. The rest of the people eat their rice or millet day in and day out. The same meal all the time.

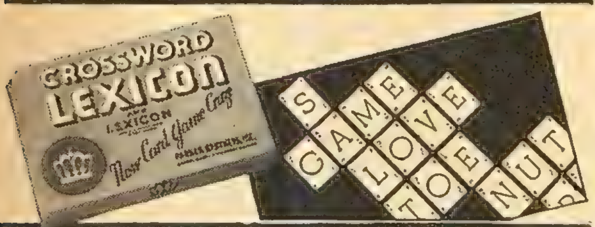
And that used to be true everywhere. A meal in old England or Germany consisted mostly of bread. That is why bread was called the " staff of life." It was the principal article of food. And so there is a " cereal tradition " with the human race.

What I do want to do in this article, however, is to tell the *American* story of cereals. For thousands of years the human race had about the same kind of cereals—the same tasting cereals. Then the American genius for improvement went to work on the cereal, as it has on everything else, and it produced better cereal foods, more palatable combinations of cereals, more pleasing to the eye as well as to the palate.

The same processes were set to work with regard to cereals as were used to popularize the automobile—mass production, mass distribution, availability—advertising. And America became cereal-conscious. Our children no longer dread breakfast, because they want to eat cereals. And with it go milk and fruit—a combination that every child certainly needs.

There are those among us who always look backward. They criticize food made in factories. They denounce food products that are advertised. They say that everything should be done in the home; that all cooking and all baking should be.

FAMOUS PARKER GAMES



CROSSWORD LEXICON

This Winter's Outstanding Game

There's endless variety and good fun in this sensational Crossword Card Game, which has become "The Rage of Two Continents!" 2 to 7 players — or solitaire. Double the fun for large groups with TWO PACKS. Crisp TWO-COLOR cards with letters and scoring numbers. Single Pack, 50c — Double Pack, Gold Box, $1.00.

PEG CHOW
TELKA

PEG CHOW AND TELKA

PEG CHOW (Parker Brothers' Chinese Checkers) and TELKA, a still more exciting game, are both played on this board. TELKA is a jumping and capturing game unsurpassed for 2 or 4 players, and unequalled as a partnership game for 4. We especially recommend TELKA. Standard Edition, $1.50 — Junior Edition, $1.00.

MONOPOLY, Best Seller among the World's Great Standard Games, $2 to $25; CAMELOT, Exciting Battle Game for Men and Boys, $1 and $2; LONE RANGER Board Game, $1, Card Game, 50c; "THAT'S ME!" Party Game, $1.50; ROOK, PIT, TOURING, Famous Card Games, 75c; DONALD DUCK, $1.

AT ALL DEALERS or by mail from Salem

PARKER BROTHERS INC.
SALEM, MASS. ★ NEW YORK ★ LONDON

GUARANTEED: Buy with confidence anything advertised in Liberty.

Ease Dryness, Coughs
RASPY THROAT
DUE TO COLDS

GIVE YOUR THROAT THIS MEDICATED BATH...

If your throat's tormented with irritation, a Vicks Cough Drop dissolved naturally in your mouth will give the troubled membranes a soothing, medicated bath—for 12 to 15 minutes! Relief comes fast because Vicks are really medicated . . . *medicated* with the throat-soothing ingredients of Vicks VapoRub—famous for relieving coughs and discomforts of colds.

MEDICATED VICKS COUGH DROPS

Sure, the bread that mother baked was manna from heaven, but what a job it was for mother, tied eternally to the kitchen! We dislike to see our womenfolk spend hours every day in hot kitchens preparing what they can buy, done as well if not better, for a reasonable price in a grocery. Often it costs very much less to buy than to make, particularly if it is an advertised brand—the product of mass production. We love and respect our women too much not to want them to enjoy the leisure that mass production and mass distribution and advertising have made available to them.

And do you remember the bread that we used to get in the old-fashioned bakery? Of course my first experience with bakeries was none too pleasant, for I spent my childhood in New York, where the bread was usually baked in the dark damp cellar of the bakery. And conditions in other places were not much better.

"Guinea-pig" writers accuse manufacturers of encouraging the American woman to look like Cleopatra. Well, now, why shouldn't she, Mr. Sokolsky demands, when she can do it so easily—and well within her budget, thanks to advertising? In an early issue!

Today bread in its many varieties—white, whole-wheat, rye—is available—neatly wrapped in cellophane or waxed paper. And labeled and trade-marked—because it is the label and the trade-mark that make for responsibility, for sanitary bakeries and fresh ingredients. Bond Bread, Wonder Bread, Silver Cup, for instance, have become as nationally known as any other first-class food that bears a trade-mark and is nationally advertised.

And there is French bread and Vienna bread and all sorts of rolls and even doughnuts in packages. And all sorts of cakes and crackers come packaged and trade-marked and advertised. Behind an advertised name stands pride—a guaranty of decent conditions of production.

Just as mother's bread has a sentimental appeal—but we probably get a greater variety of breads at the grocer than mother knew how to bake—so do some of us who are a bit older remember the old oatmeal pot which stood on the coal stove all night long simmering on a banked fire. That oatmeal used to be thick and rich and we liked it—but we no longer use that kind of a stove or that kind of a fire. Each new great invention changes our ways of life. The gas stove, the electric stove, life in city apartments or in suburban houses with modern appliances, called for cereals that could be prepared quickly and served quickly. The small boy and girl, aroused in the morning to be sent to school, rush breakfast anyhow. It's the hardest meal of all. The wise mother will make breakfast appetizing and appealing.

Children, you know, even more than adults, eat with their eyes as well as with their mouths. The old phrase, "It makes your mouth water," holds good for nearly everything that children are willing to eat.

They want their things pretty. They like color and form. They enjoy what the advertising men call "packaging." The wise mother won't start her child's day by giving him something that he finds hard to swallow. Give a youngster Wheaties or Huskies or Ralston or Krispies or any of a large number of fine cereals, and he thinks of Tom Mix and Jack Armstrong or Don Winslow or some other fascinating personality, and down goes the wheat and corn and rye and milk and cream and fruit.

And the child benefits by that, as any one can testify who has seen the difference between children fed on advertised cereals and milk and children who live on fried mush and greens or fried salt pork and potatoes. The increased use of milk alone because of its association with cereals more than justifies the tremendous effort that American food manufacturers have made, through advertising, to interest children in cereals.

Let me give you the story of this great American industry, which employs today thousands upon thousands of men and women and which developed as new and enlarged a consumption of cereals as the citrus cooperatives developed for orange juice.

It all started in this way: About 1875, Dr. Jackson, a gynecologist of Dansville, New York, made a rye-bread toast which he ground into crumbs for his patients. He called the product "Granula." Dr. J. H. Kellogg was an interne in the hospital where Dr. Jackson was serving Granula. Then Dr. Kellogg, in 1876, became superintendent of the Battle Creek Sanitarium, at Battle Creek, Michigan, where in time he developed new foods, electrical therapeutics, etc., for the improvement of the human body. Dr. Kellogg's first cereal food was called "Granola."

Now along comes Henry C. Perkey, a lawyer from Colorado, with the idea for Shredded Wheat. Perkey tried to interest Dr. Kellogg in this idea, but they fell out in some manner. Years later I met Mr. Perkey's son and from him I heard of the romance of the venture. I heard how those men risked their money in support of their ideas. Such men as these were partly influenced by religious ideas, by vegetarianism, by health idealism. Most of them failed because they were not sound business men. They followed extreme fads, like the peanut as a substitute for cereals. They paid too little attention to what the people really wanted and how to make their improvements of food products popular. The genius of W. K. Kellogg, brother of the doctor, and Charles William Post was that they combined high idealism with a competent understanding of the essentials of American capitalism—mass production, mass distribution, and advertising.

Some of the early food manufacturers had to learn what many extremist dietitians and "guinea-pig book" writers still have to learn, namely, that cereals in the raw are generally not appetizing. But give them a pepping up with salt, sugar, honey, molasses, milk, or whatever it is you like—and most cereals become delectable. When W. K. Kellogg, who produced Toasted Corn Flakes, turned out a cereal that had flavor, form, and substance, he had something. And the American fabricated-cereal industry got a real start.

Charles William Post of Springfield, Illinois, was a traveling salesman. He became ill in 1895 and went to Battle Creek to be cured. Like Dr. Kellogg he was a deeply religious man and his primary interest in cereal foods was at first a health and religious one. He worked on two ideas: a cereal that had a nutty flavor and a cereal drink that would be a substitute for coffee, of which he disapproved. His earliest products were called Postum and Grape Nuts. Another, Elijah's Manna, developed into Post Toasties. Post's second product was Grape Nuts, and it would take a body of judges to decide which came first on the market, Grape Nuts or Shredded Wheat. These three products, Kellogg's Toasted Corn Flakes, Perkey's Shredded Wheat, and Post's Grape Nuts—together with Postum —established the American fabricated cereal as a new departure in the American cuisine.

They added variety to the hot cereals that already existed or were just coming on the market—Quaker Oats, H-O Oatmeal, Mother's Oats, 3-Minute Oats, Pettijohn's, Cream of Wheat, Wheatena, and others. The cold and dry cereal really aided the hot cereal as a breakfast food, because, by the economic law of competition through advertising, the hot cereals began to advertise actively to hold and extend their markets. Beyond that, their manufacturers experimented until they discovered the principle of "instant" preparation.

Even persons like myself, who have a prejudice in favor of piping hot oatmeal in the morning, complained about the amount of time that used to go into its preparation. The advertising battle between the hot and the cold cereal solved that problem. We can now get hot cereals on the table so quickly that the time factor is eliminated. The only factor now is taste, preference, variety. Advertising did that for the hot cereal and for us.

Along with these, in 1901 appeared a wheat flake, Force—and its advertised hero, Sunny Jim. Those who dislike advertising and cereals say that it is unfair to make a cereal popular by making such a character as Sunny Jim or Jack Armstrong popular. What those people never understand is that we are a gay and joyous people. We like to be told facts pleasantly. We are not interested in dull, obscure statements of fact. It is more interesting to us to learn to use wheat flakes through Sunny Jim than because some unimaginative govern-

Give him a
SCHICK SHAVER,
a Merry Christmas. . .and

happy years of new shaving!

He wants a *Schick* shaver. He knows Schick *was* the first—he knows it still *is* the first. So no other shaver can give him the same satisfaction. He will thank you for any shaver but he *wants* a Schick.

Even if another kind of shaver could shave as well—which we do not believe—there is an insistent conviction in his mind that he must have a Schick.

He is reasonable, too! More than two million Schicks are in use. Hundreds of thousands of men in every civilized country in the world (and countless unsolicited testimonials) tell of the wonderful shaving qualities of the Schick Shaver. Schick is years ahead in inventive genius, in painstaking study, in actual manufacturing—and in shaving results.

Anything else for shaving is a half-gift

Let him shave with a Schick on Christmas morning and from then on every day of his life will be a happy new year's shaving day for he will be rid of blades, lather and all the messiness of other methods of shaving. He will shave quickly and closely *with no injury to the skin.*

Believe in the name "Schick" as you would in your best friend. Give a "Schick" because in the shaving industry "Schick" means something that no other name can or does. Do not betray your good judgment by experimentation—especially in a gift.

Play safe! Give a Schick!

Ask an authorized Schick Dealer. He has two Schick Shavers—the improved Standard Schick at $12.50 and the luxury model, the new "*Colonel*" Schick Shaver at $15. The supply of this new precision Schick Shaver is limited this Christmas, so order early.

If he is out of stock on the new "*Colonel*" Schick Shaver he can supply you with a Gift Certificate that can be exchanged for a "*Colonel*" Shaver immediately after Christmas. So give a shaver, but let it be a Schick.

Improved Standard Schick Shaver	**$12.50**
New "Colonel" Schick Shaver .	**15.00**
New "Colonel" De Luxe (Ivory) .	**16.50**

SCHICK DRY SHAVER, INC., STAMFORD, CONN.
Western Distributor: Edises, Inc., San Francisco
In Canada: distributed by Canadian General Electric Co., Limited

SCHICK SHAVER

Schick Dry Shaver, Inc., has no connection with the Magazine Repeating Razor Co., which manufactures and sells the Schick Injector Razor

ment bureau says that children will drink more milk if they eat more cereals and that the two in combination are splendid for them. When I was a child, Sunny Jim caught my eye; my boy swears by Dick Tracy—and eats his breakfast.

Most cereal companies now advertise their products with a view to interesting children. There is a vast variety of cereals to meet the varieties of child tastes. For instance, Kellogg produces Rice Krispies and Wheat Krispies, whereas General Foods, which controls the Post products, gets out Post Toasties and Huskies. And other companies produce such foods as Shredded Ralston and Wheaties.

Today there are also such names as Post-O, Corn Kix, Ralston Wheat Cereal. There came the " puffed " cereals —Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice; and Heinz put out Rice Flakes. Bran cereals, too, have been developed, such as Post Bran Flakes, Pep, All-Bran—but I come to those in a later paragraph.

I want to go back to Henry C. Perkey for an instant. The Shredded Wheat Company, which he founded, was acquired in 1930 by National Biscuit Company. It might be interesting at this point to call attention to the great American biscuit-and-cracker industry—itself a product of the same process: mass production, mass distribution, and advertising. The National Biscuit Company started with a soda cracker which was named " Uneeda." Before that, crackers were sold in open barrels in grocery stores. The customers would put their hands into the barrel, pick crackers over, take one and nibble on it. The Uneeda Biscuit came in a sealed box.

We are so accustomed nowadays to sealed containers and trade-marked food products that we hardly realize what a valuable change that was from the old barrel. It was trade-marked. It was advertised. It made the product uniform. Behind it stood responsibility for sanitary baking, first-grade ingredients—and, in time, the use of complicated machinery so that no human hand touches the product until the consumer takes it out of the package.

I don't know how many varieties of biscuits and crackers are now made in the United States by the largest producers, the National Biscuit Company, Loose-Wiles (Sunshine), and Beech-Nut. I am sure there is a biscuit for every need. The development of this industry marks a rise in cleanliness, in variety of product, and a great saving in time and labor and even cost for mother.

And without advertising this industry could not have come into existence, because mass production—which means mechanized production and therefore sanitation and cleanliness—would not have been possible without mass distribution. And mass distribution would not have been possible without advertising. The three processes must go together—or all fail.

I suggest that you visit a large biscuit or cake-baking or bread-baking plant. Visit any of the companies that advertise. The " guinea-pig books " talk about filthy bakeries and unsanitary bakers and horrible surroundings. *They* are talking about unadvertised brands. Go to the plant of a company that advertises and ask to be admitted. You will be shown through a spotless factory where white-clad men and women work at machines, the product of which is never touched by the human hand. You can try this experiment yourself, and you will see that the companies that advertise their wares assume responsibility for your health by providing sanitary production. One of the essentials of advertising is the assumption of responsibility.

Stuart Chase and F. J. Schlink, in their guinea-pig book, Your Money's Worth, have this sentence: " The housekeeper by grinding her own wheat in an ordinary coffee mill can secure a good cereal breakfast food for 3 or 4 cents a pound." Try it. First of all, you have to go out and buy whole-wheat kernels or the heart of corn or whatever cereal you like. You cannot buy it by the ton or even the carload. You have to buy it by the pound.

As I wrote this I telephoned my grocer up in the country here. Today one pound of rice costs ten cents; one pound of barley costs twelve cents. Of course these quotations—and I cannot get them for whole-wheat kernels, because he does not keep them—in fact, you probably would have to locate a grain-and-feed store—completely disprove Mr. Chase's assertion. But, in addition to the price my grocer quoted, you have to add salt, sugar, maltose, dextrose, and sometimes other products. And I'll wager you still won't produce a flavor that your little boy and little girl will find exciting and stimulating and a good start for the day at school.

Of course large-scale production brings the price of these commodities down, as it brings down the prices of all commodities—automobiles, radios, everything. But I was glad to run across Mr. Chase's statement. Because you can try that. Take a pound of rice, grind it in a coffee grinder—if you have one—and after you are through grinding and grinding and grinding until you talk turkey to that coffee grinder and probably to the learned Stuart Chase, eat the stuff, and see if it costs you between three and four cents a pound. And see if you can get it down.

The Left-Wingers—Communists, Socialists, and social workers—will say that I am doing propaganda for the big companies and for advertising. All right. Believe that if you want to. Maybe I'm doing propaganda for something bigger than all the big companies—for the American way of life. But whether what I say is propaganda or not, try that experiment yourself. Try it today and see who is telling the truth.

Why, we gave up grinding coffee in the home because our womenfolk didn't see why they should grind when there were mills to do it. Women used to grind wheat and rice and other cereals. But today they buy packaged, trade-marked, advertised goods. And can you imagine a modern mother saying to Johnny, " Eat dry toast and milk for breakfast. I haven't had time to grind the cereal! " It's the same with crackers. If you want a cocktail biscuit, you don't care a rap that you could, perhaps, bake them, if you had the time, the inclination, the right kind of stove—and you knew how. You *know* you can buy what you want in the store. And you know what you want because it is advertised.

THERE is one more point I wish to make. Every once in a while somebody attacks bran. They say that food manufacturers advertise bran and that people who should not eat bran learn about it and eat it. Bran is not essentially a food. Although it retains mineral salts and some particles of wheat, it is sold to provide bulk and is therefore useful in constipation. When bran is included in a product with other parts of wheat, the product has food value in addition to bulk. Some doctors say that it should be used; some object to it. While the doctors argue over it, some cereal manufacturers put it out in various forms —all bran, 40% bran, etc. I don't want to get into the bran controversy, because I'm no doctor and I can eat anything. But I have before me: " General Decisions on Foods and Food Advertising, Council on Foods of the American Medical Association, October, 1937." On page 38 of this document appears their decision concerning " Constipation statements in lay advertising for roughage foods and bran." In this they say that bran has its uses in some cases of constipation. " Advertising," they say, " to the laity [meaning us] shall refer to constipation due to insufficient roughage or food essentials only." In such cases bran may be used. If it doesn't work, call in your doctor. After all, you don't eat bran for food but for constipation. The Medical Association says that companies might advertise like this:

" Constipation due to insufficient roughage in the diet should yield to (here put the name of the product) eaten regularly. A competent physician should be consulted for cases not corrected in this simple manner."

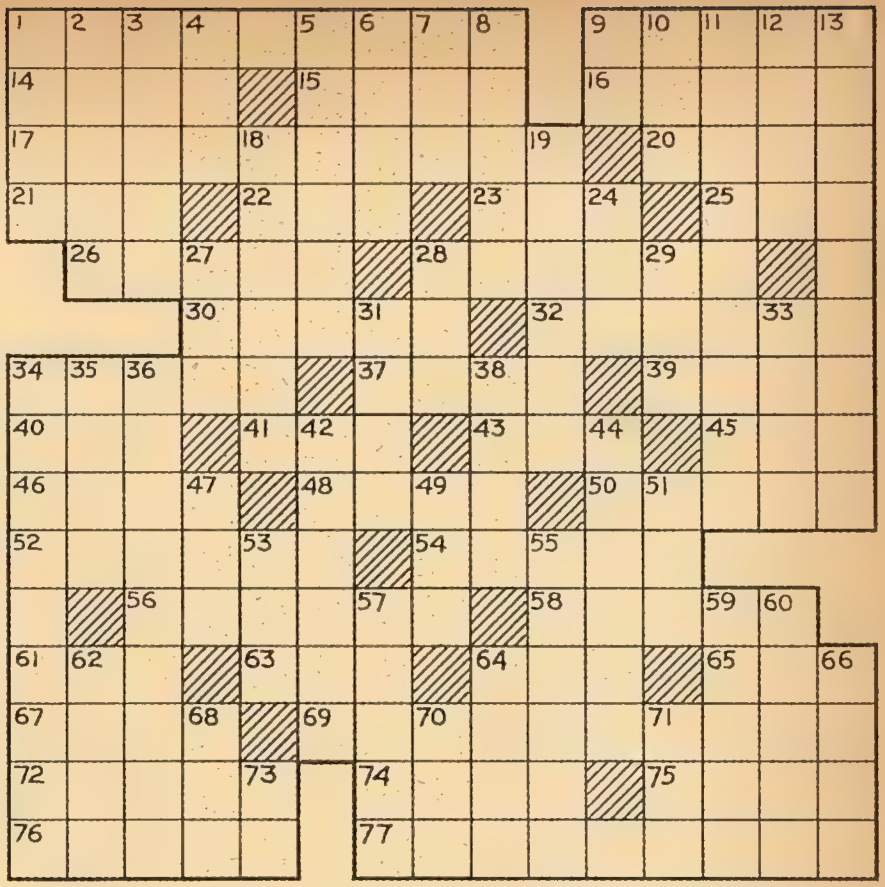
So there you have the A. M. A. verdict on bran. That is very different from the general denunciation of bran by the anti-advertisers.

And so here ends the story of the ordinary bread of mankind. I have not had the space to go into other fabricated forms of the staff of life—spaghetti, macaroni, noodles—or into cereal foods made specially for babies, like Pablum or the various Gerber, Heinz, Beech-Nut, Clapp, and Libby products. Perhaps I shall write of these later.

THE END

COCKEYED CROSSWORDS

by Ted Shane



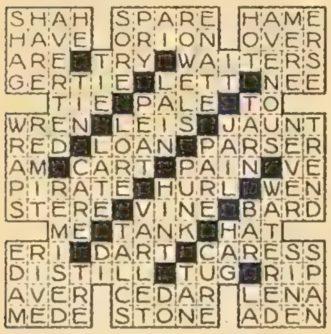
HORIZONTAL

1 What this country needs is a turkey that's all this (two words)
9 Wet grounds
14 Fur-coated speed ball
15 Little Eleanor
16 When socked in the teeth, this big black beast gives off strange sounds
17 Stuffing, or the Joy of Thanksgiving
20 Big boss
21 Measures of all things
22 Bangtails (slang)
23 One-horsepower roadster
25 Thought after the afterthought (abbr.)
26 This is pure Castile
28 Rub noses with
30 Hunk
32 Three-dollar spear toters
34 They love to go for a whirl in a machine
37 Preposition
39 Shot of 14 horizontal from the rear, going away
40 "Taking everything into consideration, I feel called upon to reply to your asseveration in the negative!" (Indian)
41 Uh-uh! Restrain rashness, please!
43 Communinsect
45 Spanish river
46 It doesn't affect the tied, only the untied
48 Head support
50 Game fellow, knows all the rules
52 Mirror-fusses
54 Woodshed targets
56 Unflibbertigibbety
58 Kitchen scooter
61 Day bills expected
63 There's a lot of life to this particle
64 Black eye between two leaders
65 One of the most famous firsts
67 Twelve to one
69 Thanksgiving tibiotarsus (pl.)
72 Horns in
74 What Moses said when the lights went on (two words)
75 What Brooklynites use for those
76 Jitterites wander about in these
77 Numb in the knob

VERTICAL

1 What Brooklynites use for who
2 Successful complainers
3 Well known Castle
4 Add a mite and get a small miner here
5 What girls find their scanties these days
6 Young sows in provincial England (No fair, Shane!)
7 How alimony starts
8 The Gigolo Walk
9 English free seed dispenser (abbr.)
10 It's up the river and stands by itself
11 Bronx cheer
12 WPA job
13 It's not considered lucky to be hit by a flying one
18 I love I
19 He was a sketch with the girls of the '90s
24 Animal that never wears out
27 National Plugcasting Corporation (abbr.)
28 Eggotist
29 What poets do when holding queens
31 Feminine cunning
33 Old-fashioned Southern conveyance
34 Cannon balls in gravy
35 Prince introduced to opera by the Messrs. Borodin and Rimsky-etceteraski
36 Tootsie shoddery
38 Grab
42 Gabby people often have better left things this way
44 Pipe holder
47 Business partner of Gross
49 Stormy squalls, with sudden precipitation, followed by calm (fem.)
51 The end of Rosa
53 Nobody has ever reckoned the number of pecks in one
55 Perpendicularizes
57 Richest Duke in the world
59 A cookie jar
60 Progresses by thumb
62 Dark dust
64 The fervent ending
66 Darling Sergeant Major Soothers (abbr.)
68 Kind of model out before we've paid for the old one
70 What Scotchmen get out of old cellars
71 Lit but mixed up
73 Try them on your hisser

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue



SHAH SPARE HAME
HAVE ORION OVER
ARE■TRY■WAITERS
GERTIE■LETT■NEE
TIE■PALE■TO
WREN■LEIS■JAUNT
RED■LOAN■PARSER
AM■CART■PAIN■VE
PIRATE■HURL■WEN
STERE■VINE■BARD
ME■TANK■HAT
ERI■DART■CARESS
DISTILL■TUG■RIP
AVER CEDAR LENA
MEDE STONE ADEN

Answer to last week's puzzle

CURTISS
Baby Ruth
5¢
RICH IN DEXTROSE THE SUGAR YOU NEED FOR ENERGY
CURTISS CANDY CO.
CANDY IS DELICIOUS FOOD
NRG

HOW DO MOVIE STARS KEEP IN SHAPE?

THEY FIGHT FATIGUE BY KEEPING WEIGHT DOWN AND ENERGY UP

Energy-yielding foods fortify the body against fatigue. Baby Ruth, the big, delicious candy bar, is rich in pure DEXTROSE, called "muscle" sugar by doctors. That's why Baby Ruth is the preferred candy of movie stars, athletes, active people everywhere. It yields food energy quickly and helps you to fight fatigue. Baby Ruth is good—and good for you. It's a *great* candy bar.

CURTISS CANDY CO., OTTO SCHNERING, President
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

WHEN FATIGUE SETS IN—*Remember* BABY RUTH IS RICH IN DEXTROSE THE SUGAR YOUR BODY USES DIRECTLY FOR ENERGY!

MAGNIFICENT *Fool*

READING TIME ● 24 MINUTES 18 SECONDS

COMPLETION of Patsy Carmichael's influenza formula is being counted on to save Cheney Chemical, a New York drug-manufacturing firm, from bankruptcy; but progress is slow. On the other hand, Prescott Cheney, her boss, falls in love with Patsy. Devoted to science, she does not encourage his suit. Nor does she fall for the amoral love-making of Dr. Minorcas Brown, a fashionable psychiatrist.

Urged by self-interest, Dr. Brown schemes to save the Cheney Company from being taken over by a rival drug concern. With this in view, a friend of his, Dr. Joe Lucas, releases an alleged Typhoid Mary to create a public panic and so boom sales of a vaccine that the Cheney firm has in huge quantities. It works like magic; but when Prescott hears its true source he notifies his customers of the facts, risking ruin in doing so.

Judith David, an advertising copy writer who has the Cheney account, inherits a million dollars, and cynical Dr. Minorcas Brown marries her. Because he is in love with her himself, Dr. Lucas tries to kill the bridegroom.

A radio program is planned to resell Cheney Chemical to the public. Feeling that her formula has been a false hope, Patsy offers to do the broadcasting. Judith and Prescott are delighted. But the brilliant girl chemist fizzles at the mike.

Mortified, Patsy takes the first boat that will get her to Vienna, where she intends to study. Prescott follows her and proposes marriage in vain. Chagrined, he returns. Meanwhile, there are rumors of a flu epidemic in Indo-China which might hop the Pacific to America.

Quite as a matter of fact, Minorcas tells Judith he is going to Vienna without her. And one forenoon he appears there and invites Patsy to have lunch with him.

PART NINE—WINGS OF DEATH . . . AND LOVE

TWO weeks after the departure of Minorcas for Vienna the flu struck New York. Prepared as the Cheney people thought they were, it still caught them a few days too early. They had only experimental quantities of the vaccine on hand. Every one in the Cheney works, from Prescott and Dr. Guzicka down, worked day and night. In two days more they would be ready to send out the first commercial shipments. In the midst of the turmoil of telephones and orders, a cable came to Dr. Guzicka from Patience in Vienna:

HAVE LOCATED INSTABILITY ELEMENT IN TWO BEE EX STOP DETAILS FOLLOW BY LETTER

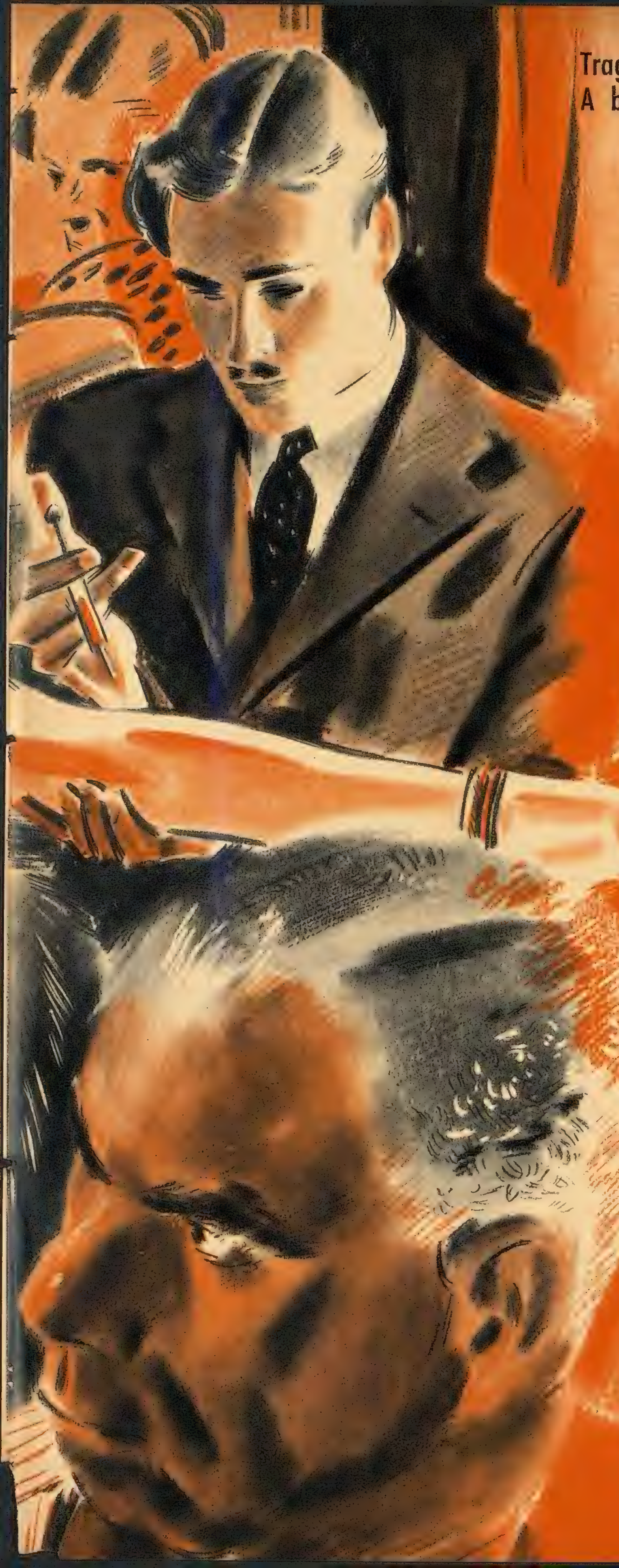
He put the cable aside impatiently. So had he "located the instability element." And remedied it. A good scientist, the Carmichael, but too *verdammt* theoretical.

With the onset of the epidemic, Judith fastened herself to Dr. Joe. His work, so largely in the Italian section, began to swamp him. He had to work so hard that he was actually drinking less—in the mornings at least. But toward nightfall he was invariably drunk. Judith drove him from house to house, from tenement to tenement. She was chauffeur and visiting nurse rolled into one. She went up with him to the wretched rooms and helped him sterilize his needles and things, and watched over him for the moment when he was no longer fit for work. Then she got him home.

And the next day began the ghastly round again. But she welcomed it. It was her only surcease from pain. Sometimes, for an hour or two, she could get her mind off Minorcas. In the misery of others she found temporary relief from her own misery. And Joe Lucas was pathetically dependent upon her.

On Thursday afternoon they were on the East Side again. The flu was running wild. But—glory be—they had just received their first batch of the Cheney vaccine. And they had already used it on a dozen patients. They had but one more call to make. It was an Italian family.

"Give me a demonstration shot, Joe," she said. "If Patsy tried it six months ago, I guess I can now."



Tragedy . . awakening . . stark, sudden drama—
A brilliant novel swiftly nears its climax

BY WALTON GREEN

ILLUSTRATED BY HAROLD ELDRIDGE

Two of the children were down with the disease. Judith got out the sterile needles and things and prepared the hypo.

But the father, an excitable Sicilian, would have none of it.

"No, no!" he roared. "Doctor last year—keel one child. She sick in throat. He stick her. She die."

"It's perfectly harmless, Mrs. Brindisi," Judith tried to explain to the mother. "It will make them well quick. No hurt. No hurt."

The father dashed over to the table by the stove and picked up a small but deadly vegetable knife.

"If he no hurt—you stick yourself. No stick my girl!"

"Rotten stupidity," grumbled Dr. Joe.

Judith laughed.

"Give me a demonstration shot, Joe," she said good-humoredly. "If Patsy tried it six months ago, I guess I can now."

He swayed slightly and looked doubtful.

"O. K., nurse," he said finally. She swabbed her own arm and Dr. Joe pushed the needle in.

"All right," he mumbled rather more thickly. "I'll take a dose too. We'll both be immunized. High time."

She swabbed his arm in turn, and gave him the inoculation. After that it was plain sailing. They shot the entire family. The father, beaming, forgot his potato knife and brought out a bottle of red wine.

Two mornings later Judith was ill. In the afternoon she was worse. Joe Lucas came over at once. Alarmed at her temperature and at other inexplicable symptoms, he telephoned for an ambulance and took her to the hospital. She was put to bed. A nurse came to her room to ask Dr. Lucas to stop at the office on his way out.

When he got downstairs they told him the disquieting news. Some deaths had been reported. The vaccine had been out only seventy-two hours. The deaths were not positively attributable to the vaccine. But all inoculations were being discontinued throughout the city. And the company making the product was frantically telegraphing and telephoning a warning to all to whom the vaccine had been sent.

Dr. Joe Lucas walked stiffly out of the hospital. He went to a near-by bar and drank some brandy. Then he came back to the hospital. All through the night he staggered back and forth on his ghastly beat between the bar and Judith's bedside.

In the morning Judith seemed a little better. Dr. Joe slept for a few hours. In the late afternoon, the bad-temperature time, she was definitely better.

Dr. Joe lurched out. He went to the near-by bar and drank brandy. He bought a bottle and carried it back to his rooms. He drank himself into a stupor and did not awaken until the middle of the next morning.

When he got to the hospital about noon, he could not find Judith's chart on the rack in the nurses' station. There was a new floor nurse in charge.

"Oh," she smiled crisply, "I did not know Mrs. Brown was your patient."

"Not my patient: my friend," said Joe Lucas hazily.

"Oh," said the floor nurse less crisply. "Then you have not heard? I'm sorry, doctor. She has just died."

Dr. Lucas stared at the floor nurse.

"Died?" he repeated vacantly. And then, with a ghastly semblance of professional acceptance: "Yes, of course. Just died. I understand perfectly."

He turned and walked stiffly down the long corridor toward Judith's room. The nurse, a frightened look in her eyes, watched him.

He entered the room and sat down beside Judith's bed. He did not look at her. He knew better than that. He

WHAT TAKES YOUR BREATH AWAY?
ADAMS CLOVE GUM
BY JOVE" BUY CLOVE

Breath-taking news! Adams Clove Gum is a breath-sweetener that is not only effective, but handy to carry, convenient to use.

Its flavor alone wins a host of friends. You never enjoyed a spicier, smoother taste! Uniquely delicious—and so refreshing!

ADAMS
CLOVE
CHEWING GUM

A FLAVOR FROM THE ISLES OF SPICE

laid his hand on hers and stared straight before him.

He felt quite calm and peaceful. More peaceful than he had felt in a very long time. So long that he could not remember. Through the months and years of alcoholic unrealness, there came to him now a moment of terrific understanding that stripped away the fog of sordidness and left him clean again. His mind worked clearly.

Dr. Joe smiled a little to himself. Much better this way. He was still smiling when the head nurse and Judith's nurse tapped at the door.

“I'm sorry, doctor,” said the head nurse gently. “But we must begin to get things ready.”

Dr. Joe stood up and walked past the head nurse to the door. He was still smiling softly.

He walked down the long corridor to the floor desk. His legs felt light and firm. At the desk he stopped and looked back. No nurses were in sight. He opened the drawer and found the key.

He retraced his steps to the nurses' station. There were two nurses there, writing up their charts. Dr. Joe passed behind them into the drug alcove and unlocked the cabinet. He found what he wanted at once, replaced the bottle and locked the door.

He carried the key back to the desk and put it carefully in the drawer. He moved over to the water cooler and filled a paper cup. He was still smiling, and he felt very calm and certain about everything.

He dropped the tablets in the water, and turned his head down the corridor toward Judith's room.

“Here's looking at you, my own dear love,” said Dr. Joe softly, and drained the paper cup.

THERE are few things that so rouse the public indignation as medical mistakes. Prescott Cheney took the full impact of this public wrath. He took it standing up. There were no alibis. There was nothing to explain. There was only the stark fact that Cheney Chemical Company's vaccine, Dr. Guzicka's vaccine, the Carmichael vaccine, *his* vaccine—God knew whose vaccine it was—had killed a score of people throughout the country. Judith was dead; Joe Lucas was dead. And he, Prescott Cheney, the responsible head of an ancient and honorable drug concern, had done this.

And so, in those first few days, Prescott had sat grimly in his office, telegraphing and telephoning, checking and rechecking, until every last shipment of vaccine was accounted for and recalled. It was a cold, thankless fight.

He did not avoid the reporters. He did not dodge the hard cruelty of the cameramen. He was sitting at his desk as usual today. He felt tired, and his cheeks were a little drawn and thinner than a week ago. But that was all.

He had just dismissed Miss Dorsey. He filled his pipe and brought his mind to the next business in hand: the contract of sale with Werfel, that had been signed on the crest of the wave of the formula prospects. Scott had not consulted his attorneys since then; or even his bankers. But he assumed that the contract would be canceled: failure of consideration, or some such thing. Werfel could readily establish that.

Well, that was that. Back where he was six months ago; only worse. And personally tarnished into the bargain. He'd have to sell out now at Werfel's price, not his. Three quarters of a million less, probably.

BUT thank God Patsy had gone before this thing happened. A hundred times in the past week he had said this to himself. And a hundred times he had realized that it never would have happened if she had been here. Patsy—with her idealism, and her wanting to be *sure.* And Guzicka! To the devil with him! What rot! Honest mistake of an honest man. No use blaming Guzicka. He, Prescott, had hurried him, just as he had hurried Patsy.

It hurt to think of Patsy. But he couldn't get his mind off her. He kept imagining what she was doing in Vienna. And with Minorcas there. That hurt worse. He wondered if Minorcas had heard yet of Judith's death; and Joe Lucas'. Must have, by this time. Would he come back? Or would he stay on—to be near Patience? Never could he get out of his mind what Minorcas had said to him that time: that Patience would make silly feminine sacrifices for him but would never love him. That women like Pat reserved their love for brutes like Minorcas; for brutes that understood them. Was it true?

Scott clamped his teeth down on the stem of his pipe and savagely struck a match. Miss Dorsey waddled in.

“There's that Mr. Milton Eddie from the Star outside again,” she announced disapprovingly.

Prescott nodded.

“Send him in.”

Milton Eddie was the most human, and humane, of the lot, Scott had found. He had given Scott the breaks even when his paper—and the public—didn't want to find breaks for any one. Eddie was a tough little guy.

“Hello, Mr. Cheney,” he said, settling himself in the desk chair and reaching for Scott's cigarette box. “How you feeling this morning for a little more thoid degree, huh? I got my rubber hose in my hip pocket.”

“Shoot,” said Scott laconically.

“Got to put on the heat on the Carmichael angle, after all.”

“Oh,” said Prescott, compressing his lips.

“Yeah. She's broken the news for fair this morning. Cable from Stockholm. They're giving her and some Swiss baby, jointly, this year's Nobel prize in chemistry. What d'you know?”

“Magnificent!” exclaimed Scott in delighted astonishment. “But—”

“Now here's the dirt part,” Eddie

continued. "I've run down your Dr. Guzicka at last." He paused to let it sink in.

"Yes?" said Scott guardedly. Dr. Guzicka had not been seen at the laboratory since the big smash. He had telephoned Scott that he was ill.

"Yeah. Found him in a West Side hotel. Like he was hiding out. He lays it all to Carmichael. And you. Swears he used her formula on your explicit orders. Says neither he nor you had any reason to doubt the safety of her vaccine. That's a big story, Mr. Cheney: '*Nobel prize winner disclosed as inventor of death-dealing flu vaccine.*'"

"Yes, that's big news," agreed Prescott with restraint. "But it isn't true."

"No? Well, Guzicka says he won't be made the goat for Carmichael's mistake. Says you're framing him and covering her—because you're soft on her."

"Eddie," said Scott quietly, "do you want your little neck broken?"

"No," said Eddie reasonably. "But come clean. What's the real answer?"

"If I give you my word of honor, will you accept it absolutely?"

Eddie frowned and rubbed his snub nose.

"Huh-huh," he agreed reluctantly.

"Very well. Miss Carmichael has not been connected with Cheney Chemical for several months. Her work was still in the experimental stage when she left. The flu phage was subsequently developed in my laboratories and marketed entirely on my responsibility. I have in my files a laboratory report from Dr. Guzicka which substantiates that. If you wish, you may see it."

Eddie waved his hand.

"I'm taking your word." He considered awhile, and reached for his third cigarette. "All right. We won't tie in the Stockholm story with this flu business. And I s'pose I gotta forget I've seen Guzicka. He's a shifty bird."

Mr. Eddie dropped his copy pencil in his side pocket, appropriated a final cigarette, and grinned himself out of the room. As he crossed the anteroom he passed a slow-moving heavy man who was entering from the hallway. Eddie flicked him a careless glance and hurried on. In the outer hall he stopped short. There was something reminiscent about the burly guy's air of furtive assurance. If that bird wasn't an ex-flattie turned into a dick, he'd eat his shirt. He'd better stick around awhile.

Prescott was leaning against his desk, lost in gloomy thought, when the burly man entered.

"You Prescott Cheney?" asked the man gruffly.

"Yes," snapped Scott, annoyed at the man's manner. "And who in the devil—"

The burly man advanced and thrust a paper at him. Scott took it—automatically. His eyes caught the salutation. He read it carefully through. He drew in his breath very slowly.

"Do I understand—that this is a warrant for my arrest—on a charge of manslaughter?" he asked quietly.

"That's what," said the man almost good-humoredly.

VIENNA in the late spring. Vienna, lambent-lighted and gay-hearted before the stern upheaval that still awaited her. Luncheon on the Franziskanerplatz at the Sign of the Three Jewesses—the city's newest and smartest restaurant. Patience Carmichael and Dr. Minorcas Brown and Freda Brüning and her brother Karl. Celebrating the news of the Nobel award.

Dr. Minorcas raised his glass of Tokay and finished the peroration of his impromptu toast:

"—and so we drink to your long life and happiness, Patsy; and to yours, Karl Brüning. May you both go on to discover more and more bugs—and then to discover more and more things to kill them, until there are no more Nobel prizes to win!"

He set down his glass. Patience' eyes were shining and her color was high. She raised her stein of Münchener.

"Here's your health back, Freda. And yours, Dr. Min. May your Psychiatric Institute wax fat and big and cure all the nuts—as fast as it makes them!"

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Arctic

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DOUBLE-RANGE
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1 Gives You Safe, Easy Starts! Because Mobiloil Arctic *flows freely* at low temperatures, it keeps your tight-fitting, modern motor *easy-turning*... protects it from "dry" starting wear!

2 Protects Fully after the Warm-up! Mobiloil Arctic is *heat-resisting*, too! Won't thin out dangerously under today's high operating heats. *Get this protection!* Socony-Vacuum Oil Company, Inc.

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$3.00 VALUE FOR $1.00 POST PAID
SMOKER'S PARADISE

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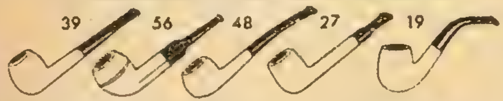
Pipe Mix
1
2
3
4
5
6
7
8
9
10

10 items (conservative retail value, $3.00) for only $1.00

1. Our most popular smoking tobacco (we are direct importers of Scotch & Irish tobaccos) "Rum & Maple" Mixture. Considered finest tobacco regardless of price. Scientifically blended with genuine West Indies Rum and Pure Vermont Maple Sugar. Sold originally to private trade at 70c pkg.
2. Second of reg. $2.50 pipe. Bowl cured with nationally advertised "Golden Blossom" honey. Sweet, mellow, long-lasting, imported briar.
3. "Humydrole" tobacco freshener, fits in pouch, regular 10c.
4. Combination Pick, Spoon, Reamer, all pipesmokers need one, regular 25c.
5. Pipe Windshield, prevents fast-burning and flying sparks, regular 15c.
6. Oil Silk Pouch, regular 10c.
7. Jumbo, tapered pipe cleaners, reg. 10c.
8. Pipe Reamer, fits all pipes, reg. 10c.
9. Air-o-Grid, ends "wet heel," empties ashes with a flick, regular 10c.
10. Pipe brush, regular 5c.

OTHER SHAPES—No. 86 ILLUSTRATED



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FEEN-A-MINT TASTES LIKE YOUR FAVORITE CHEWING GUM!

They all laughed—a little constrainedly.

"When I got the cable this morning," said young Brüning diffidently, "I felt very great of a sudden. But here, now, no one cares. Iss it not so? Vienna—ach! There are so many Nobel winners and great men that they are like horse chestnuts on the trees."

"*I* think it's swell," said Patsy. "I've been getting oodles of cables already. I feel all puffed up. And I'm going to stay so."

Dr. Minorcas was watching her.

"The paper said there was much influenza in the States already," said Freda Brüning.

"Yes, I saw that," said Minorcas.

"Can't be helped, can it, Karl?" said Pat. "They've got to wait for the next epidemic for our stuff."

Karl nodded in agreement. He was a taciturn young man. Presently they called for their bill. As they left the restaurant, Minorcas spoke aside to Patsy:

"Cut out the lab this afternoon and we'll get a car and drive around the city. I haven't seen the Ring since I was here ten years ago. You promised me, you know."

"Not today," said Patience decisively. "Karl and I have some messes brewing that have got to be looked after. I'll see you Thursday, Min. I'm blowing you to lunch at the Alter Hofkeller. I'm rich now. See you later, Min. Can we drop you anywhere?"

"No; I think I'll stay here awhile."

He lifted his hat and watched them drive away. Then he sat down again at a table by the door and ordered coffee and cognac. He seldom took stimulants at luncheon. He sat for a long time, sipping his jet-black coffee. He burned some brandy on a lump of sugar over his cup, and took a peculiar satisfaction in prolonging the operation. Finally he went inside and found a telephone. He called the house of Dr. Kuno Leschke. Dr. Leschke was a world-famous psychiatrist. He and Minorcas had lived together and worked together here in Vienna in their student days.

He gave his name to the secretary. Yes, Dr. Leschke had been expecting him daily, ever since Dr. Brown's earlier message. Dr. Leschke would be most happy if Dr. Brown would come at once.

WHEN Min reached the Austrian physician's house he found him in his study. Dr. Leschke was a small man with an enormous head.

The Austrian looked at him keenly.

"You are *müde,* Minorcas. Very tired, *nicht wahr?* You—are ill?"

"Yes," said Min, and found himself biting his lip; "I am ill, Kuno. That's why I've come. You're the only man alive I'd tell this to, Kuno. I—I'm on the verge of blowing up. Months I've fought it. And tried *not* to fight it. Every device of my own trade. I know too much. I can't rationalize. Even for escape. Even—"

"Sex?" asked Dr. Leschke.

"Of course. What else could it be—with me?"

"And your wife?"

"Beer!" said Minorcas with intentional coarseness. "Beer—when I crave brandy."

"And you cannot get her. The other?"

"Should I be telling you this—if I could? I tell you, Kuno, I'm going off the deep end. I forget things. I can't sleep. I can't eat—or drink. It's not the woman so much. It's that the thing is undermining my faith in myself. I think I know myself—as objectively as any man can. But this—"

Dr. Leschke looked at him with deep compassion.

"Minorcas," he said gravely, "two other physicians have I seen like this. Men of the most brilliant attainments. I could not help them; I cannot help you. All that we know, you and I, we cannot use on you. Because you too know it. As sometimes one cannot etherize an alcoholic. It is your very learning that works against you. To affect the subconscious when you know the process—is difficult."

Minorcas stared at him. Finally he got up to go.

"Come soon again, *mein lieber* Minorcas," said Professor Leschke. "It will do you good to talk."

PATIENCE, waiting in the foyer of the ancient Hofkeller, looked at her watch. She had made a particular effort to be on time, because Dr. Min was always so ridiculously on time himself, and because it so annoyed him to be kept waiting. And here Min was a quarter hour late already.

It was five minutes more before he did show up. Patience raised an interrogative eyebrow. Minorcas, impassive, offered no explanation. In one of his impossible moods, decided Patsy, and followed him silently to a table.

"You order," said Min laconically.

"I have," said Patsy with equal shortness. "I gave it to the captain while I was waiting."

Minorcas nodded. His eyes, in which there usually lurked a sardonic derision, were hard and flat and expressionless.

"I've had some good news, Min," said Patience, and paused. "You don't seem in good humor for it."

"Let's hear it," he returned tonelessly.

Patsy opened her handbag and brought out a cablegram.

"It's from Professor Jessups of the Stullman Institute," she explained.

Minorcas read:

HEARTIEST CONGRATULATIONS ON WELL DESERVED NOBEL AWARD YOU WILL GO ON TO GREATER WORK STOP DIRECTORS OF INSTITUTE AUTHORIZE ME TO INVITE YOU TO HEAD STULLMAN IMMUNOLOGY MISSION THREE YEAR EXPEDITION INDOCHINA LEAVING NEW YORK ABOUT TWO WEEKS STOP EARNESTLY ADVISE ACCEPTANCE STOP NOT YOUR PARTICULAR LINE BUT GENERAL MAGNIFICENT EXPERIENCE FIELD WORK PLEASE CABLE JESSUPS

Dr. Min handed it back to Patsy.

"You are going to accept it?" His face was expressionless.

"Of course! What in the world do you think? I've cabled already. And I'm starting tonight. Why, Min—what has come over you? Don't you realize that it's a great honor—as well as a splendid opportunity for my work?"

"I realize that it will take you out of the world for three years."

"Out of *your* world," blazed Patsy. "And straight into the heart of my world. I'm a scientist, Min—"

"Stop!" he grated.

She looked at him in astonishment.

"Patience," he said more quietly, "I've just had a telephone call from New York. The flu epidemic is worse, and Cheney Chemical has put out a vaccine."

"Yes?" said Patience with foreboding.

"Something's wrong with the vaccine. It's killed a lot of people." He stopped short.

"Go on," said Patience.

"Judith is dead. And Joe Lucas has killed himself because of it."

Patience drew in her breath quickly. His self-control was ghastly.

"When are you starting back?" she heard herself asking.

"I am not going back. All this makes no difference. You must know why." He was clipping his sentences as if each word were being forced out of him.

Patience' dark brows came down in angry astonishment.

YOU must know why," he repeated harshly. "I've never loved a woman. I don't want to love a woman. You've sapped my mind and my heart and my will. I've fought it. I've hated it. I hate you—even as I love you. I married Judith—because I loved you. I came to Vienna—because I loved you. I've killed Judith—because I love you. I've gone to pieces—I'm going mad—because I love you. Everything I believe in, my work, my life, my hopes: dust and ashes—because I love you. I'd take you in my arms across my dead wife's body. If that shocks you—make the worst of it. For it's me."

He had not raised his voice. His words had come in harsh monosyllables. Patsy looked at him in silence. It all seemed far away and unreal.

"No, it doesn't shock me," she said almost gently. "You have always spoken—the things that are usually unspoken. I'm sorry, Min. Oh—how ghastly useless that sounds! But you once told me that scientist and female didn't mix. I'm a scientist, Minorcas. I just can't feel—anything else. Not even about myself. The way you can."

"The way I can," he repeated bitterly. "Aye, I know it now. Because that is all I have ever considered. My own thoughts. My own brains. My own hurts. My own wants. Is that it, Patience?"

"Yes," said Patience slowly. They

Long Distance

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Thoughts turn home this time of year. Now, more than at any other season, you want to see the folks and hear the news.

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were both silent. For a long time. Because there seemed not much more to say. The food on their plates lay untouched. They were drinking black coffee, and Dr. Min was lacing his with brandy. Patsy's mind wrenched itself from the man opposite her. Her thoughts jumped to New York.

"It will be a terrible blow to Cheney Chemical," she murmured. "Poor, poor Prescott!"

"Yes," said Min impatiently. "They indicted him. I forgot to mention that."

"Indicted him!"

"Yes, for manslaughter," he said wearily. "Just making him a public scapegoat. It's not important. Probably nothing come of it."

"Not important?" echoed Patsy in a low voice. She looked at Minorcas. He was staring at his coffeecup, brooding and suffering, his thoughts turned in upon himself—as they always had been; as they always would be.

"Not important!" she repeated. There was a vibrance in her voice he had never heard before. "That he should be indicted for something that is not his fault—dragged before the rabble like a common gangster! Not important?" She stopped a moment and a queer exalted look came into her eyes. "No—perhaps you're right. *That* part wouldn't be important to him: the indictment—the public blame. The part that *would* be important to Prescott Cheney would be the suffering and deaths that he had caused—not the public penalty that followed. With you it would be the other way round—wouldn't it, Minorcas? You'd forget the deaths—if you didn't have to take the blame."

"Yes," said Minorcas Brown gravely.

"And you'd sit here, and let me sit here, while he stews in his juice?"

"Yes," he repeated.

"In a situation that we are responsible for—that you and I got him into!"

"I do not understand." Minorcas frowned.

"It was *you* that got me to come up from Woods Hole—you with your charm and persuasiveness that you turn on and off like a faucet. You—"

"I wanted Cheney money then. Also, I wanted you, Patsy—in New York, near me. I did not know that then. I do now. Even when I married Judith. Especially when I married Judith. I meant to give her a decent break. Do you believe that?"

"Yes. But what does it matter now?"

"Because it's all queer. If I hadn't married her, I might have got along without you. It was only then that I knew I loved you. That same afternoon. When you began to treat me as her husband. When you ceased being afraid of me. And now—and now"—he made a helpless motion with his hands—"I come and throw myself on your mercy. I—who have never asked—who have always taken. It's come to that. I—"

"Oh, stop—stop!" cried Patsy with low tenseness. "Stop dissecting your own precious feelings."

"Stop defending that whippersnapper Cheney, then," he returned hotly. "That overgrown boy—with his empty code of chivalry and sportsmanship. Be a grown-up woman—"

PATSY stood up suddenly. She looked down at Minorcas Brown.

"How dare you sit here and sneer at him! He's back there in New York—taking it on the chin—for what we did to him. How dare you!"

Minorcas looked up at her. Slowly his face turned white.

"My God, Patsy—do you love that man?"

Patience stared down at him. For a long moment she made no answer. Then she began to laugh slowly, the deep contralto laugh. But this time there was a note of exultation in it.

"I am going to Indo-China," she said softly. "Isn't that enough answer?"

Minorcas stared back into her eyes. Finally his own fell before her steady gaze. He made a tremendous effort to pull himself together. His lips drew back in a brave parody of the old Minorcas sneer. He lifted his brandy glass.

"I wish you a pleasant voyage," he said steadily—"and be damned to you!"

Is Dr. Minorcas Brown right and does Patsy love Prescott, after all? Can she get him out of the jam he's in? Will she sacrifice her beloved science for him? There is a terrible struggle and magnificent climax in the final chapters of the story in next week's Liberty.

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 14

1—George Ade.
2—At least nine years old.
3—Naples.
4—The cornea.
5—The Birth of a Nation.
6—The South Pole.
7—Tyrannus, Acts 19:9—". . . disputing daily in the school of one Tyrannus."
8—Nitrogen.
9—West Virginia (Charleston, Huntington, Morgantown, and Bluefield).
10—*Vaquero.*
11—Harry Hopkins of WPA.
12—Seven and a half minutes.
13—In the United States Coast Guard.
14—Thirty-two.
15—Montague.
16—A rodent.
17—Exterminator.
18—Heinrich Karl Marx.
19—Grain alcohol.
20—

George H. Earle

OFF SIDE

Liberty's Short Short

BY HOWARD BRESLIN

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 8 SECONDS

CURT WHEELER, the sports editor in the guest box, touched his host on the arm. "Neat," he said. "They get to work like the pros."

The broad-faced man nodded. He was more responsible than any one else for the fact that the home team was out there at all.

The visitors punted. The safety man took the punt on the run, pivoted, and cut between the ends. One missed him cleanly; the other dived and was brushed aside. He came back twenty yards before he was finally forced out of bounds.

"Who is that?" asked Wheeler.

"Tug Morton," said his host. "The fullback."

Morton picked up seven yards on an off-tackle smash. The man who made the tackle didn't get up. Morton walked away without even glancing at him.

The visitors called time. When the referee called the teams back into position, they lined up noisily, calling insults across to their opponents. The home team came out of its huddle with the silent speed of military discipline.

Morton didn't carry the ball, but two men broke through and threw themselves at him anyway. He kept his feet.

Wheeler whistled. "They're going to work on Morton. Won't your boys get sore?"

"They won't fight back. It's forbidden. Any dirty play and there'd be no more football at this institution."

The home team hammered its way toward the goal line. Whenever Morton carried, the opposition piled on. Even after a penalty. Morton always got up; sometimes enemy players didn't.

Finally the big fullback, picking a hole in the line, shot through and went eight yards for the game's first score.

From the home stands an "Ah-h-h!" welled up, then stopped as if cut short.

After that the visitors wilted before the pounding of the home eleven. Two more touchdowns were added to the score. Morton figured in the last with a long pass. He had a strange face, high-cheeked and heavy. Only the eyes, quick beneath thick brows, showed any expression.

In the third quarter Morton plucked a pass from an end's fingers. He was off along the side line. It happened too fast for his mates to give him much blocking, and nearly every one on the other team had a clean shot at him. Most of them never laid a finger on him; three bounced off his churning legs.

"Touchdown!" said Wheeler, hammering on the arm of his seat. "That boy stops for nothing!"

"That's why he's here," said his host.

The referee called it off side. A group of players gathered around him, arguing. The official waved his arms.

Morton made no attempt to argue with the decision. He took his place and stood quietly. But his hands were clenched into fists.

The visitors shifted into a short-punt formation. Morton pranced forward; he signaled a halfback to change position. The half went back to safety. Morton crouched behind his own line.

With the snap of the ball, Morton went through the scrimmage line as if it weren't there. He smashed a blocking back into the kicker. All three crashed down together, but Morton scrambled up and dived for the bounding ball. One of the visitors was there ahead of him, and the impact sounded like a shot. Morton came up with the ball.

Wheeler, cheering, turned toward his companion. But the man was staring at the field, a worried look on his face. "I was afraid of that," he muttered.

All three of the players who had come into contact with the charging Morton were lying flat. One got to hands and knees, then toppled over. Morton, ignoring them, was waving his teammates into formation for the next play. He stamped with irritation when the whistle shrilled for time.

"See, Curt. The off side robbed him of a touchdown. He wants that back. And everything in his way goes down until he gets it!"

Wheeler shrugged. "What's wrong with that? It's in the game!"

"It isn't a game with Morton."

"But—that's what makes him a great competitor. A money player. With the old killer instinct. Dempsey had it. Grange—" He stopped.

The other nodded. "It's what makes him a great athlete, maybe. It's also what brought him here! Five years ago he was engaged to a girl. She fell for some other fellow. They both went to tell Morton. He felt he was being robbed of something that was his. He went berserk. He struck and killed that lad his girl fell in love with."

"Then he's in for—"

"Life," said the warden.

"Ah-h-h!" Another scream went up from the crowd of convicts as Morton raced over the goal line with the prison team's fourth touchdown. Morton, for the first time, was showing his teeth in a smile.

THE END

ON THE AIR!

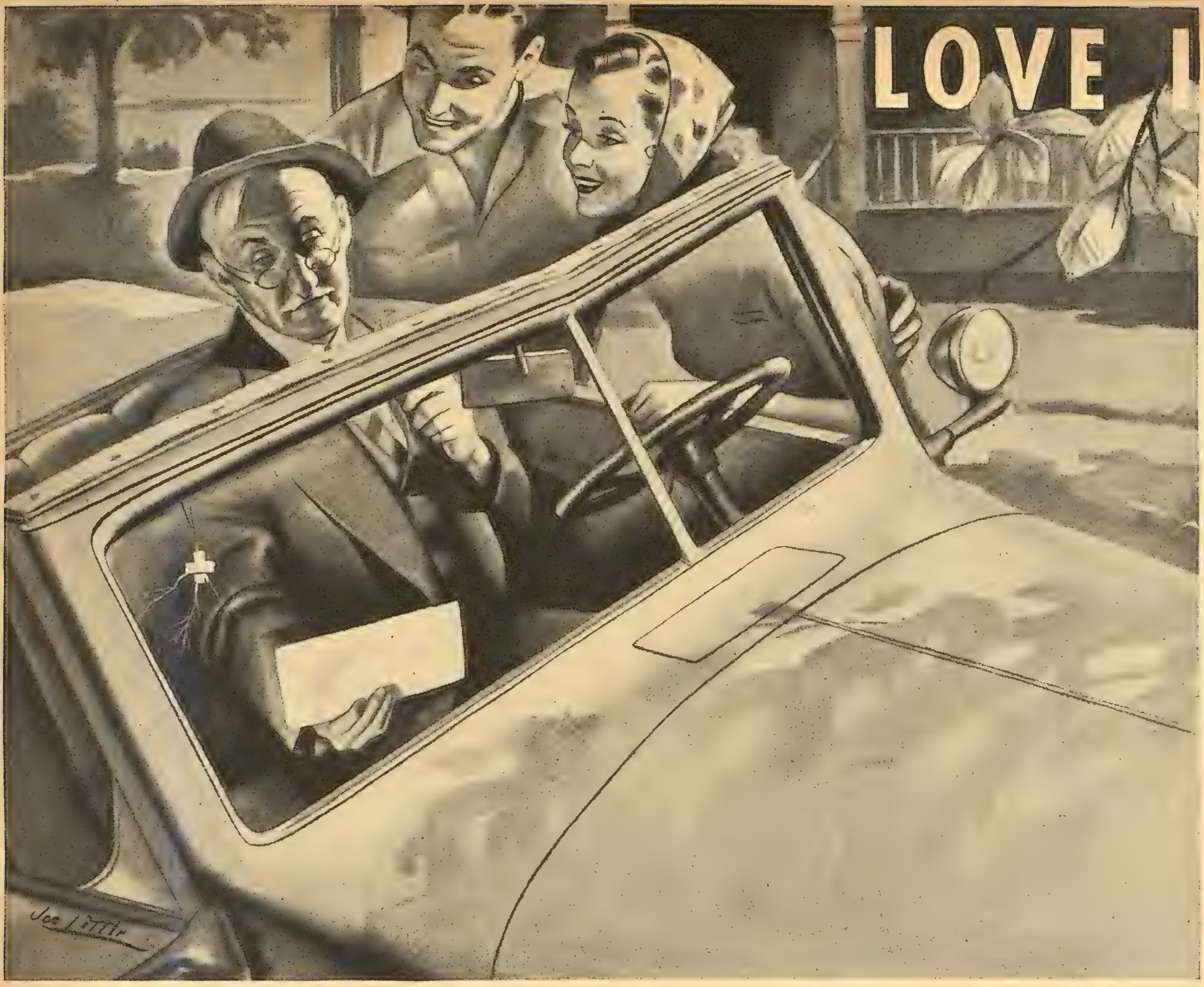
Liberty stories are on the air. You can hear two dramatizations each week over the following stations: WOR, New York; WJZ, New York; WENR, Chicago; WKRC, Cincinnati; WCCO, Minneapolis; KMOX, St. Louis; WEEI, Boston; WBT, Charlotte. Please consult local papers for broadcast time.

TUNE IN!

▲

Besides the regular price Liberty pays for each Short Short, an additional $1,000 bonus will be paid for the best Short Short published in 1938; $500 for the second best; and extra bonuses of $100 each for the five next best.

LOVE IN



" Um," and he took the drawing halfheartedly. Then he said, " Not bad at all. That *would* make it look different."

READING TIME ● 20 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

MICHAEL CONLON sat on the floor in the rear of the dress circle at Carnegie Hall, his back against the wall, his hat on his lap. He put down his program notes, and saw Rose Flaherty.

She was nice. About five feet tall, chestnut hair slightly touched with red, a nose that turned up ever so slightly in the good Irish tradition, and two grayish-blue eyes. She was looking for a place on the floor where she could sit. Her eyes met Mike's.

He spoke to the man next to him: " Would it be possible for you to move over about a millionth of an inch? " Room was made, a minor miracle in that crowded place. He extended his hand to Rose and drew her down.

An electric thrill ran through the audience, then a burst of applause. Toscanini entered. A suspended moment of silence. The first movement of La Mer, " From Dawn till Noon on the Sea," began. . . .

When they walked together in the long trek down the stairs it seemed as though there was between them a bond of ancient standing, strengthened by having endured a common and deathless experience.

In front of Carnegie Hall a young man came quickly from a large car at the curb. " Hello, Rose," he said. " I was waiting for you."

" Why, Mr. Holloway! " exclaimed the girl. " I didn't expect you to be here."

The young man smiled. " How about going some place for a bite? "

She was regretful. " Sorry. I've got other arrangements." She turned to Mike. " This is Mr. Holloway," she told him. The men both bowed, without extending their hands, then frowned, and the big car drove sullenly away.

" Sorry," said Rose. " I didn't know your name—"

" Michael Conlon," said Michael Conlon. " And I'm glad sitting on the same floor constitutes an introduction."

" My name is Rose Flaherty." She held out her hand.

He made the most of that handshake. " Now that you find yourself with a date with me—"

She colored, and withdrew her hand. " Oh, please excuse me for that. I just didn't want to go with him."

And then they were in the semigloom of a Russian restaurant, sitting cozily at a little table. " Are you a musician? " she asked.

He nodded. " I'm a second bassoonist."

" What organization do you play with? "

" None, right now. I'm not good enough—haven't got the lip for it," he told her frankly. " So when the music business wasn't going so hot and I couldn't find a job, I took advantage of the splendid opportunity to drive a truck."

" I just love trucks," said Rose. " They're so big—"

" What I really started out to be," said Mike boyishly, " was an architect. But until houses are being built again, I'll have to amuse myself with my bassoon and my pantechnicon."

" Your what? "

" Pantechnicon. That's what the English call a moving van."

" Swell word, isn't it? "

He looked at her with a new interest. As though he needed a new interest. " What college did you go to? "

A PANTECHNICON

BY LYON MEARSON

Yes, we said pantechnicon—and if you don't know what it is, here's a gorgeously hilarious way to find out

"Couple of years in Barnard. Then music—the piano. I wasn't so hot, though. So I operate a telephone switchboard for a living. I work for the Holloway Plumbing Supply Company. That fellow was the boss's son."

"Um," said Mike.

Later, when they reached her home, a walk-up east of Third Avenue in the Fifties, she said: "I can't ask you to meet my aunt, because she's been in bed for hours."

So they sat down on the stoop to talk and it was nearly 1 A. M. when Mike finally took the subway to where he lived in the Bronx.

MIKE CONLON came to dinner and brought his bassoon. After dinner he played for her, and Rose noted how his hair grew back from his forehead in the loveliest way. One evening when he came to take Rose to a picture, she had to work late, which left Mike all alone with Mrs. Grady.

"Very fond of Rose, aren't you?" she asked. She needed no answer to this, but Mike gave it anyway.

"Indeed I am, Mrs. Grady. She's the salt of East Fifty-first Street, right down to the river," said Mike with enthusiasm.

"She is that," said the Widow Grady. "There's lots of men would be glad to be walking out with Rose." Mike admitted this. Mrs. Grady went on: "Take that young Holloway, f'r instance. The boss's son he would be, too. Plenty of money there. Did you know he's proposed marriage to her?"

"Why, no," Mike said, "I never knew that."

"Well, he did, Mr. Conlon," said Widow Grady.

"She turned him down, didn't she?" demanded Mike Conlon.

"She's an orphan doesn't know her own mind," said the widow. "In my day if you was in love with some one, you wanted only the best for her, even if it meant a hardship for yourself. That's the kind of love I mean, Mr. Conlon."

He looked her right in the eye. "I won't be a truck driver forever, Mrs. Grady," said Michael Conlon.

"And Rose won't be young and pretty forever, Mr. Conlon," said the Widow Grady.

For a whole week Mike stopped seeing Rose. She was mystified and began getting a little angry.

This was the situation when Mike's boss informed him he would be starting with a load of new furniture for Baltimore on the following morning, which happened to be a Sunday. Over in one day and back the next, with an evening alone in Baltimore. He thought of that evening in Baltimore, where he knew no one, and he knew he was going to be lonely, and when Mike Conlon was lonely he instinctively turned to his bassoon, which was now sitting in the corner next to Rose Flaherty's piano.

So he called up Rose and said he'd be driving around with the truck in the morning, on his way to Baltimore, to pick up the bassoon. The reason he hadn't been seeing her, he went on, was that he'd been busy. He added, rather irritably, that when a man is busy he has no time for girls.

It led to a pretty little quarrel, and after he got off the wire Junior Holloway came along and asked her to go driving with him on Sunday, and she accepted. This so surprised the gentleman that he permitted himself to lay hold of her hand. He was immediately sorry, because she turned on him fiercely.

"You rich men think you can buy anything, don't you?" she demanded.

He didn't know what to say to this, because he hadn't been figuring on making any purchases. "What's the matter with you, Rose?" he asked.

"With me? Nothing at all. Nothing at all. . . . Holloway Plumbing. Good afternoon. . . . What makes you think there's anything wrong with me? Just because I don't want you always pawing at me? . . ."

It was a beautiful Sunday morning in the East Fifties when Mike pulled his big red truck to a stop in front of the house where Rose Flaherty lived. He was surprised to see Rose coming out the door. He suspected she might have a date with Holloway, and it made him feel sick.

"Hello, Mike," she said sweetly. "Auntie will get your bassoon," and she held the door for him, and then he was inside and she was gone.

The Sunday-morning traffic was light. As the miles fled backward beneath the double wheels of the giant car, Mike was lost in his thoughts. Yeah, it was better that he hadn't had a chance to talk to Rose. He must stay away from her. He must try not to think about her.

Then he heard a strange sound, a curious blast that trailed off into something resembling a squeak. He slackened his speed. Something must be wrong with the engine. He heard the noise again, louder this time, and he realized it came from behind him. He was puzzled.

At this point a small figure was climbing out from the interior of his chariot, climbing with difficulty because she held his bassoon in her hands.

After very nearly allowing the truck to run into the ditch, he managed words. "What are you doing here, Rose Flaherty?"

She sat demurely by his side. "Going blind or something? I'm trying to play a bassoon."

He slowed down almost to a walk. He was getting further words ready.

"You have to have the lip for it," she told him. "But I guess you know that. And how've you been?"

Mike's face assumed a violent shade that was almost purple. He swallowed a couple of times, hard, then attempted to speak to her quietly. "How did you get in there?"

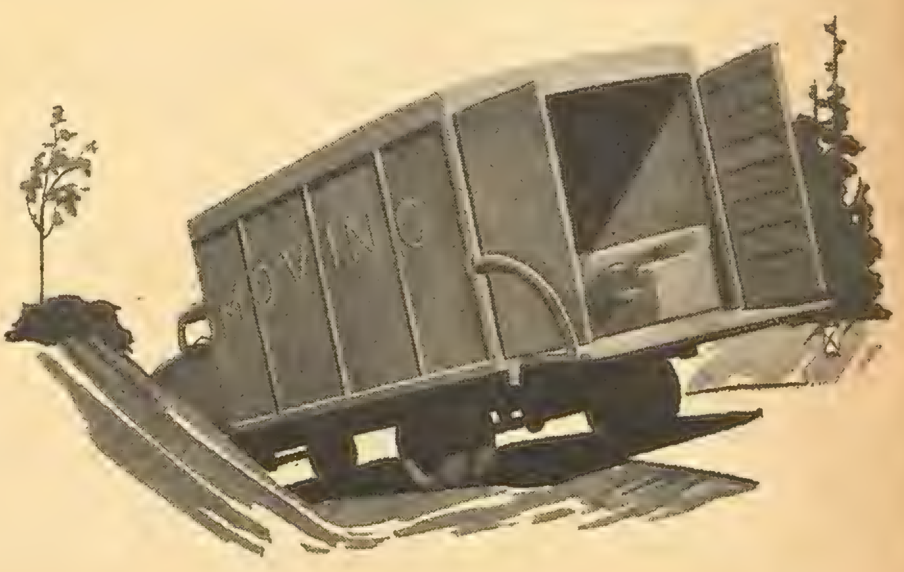
"In the pantechnicon?" motioning toward the body of the truck. "Why, I climbed in while you were getting the bassoon from auntie. It's really quite comfortable, too, only you nearly beaned me when you threw the bassoon in."

"You've got no business here," he told her.

"I'm going to visit my cousin in Baltimore," she mused. "And will she be surprised!"

He looked at her coldly. "You'll have to get to Baltimore some other way. I'll drop you at a railroad station."

ILLUSTRATED BY JOE LITTLE



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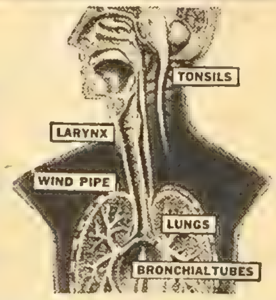

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“I haven't any money,” she countered.

“I'll lend you some.”

“I never take money from men. You men think you can buy anything.”

“I don't want to buy anything. I just want you to get off my truck.” He was exasperated.

Rose blew a loud, long, though wavering note that might have been G, then looked at him in triumph. “How's that?”

“Foul,” he groaned. “Put that thing down.”

“How about letting me drive?” she asked.

“You couldn't drive a truck this size,” he stated. “And besides, I wouldn't trust you with it.”

“Martin Holloway lets me drive his Rolls. Oh, that reminds me. I had a date with him today.”

“Why did you run out on him?”

“Because I like a big car. None of those dinky little Rolls-Royces for me. I'm a creature of comfort.” She blew as sour a note as had ever been heard from a second bassoon. Mike winced.

“Will you stop fooling with that thing?”

“I'm not fooling,” she said. “I mean it.” She blew more sour notes, epics in flatness and acidity, until he finally snatched the thing from her hands. “Here, you can drive the truck!”

That's how it happened that various old inhabitants looked with astonishment on a tremendous red truck with a small but beautiful girl at the wheel and a large but pleasant-looking young man sitting next to her playing the Shepherd's aria from Tristan on a singular and uncouth instrument. Rose invariably waved gaily to them, generally causing the truck to swerve peculiarly.

AS he played, Mike composed long speeches to Rose, in which he sent her home the while his heart broke. But it's hard to think of breaking hearts when you're driving down a beautiful countryside, sitting with the girl you love. So presently the second movement of Scheherazade was followed by the horn opening of Sacre du Printemps.

“There's a bassoon part in the Tchaikovsky Sixth,” she told him.

“But I don't like Tchaikovsky.”

“Neither do I,” she said slowly. “Isn't it wonderful, Mike, that we dislike the same things?”

“We ought to be coming to a railroad station,” he said, laying down the bassoon.

“I thought we'd settled that,” she said calmly. “You might as well be pleasant about it.”

When twilight was almost upon them, they stopped at a gas station by a little crossroad. “Fill 'er up,” Mike instructed the man. Rose looked down interestedly when the fellow came with change. She nodded toward the little side road and inquired where it went to. He said it wandered around, sort of, and came back to the main road about ten miles on. It had pretty scenery but was a bit rough.

Mike regarded her darkly. “What's on that thing you think is your mind?”

She did not answer until she had started the truck, and before the amazed Mike could express himself she was heading down the side road. She beamed up at him. “I got tired of that big road. Must be the gypsy in me.”

He grabbed at the steering wheel. “Turn around! This truck's supposed to stay on its route.”

“Sorry,” said the unperturbed Rose. “But you can see for yourself that such a big truck as this couldn't turn around in such a tiny road. And will you please keep still and try to enjoy the scenery.”

Mike Conlon decided to give up. He reached for the bassoon and essayed the opening of Sacre du Printemps again.

“That's swell,” applauded Rose. “Stravinski, you, and a pantechnicon beneath a bough—”

THE car suddenly gave a lurch, barely missing a roadside tree trunk. It continued to weave crazily. “Mike! I—I can't hold it!”

He reached for the emergency brake, bringing the big car to a stop. “Now you've done it!” he shouted at her in his anxiety. “Fine mess we're in.”

“Well, don't shout so. I'm not married to you.”

“Good thing you're not,” he grumbled, climbing to the ground. He peered underneath. “It would seem that the universal has let go.” He motioned her to move over and got up under the steering wheel. “Have to take it off the roadway and find a mechanic.” He eased the disabled machine forward inch by inch, using low gear. “Might have known something like this would happen with you along.”

“If I'd known how nasty you'd be I'd have stayed home.” Her voice was a shade wobbly.

“All right. Now see if you can sit here and mind the thing while I go for help.” And he started off.

It was an hour later when he returned, to report that, the day being Sunday, nothing in the way of repairs was possible before tomorrow. Which meant his staying with the valuable load all night. “I can, however, get you a lift to a railroad station,” he added.

“I'm not going to any strange railroad station, Mike Conlon. I'm just as much responsible—”

“You know very well you can't stay here, spending the night with me—”

“There you go raising your voice again. Maybe”—and she pointed to a house which they hadn't had time to notice before—“we could get into that place.”

He looked at the old structure, with rickety porch and two or three broken windows. “You can sleep there, if you want to.”

"Who? Me? I was suggesting it for you. I intend to sleep in this nice comfortable moving van." Then she added, "I think that old house is horrible."

"It's not so ugly," Mike said, his architectural eye beginning to see things. "It's just old."

They went to explore the place, talking like two architects on a busy day. Yeah, the old house could be—

A rickety car had pulled to the side of the road and an elderly native peered over at them. He seemed friendly. "Howdy, folks," he called. "Interested in the house?"

"You the owner?" asked Rose. He nodded.

She went over to him with a sketch Mike had made. "We don't want to buy, but we were just planning how we'd fix it over."

"Um," and he took the drawing halfheartedly. Then he said, almost begrudgingly, "Not bad at all. That *would* make it look different."

"Mike, here, is an architect," said Rose. She noticed the old fellow glance at the van. "Only, now that the architecturing business isn't so hot—you know how things are—he's driving a truck."

"Sometime, maybe," said the elderly native. "Can't spare the money right now."

"It wouldn't cost much," said Mike. "Look. Just the lumber for the porch. The rest is labor and paint. One or two men for a couple of days, that's all."

The e. n. looked interested. "Sometime, maybe," he said, and clattered away.

Mike and Rose, alone now, faced a night in the wilds with varying feelings. They divided a couple of sandwiches and argued about where they would sleep. It wound up by him finding a blanket, taking the covers off a shiny new couch in the truck, and fixing it up for her. But he was not gracious about it; he grumbled all the while.

"Fine note, this is. Tomorrow morning, first thing, you scram. Understand?"

"Perfectly," she said coldly. "How about kissing me good night? It would mean so little to you and so much to me."

He refused, making himself comfortable on the front seat. They slept.

In the morning she was gone, having left a note on the couch for him to read:

I'm going home. You'll be sorry one of these days you treated me so badly. I hope you get hooked by some large baby-face girl who talks with a Southern accent. You can go to h-ll.

Yours truly,
(Miss) ROSE FLAHERTY.

Well, he had brought it on himself, Mike decided miserably. He had been awful to her.

And while he stood, there came to him two men, one short and one tall, and the tall one had the face of a horse and the short one the face of a weasel. The tall one carried a shotgun and a badge that said "Deputy Sheriff," and the short one carried a revolver in a holster and a badge that said "Special Deputy Sheriff."

"Be you Michael Conlon?" asked the tall one.

"I be," answered Mike. "Have you seen a little girl, beautiful and Irish and mad?"

"Look out for him, Elmer," said the short one. "He's trying to throw us off the track."

"You're under arrest," said the tall one, "for stealing a truck loaded with furniture."

"You can see for yourself I haven't stolen any truck," said Mike. "Here it is. The universal's busted. How about the matter of this little girl with the star dust in her hair—"

"He's wantin' in the bean," remarked the small man, holding the gun in readiness. "Look out for a false move."

"You'll have to come with us," said the tall one, "fer the law to take its course. Don't be pullin' no rough stuff now."

IN front of the jail a strange meeting took place. First a dilapidated car drew up that seemed as if it might be held together by pieces of string and spit. Out of it jumped none other than Rose Flaherty and the elderly

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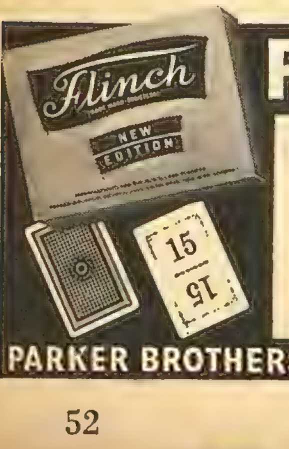

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man they had talked to the previous evening.

" Can you get him out right away, judge? " asked Rose.

"Well," answered the judge, " almost anything is possible when a girl with your color eyes asks for it."

A long car drove up to the courthouse steps, and Holloway Junior got out and helped his companion to the ground. The companion turned out to be the Widow Grady.

" Auntie! " came from Rose, though not too pleased.

" There! There! " auntie soothed her. " Your old auntie will protect her little orphan."

LYON MEARSON
who writes for most of the well known national magazines, used to be an editor, but finally gave it up because it cut into his leisure. He became a writer, he says, because, like the buck private in Irving Berlin's famous wartime ballad, he hates to get up in the morning.

" Protect me from what? " demanded Rose. " And what do you mean by following me? And you too? " She turned on the son of the boss.

She introduced them to the judge. " This is Judge Benson," she said. " He's going to get Mike out of jail."

From the open window came the sound of a bassoon and the combined voices of a couple of deputy sheriffs:

" The French they are a funny
race,
Parlez-vous! "

" Singing of those low songs," said the Widow Grady. " It's a lucky thing I'm here to save you from himself."

Led by the judge, they entered the jail and in a moment stood in front of the cell that housed Mike. He put down the bassoon and came close to the bars.

" Rose! " he said.

" This is the judge, Mike," said Rose. " I've been talking with him."

Mike turned to the judge. " You know I didn't steal any truck. It was an accident."

The Widow Grady spoke up tartly: " A man who would run away with a poor orphan girl and defame her name is capable of anything. Rose, come with me and Mr. Holloway."

Rose turned on her. " And leave the man I'm going to marry in jail? "

" You're not going to marry me," said Mike, adamant.

Rose's eyes blazed. " I am, too. After you compromised me the way you did! "

" I didn't compromise you."

" Yes, you did." She turned to the judge. " He compromised me something awful. If you think it isn't compromising to a girl to run away with her and then refuse to have anything to do with her, you're crazy."

" Come home with us," put in Junior Holloway.

" You keep out of this! " Rose threw at him.

" What I want to know is, how long do I stay in this jail? " asked Mike. " I didn't steal—"

The judge silenced them all with a majestic wave of a rather graceful hand. " We've fixed all that, Miss Flaherty and I. We spoke to your firm this morning by long-distance."

Mike breathed a sigh of relief. " Thanks, judge. Then I can go? "

The judge shook his head. " You're free on that charge, but there's a law in this state—this state's full of laws—that men and women who are not married to each other may not spend the night alone in a house together for—ah—illegal purposes."

" My poor motherless child! " said the Widow Grady, but Rose eluded her encircling arms.

" We didn't spend the night in a house," said Mike. " It was a truck."

" It served the same purpose. The meaning of the statute is clear."

" And we had no illegal purpose—" put in Mike.

The judge turned to Rose. " In case this statute were enforced, I'd have to take *you* to jail also. . . ."

There was a silence. The judge went on:

" But, of course, if it should happen that the two offending parties were immediately married—it seems, by some odd chance, that I have the authority to perform a marriage ceremony—then, in that case by the statute made and provided, to all whom it may concern—that is—ah—"

" All right," said Rose. " I hate the sap, but I'll marry him to save him from jail."

The judge released Mike and married them in the warden's sitting room, every one acting as witnesses.

" Now, about the matter of that little sketch you showed me yesterday," said the judge. " I have about twenty-five of those houses around the lake, and with a little investment in renovation I might get my money out of them. You'll probably lose your job, anyway—and this town needs a good architect. You could live in one of them—"

" What we need in this town," said the tall man with the face of a horse, " is a good bassoon player."

Mike looked at Rose and Rose looked at Mike. He bent down and kissed her. After a satisfactory interval she released herself.

" You have to have the lip for it," she said. " And on behalf of Mr. and Mrs. Conlon I accept all offers. And you can come down and visit us, auntie, when you get over your mad."

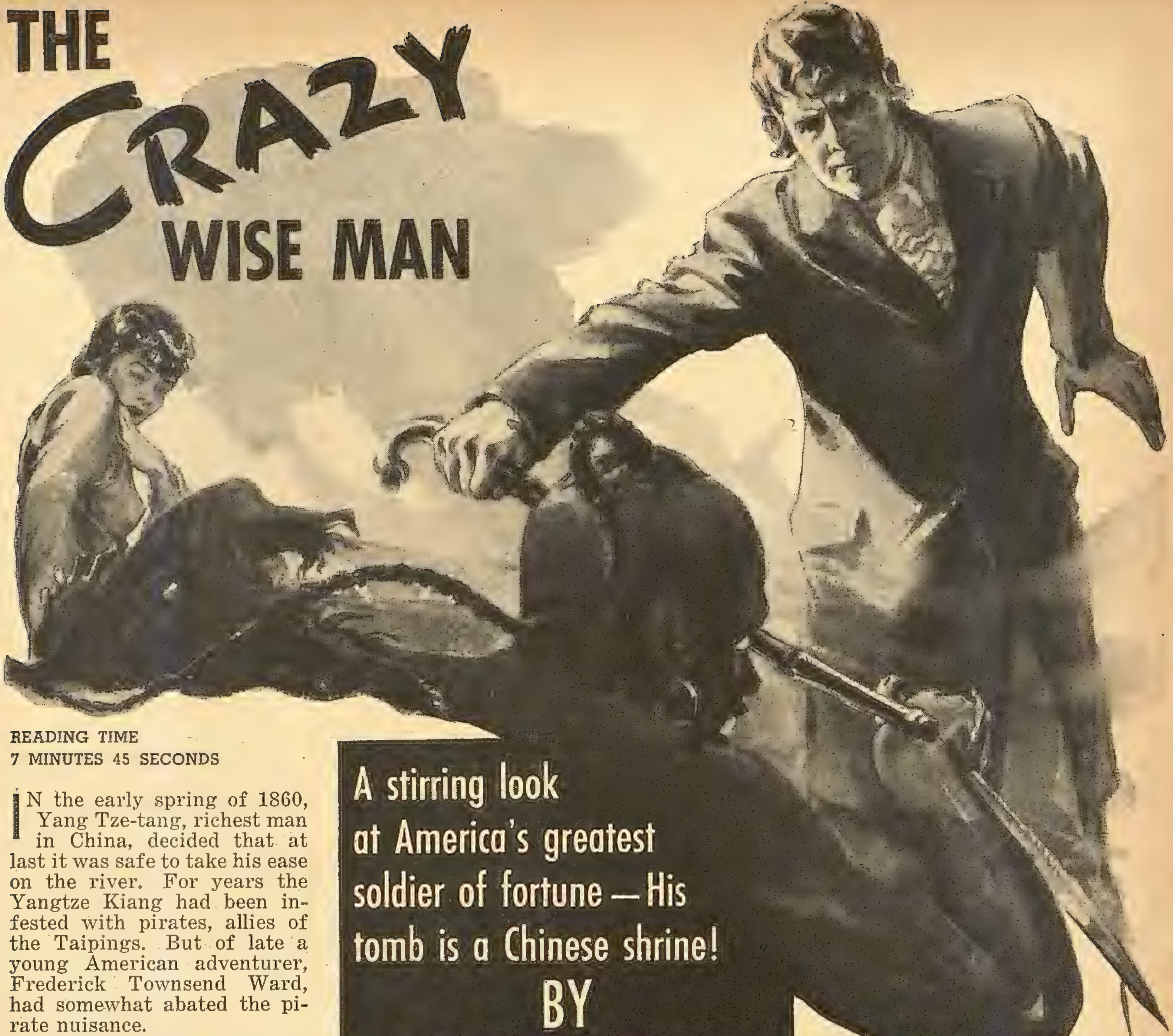
The Widow Grady smiled. " I'm not mad. It ain't as if he was some Englishman you was marryin'. . . ."

" I promised your firm you'd make delivery of the truck to Baltimore," said the judge.

And that's how it came about that later that day a bright red pantechnicon rolled down the broad highway that led to Baltimore, piloted by a young Irish snip, and with another young, but larger, Irish snip sitting next to her playing Scheherazade on a bassoon. Just a couple of Conlons on a honeymoon.

THE END

THE CRAZY WISE MAN



When the Taiping leaped, Ward simply flicked his rattan cane across his assailant's eyes.

READING TIME
7 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

A stirring look at America's greatest soldier of fortune—His tomb is a Chinese shrine!

BY
JONATHAN POWELL MERCER

IN the early spring of 1860, Yang Tze-tang, richest man in China, decided that at last it was safe to take his ease on the river. For years the Yangtze Kiang had been infested with pirates, allies of the Taipings. But of late a young American adventurer, Frederick Townsend Ward, had somewhat abated the pirate nuisance.

He had talked the Committee of Patriotic Merchants of Shanghai into making him captain of the gunboat Confucius. Already he had sunk many sampans, killed hundreds of pirates. The river was safe almost to Sungkiang.

"The Crazy Wise Man," the Chinese called this Yankee who never went armed even in battle, whose only uniform was a Prince Albert coat, who believed no bullet could kill him, and whom no man could bribe. Yang Tze-tang was now convinced that Ward was China's savior. That was why Yang went down to the river. Aboard his long-unused pleasure boat he went, with his wives, his concubines, his many children, his servants, his musicians.

His boat headed upstream. The gunboat followed; Ward was taking no chances. Two or three hours later the pleasure boat rounded a bend and was lost to sight.

"After her! Quick!" Ward cried.

Four Taiping sampans shot out, two from each bank. Some of the women on Yang's boat fainted. Others rushed below. Only one would have stayed with Yang—his daughter Chang-mei. He sent her below with the rest.

The Taipings clambered aboard. As Yang was bargaining with them for his life and his household, the Confucius came around the bend and fired a volley. One sampan sank, another took fire, the remaining two were riddled. Then Frederick Townsend Ward came aboard Yang's boat.

Yang wanted to scream a warning—and could think of no English words. He had seen the cornered Taiping leader cover himself with a rug. Now the rug was sliding jerkily toward the rail, across the American's path; and beneath the edge of it glittered a long knife.

Yang could only yell and point to it. When the Taiping leaped up, the Crazy Wise Man simply flicked his rattan cane down across his assailant's eyes.

"Take him away and kill him," he said calmly.

A girl rushed from below—a girl in jade-green silk. Yang bowed and presented her: "My favorite daughter, Chang-mei." Ward turned from her abruptly.

"I'm glad I came in time," he said. "Give me the chance and I'll wipe out all the Taipings in China."

He dined with Yang. It was a long dinner, a feast. In answer to his smiling host's questions, he told him:

"China's an old story to me. I came here first as second mate of a clipper ship years ago. After that? Well, I was one of Garibaldi's lieutenants in Brazil. I was with William Walker in Nicaragua. I served with the French against the Russians in the Crimea. I came again to China last year—and here I am."

He said nothing of his father, a prosperous ship broker in Salem, Massachusetts; nothing of his relationship to prominent Massachusetts families. As a little boy he had run away from school to Crowninshield's wharf. He had learned navigation there before he was twelve. During the Mexican War he ran away to join up; was captured in Boston and brought home; defied his parents and went to sea as second mate in an uncle's clipper ship. Before he was of age he had sailored and soldiered all around the world. He was with General Pélissier's cholera-ravaged veterans when they took Malakoff in the fall of 1855. Four years later he turned up in Shanghai.

Altogether, he was both accomplished seaman and great soldier that day he dined with Yang Tze-tang, and the merchant was not too fat to realize it. "Young hero," he said, "do you know that even the strongest foreign Powers are frightened by these butchering Taipings?"

Ward sipped his tea. "Give me a few hundred men," he said, "and I'll rid you of the Taipings. I can always find men to fight for gold. But I want more than gold and men, sir. I ask also the hand of Chang-mei."

Yang frowned. "Chang-mei," he said, "is dearer to me than all else I have." However, he ordered a servant to bring her at once. She came, her eyes downcast. Father and daughter talked a moment in rapid Chinese, and she departed in great agitation. Yang turned again to Ward.

"Even Chang-mei shall you have, my son, if you rid us of these butchers."

The Taipings were fanatics. Their leader, Tien Wang, was an epileptic who had picked up a smattering of Christianity and made from it a religion of his own. He had won thousands upon thousands of converts. Canton's three most powerful secret societies had joined him. Setting forth to conquer China, he marched north to within fifteen miles of Tientsin, spreading death and destruction. He established a clear line of communication from Nanking to Chekiang, sacked Soochow, and in the spring of 1860 was threatening both Peking and Shanghai.

Ward picked and drilled one hundred men: escaped Australian convicts, American and British deserters. "We take Sungkiang," he told them, "and cut the line of communication. How do we take it? By surprise."

But when his roughnecks debarked, raking fire from Sungkiang's walls routed them. He cursed them, flailed them with his cane, but was forced to retreat.

It was with a gang of Filipino pirates that he finally broke the back of the Taiping rebellion. Stranded in Shanghai, they enlisted gladly. Having trained them, he put them aboard the Confucius, steamed out at midnight, anchored just short of Sungkiang. The Filipinos slipped like cats through the moat around the walls. They had ladders. Knives in hand, they clambered up and skewered the sentries. Ward's white men followed them to the top and over. At his signal, a thousand rockets of blue flame lit up the night and his whole force poured into the city.

Its capture disconcerted all the Taipings and heartened the people of Shanghai. He enlisted two hundred more men in his Ever-Victorious Army, as the Manchus had dubbed it, and obtained the promise that ten thousand imperial Chinese troops would assist in attacking Tsingpu. He struck that city on August 2. The Chinese troops proved useless; and Tsingpu's commander, an English adventurer, had his best shots ready in ambush. Ward, wounded five times, continued to direct his men until he saw that victory was impossible.

Ripped by bullets, racked by fever, he spent weeks in a Shanghai hospital. Shortly after his twenty-ninth birthday, November 29, 1860, he learned that his army had again failed disastrously in an attack on Tsingpu.

Though the effort almost killed him, he led the third attack in person, his shattered jaw bandaged. This attack also failed, and later he was arrested by the order of Vice-Admiral Sir James Hope, "Fighting Jimmy," who commanded the British Asiatic Squadron. The charge was that he had enticed men of the Royal Navy to enlist in his army. Arraigned before the American consular court, he boldly claimed Chinese citizenship, and the highest Chinese authority upheld the claim.

"Fighting Jimmy" nevertheless kept Ward a prisoner on his flagship—until at last he dived over the side and swam ashore, to resume his command.

Before he was thirty he had 2,500 trained men, now including Chinese. Twelve thousand Taipings were entrenched, screening Tsingpu. He bade one of his officers conduct a flank maneuver, and himself led a frontal assault. The Taipings fled screaming, and Tsingpu fell.

The Crazy Wise Man now was a sort of god. China made him an admiral, a general, a mandarin. Vice-Admiral Hope and American and French authorities asked him to become the spearhead of a united effort to wipe out the Taipings, and "Fighting Jimmy" called him the military genius of the age.

"I have men and gold," he reminded Yang; "but I have not yet, my father, the girl you promised me."

Yang smiled benevolently, and when a servant brought Chang-mei, he placed her hand in Ward's. She left it there quite willingly. And so they were married. The desperate Taipings cut short their honeymoon by attacking the village approaches to Shanghai.

In the great battle that followed, Ward's army held the center. He stood at the head of troops holding a bridge. When the Taipings charged, his cane fended off their steel bayonets. That did as much as anything to rout them.

"He's a devil!" they screeched. "He can't be killed!"

In subsequent battles he pushed them farther and farther from Shanghai until they massed for a stand at Tzeki. As dawn broke—it was September 21, 1862—he stood before his troops, that cane of his held high to signify he had something to say to them.

But he fell before he could utter a word. A Taiping bullet had entered his right lung. As the battle began, he was carried to a British gunboat.

Never before nor afterward did the Ever-Victorious Army fight as it did that day. The Taipings had no chance. Their rebellion was broken. Presently Charles George Gordon, later famous as "Chinese" Gordon, took over command of the Ever-Victorious Army; and within a few years there wasn't a Taiping to be found in China.

Ward died at the home of a British physician. His body lies in the temple at Sungkiang, and Chinese still come there daily to worship as at a shrine.

THE END

AS TOLD BY THE LIVING AND THE DEAD

By Taia Schubert

Ever since we could remember, we were called the Lucky Dagon Twins. Spoiled, pampered by every one—but mostly by father. Perhaps he tried to make up for the little he had had as a boy.

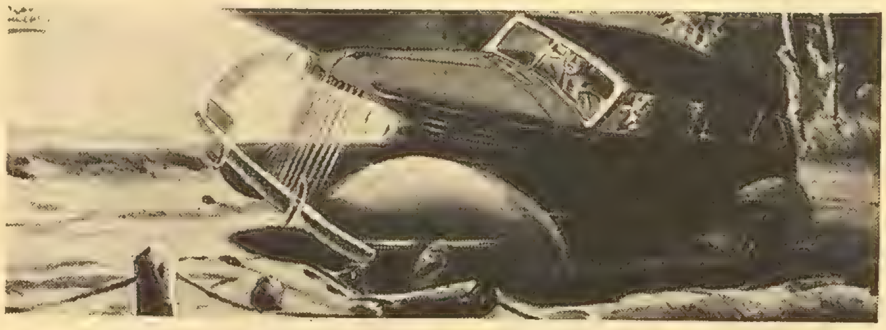
Last year was our first year at college. . . . We soon learned what a high-powered car could do in the way of fun. This year we drove a "fast" car. THOSE LUCKY DAGON TWINS. . . . I can still hear them shouting as we drove into the grounds. . . . Three months of fun, and each time we hit her up a little more. Then, one night, what had been Dr. Jekyll turned into Mr. Hyde. I had lost control. . . . Soon five of us were lying there. . . . Hair, flesh, blood—blood—so much blood that for days people turned their heads when they passed the spot. Rain mercifully washed it away.

I alone escaped death—I limp, horribly—but, thank God, I'm still alive.

Father sits and broods. You see, what we had all forgotten was that two adjectives can modify the word

LUCK

Good and bad.



PREVIEWING HOLLYWOOD

Those Hardy Perennials Again

Mr. Rooney and his ubiquitous family turn up in Arizona for adventure No. 5 . . . Two comic strips come to life

BY BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 27 SECONDS

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT 2 STARS—GOOD
1 STAR—POOR 0 STAR—VERY POOR

YOU are the critic! Each week ten dollars will be paid for the best review in 100 words of one of the films previewed by Beverly Hills. Put your own star rating on your review. From these ratings a reader-rating will be averaged. Later you will be able to compare Beverly Hills' prediction, Beverly Hills' final rating, and the reader-rating of each important picture. Send your review of one of this week's films to Beverly Hills, Liberty Magazine, 122 East 42d Street, New York, N. Y., not later than midnight, December 7. The winner will be announced in the issue of January 14.

OUT WEST WITH THE HARDYS

3 stars predicted for the latest Hardy episode. And Mickey Rooney comes pretty near being our favorite Hollywood actor.

HOLLYWOOD is going in strongly for series pictures. On the theory, probably, that if you get to like certain characters, you will go back to see them face a fresh cooked mess of complications. And probably Hollywood is right.

Out West with the Hardys is the fifth in the series. Here an old sweetheart of Judge Hardy, married to a ranch owner, calls on the jurist to help when they get involved in a dispute over water rights. Which brings the Hardys, bag and baggage, to an Arizona ranch.

You will find all the old cast, from Mickey Rooney and Lewis Stone to Fay Holden and Sarah Padden. Then there's pigtailed, eleven-year-old Virginia Weidler (remember her in Men with Wings?) as the tough daughter of a ranch foreman. She takes Mickey down a peg or two, for she can outride, outshoot, and outrope him. The romantic interest is Gordon Jones, as Virginia's pappy, and Cecilia Parker. Jones is a former University of California at Los Angeles football star, made a hit as the belligerent truck-driving Romeo of Rich Man, Poor Man. Cecilia Parker recently became Mrs. Richard Baldwin.

The desert stuff was shot at Kayenta in the Navaho Indian Reservation. George Seitz, the director, recently celebrated his twenty-fourth year in pictures. He started by writing Pearl White's serial, The Perils of Pauline. That's going back!

Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

BLONDIE

2 stars predicted. It's hard to translate a creation of the comic strips to flesh and blood.

COLUMBIA PICTURES hopes to turn Blondie into a series. Anyway, Chic Young's comic strip has been transformed into a feature movie. Blondie's future depends on you. Of course you're acquainted with Dagwood Bumstead, always late, always making a frantic dash for the office. One of our favorite folk, if you must know. Here he innocently helps an office gold digger by signing a note, discovers he's in danger of losing everything, even his household furniture he put up for security. And Blondie, womanlike, doesn't understand his altruism.

Dagwood is Arthur Lake, the Corbin, Kentucky, boy who has been juveniling around Hollywood for some years. Blondie is Penny Singleton. She was Dorothy McNulty, who made her first hit in After the Thin Man. She has been on the stage since she was eight, changed her name for sentimental reasons when she married Dr. Lawrence Singleton. Dorothy—or rather Penny—says she's a direct descendant of ol' Daniel Boone.

Larry Simms plays the four-year-old, Baby Dumpling.

Produced by Columbia.

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE

2 stars predicted. Another cartoon heroine plus the same Hollywood perils. May or may not hit it right.

ANOTHER cartoon strip shaped into film form. The young lady of the Leapin' Lizards exclamation, created by highly paid Harold Gray, is played by Ann Gillis, who was Becky Thatcher in last year's Tom Sawyer.

Plot? Annie runs away from a cruel farmer who has taken her from an orphanage, thumbs her way to New York. A truck driver who is training to be a prizefighter becomes her best friend. And, of course, there's her dog pal, Sandy. A newcomer, Robert Kent, is the truck driver with Golden Gloves hopes.

Produced by Paramount.

UP THE RIVER

2 stars is our prediction. Transforming a prison into a comic college-like background seems somehow immoral, but maybe your Beverly Hills is just old-fashioned.

ROCKWELL PRISON welcomes back with open arms two convicted gyp artists who are star football players. They're just in time to do or die for dear

Mickey Rooney, Lewis (Judge Hardy) Stone, and Cecilia Parker.

CONSTIPATED?

INVESTIGATE

INTERNAL BATHING

If you're constipated and just haven't done anything about it, you may be inviting trouble. Or, if you suffer from chronic constipation and have tried habit-forming laxatives and cathartics, you may be courting disaster. Don't depend on half-way measures. Investigate Internal Bathing. This rational way of combating constipation is practiced by thousands. Read the testimony of Dr. Daniel, typical of thousands of unsolicited letters testifying to the value of Internal Bathing.

THOUSANDS PRAISE INTERNAL BATHING . . .

"I have been a user and prescriber of the J. B. L. Cascade for about 28 years and now I wish I could convince everybody just what Internal Bathing means in the *maintenance and preserving of good health.* In my opinion it's one of the greatest inventions of the age for suffering humanity. The general remark I get from those who have purchased the J. B. L. Cascade upon my advice is as follows: 'Doctor, except that I could get another one, I wouldn't take a thousand dollars for my J. B. L. Cascade.' I heartily sanction that statement."
(*signed*) A. L. DANIEL, M.D.
518 Altman Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

Of course you know that constipation is, in almost any instance, burdensome, troublesome, the frequent source of many bodily ills. Often insidious in its attack, you may not know the cause of your headaches, spells of mental depression, your irritability, your "all-in," dragged-out feeling. As many physicians report, chronic constipation, leading to intestinal toxemia, frequently produces an intermittent appetite, gas on the stomach, bad digestion, a tendency toward frequent colds, so-called "rheumatic pains." In fact, the list of ailments attributed by clinicians to the poisons of toxemia are many and varied. By the same token, many authorities agree that a most effective method of correcting and controlling the evil effects of intestinal toxemia is through high colonic irrigation.

Professionally administered, high colonics are expensive and bothersome. The J.B.L. Cascade Internal Bath, however, is self-administered. It gives a most effective high colonic irrigation. Used under strictly controlled methods, it sends five quarts of pure warm water, treated with a soothing cleansing powder, gently whirling throughout the entire length of the five-foot colon. Impacted waste is completely loosened, literally washed out of the system. Treatments tend to strengthen the intestinal muscles—establish normal elimination.

WHAT'S YOUR "CONSTIPATION CHECK-UP"—how many manifestations of the ill effects of constipation have you got? The list below is only partially complete. Many others may be present frequently quite unsuspected.

	Yes	No
frequent "logy" headaches	☐	☐
susceptibility to colds	☐	☐
general dragged-out feeling	☐	☐
belching and bowel gas	☐	☐
irritability	☐	☐
insomnia	☐	☐
mental sluggishness	☐	☐
facial blemishes	☐	☐
so-called "rheumatic" pains	☐	☐

To quote Dr. Daniel again: "I was born July 4, 1870, and today can hold my own among the twenties and thirties—running, jumping, dancing, boxing, etc. All thanks to my J.B.L. Cascade. Keep clean *inside* and *outside* is my system."

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Send me, without cost or obligation, your illustrated booklet on INTERNAL BATHS—together with special information and hints on treatment of intestinal ills.

Name ....
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old Rockwell in the annual classic with Larson State Pen. And whatta game! The shifts, for instance, are executed in lock step. Oddities in the cast: Slim Summerville as the prison football coach. Bill Bojangles Robinson does the Deedle-De-Dum, which, he opines, may be the successor to the Lambeth Walk. And Arthur Treacher is an understanding prison warden.

Produced by Twentieth Century-Fox.

The weekly $10 prize for reviews covered in the October 29 issue of Liberty has been awarded to Mrs. W. R. Hogan, 1011 Grand Street, Alameda, California, for her review of The Arkansas Traveler.

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

The pictures are classified according to the reviewer's prediction. The figures in parentheses after a picture title show the final classification by Liberty's reviewer and the consensus of our readers' ratings.

★★★★—That Certain Age (4,—), Suez (3,—), You Can't Take It with You (4, 4), Men with Wings (3½, 3½), Marie Antoinette.

★★★½—Walt Disney's Shorts, Sweethearts, If I Were King (3½, 3½), The Great Waltz (3½, 3½), The Sisters (4, 3½), Spawn of the North (3½,—), The Lady Vanishes (3½,—), Four Daughters, Alexander's Ragtime Band, Crime School.

★★★—Submarine Patrol (3,—), Dramatic School, Just Around the Corner, Angels with Dirty Faces (3½,—), The Shining Hour, Sixty Glamorous Years (3,—), The Cowboy and the Lady, Gangster's Boy (3,—), Brother Rat (3,—), The Arkansas Traveler (3, 3), Mr. Wong Detective (3, 2½), There Goes My Heart (3, 3), Service de Luxe (3, 3), Room Service (3, 3), Garden of the Moon (3, 3), Carefree, Boy Meets Girl, The Road to Reno, Sing You Sinners, The Crowd Roars, Mother Carey's Chickens, Drums, The Texans, Army Girl, Professor Beware, The Shopworn Angel, Woman Against Woman, Three Blind Mice, The Rage of Paris, The Saint in New York, Yellow Jack.

☆ THE BOOK OF THE WEEK ☆

by Oliver Swift

★ ★ ★ ★ **THE MACMILLAN ENCYCLOPEDIA OF MUSIC AND MUSICIANS.** Compiled and edited by Albert E. Wier. The Macmillan Co.

This encyclopedia of music is a monumental work of more than 2,000 pages and more than 50,000 references to persons, organizations, instruments, musical terms—in fact, it seems to cover every conceivable subject of interest to musicians and music lovers. It is certainly the most comprehensive work on music, as far as we know, ever printed in any language.

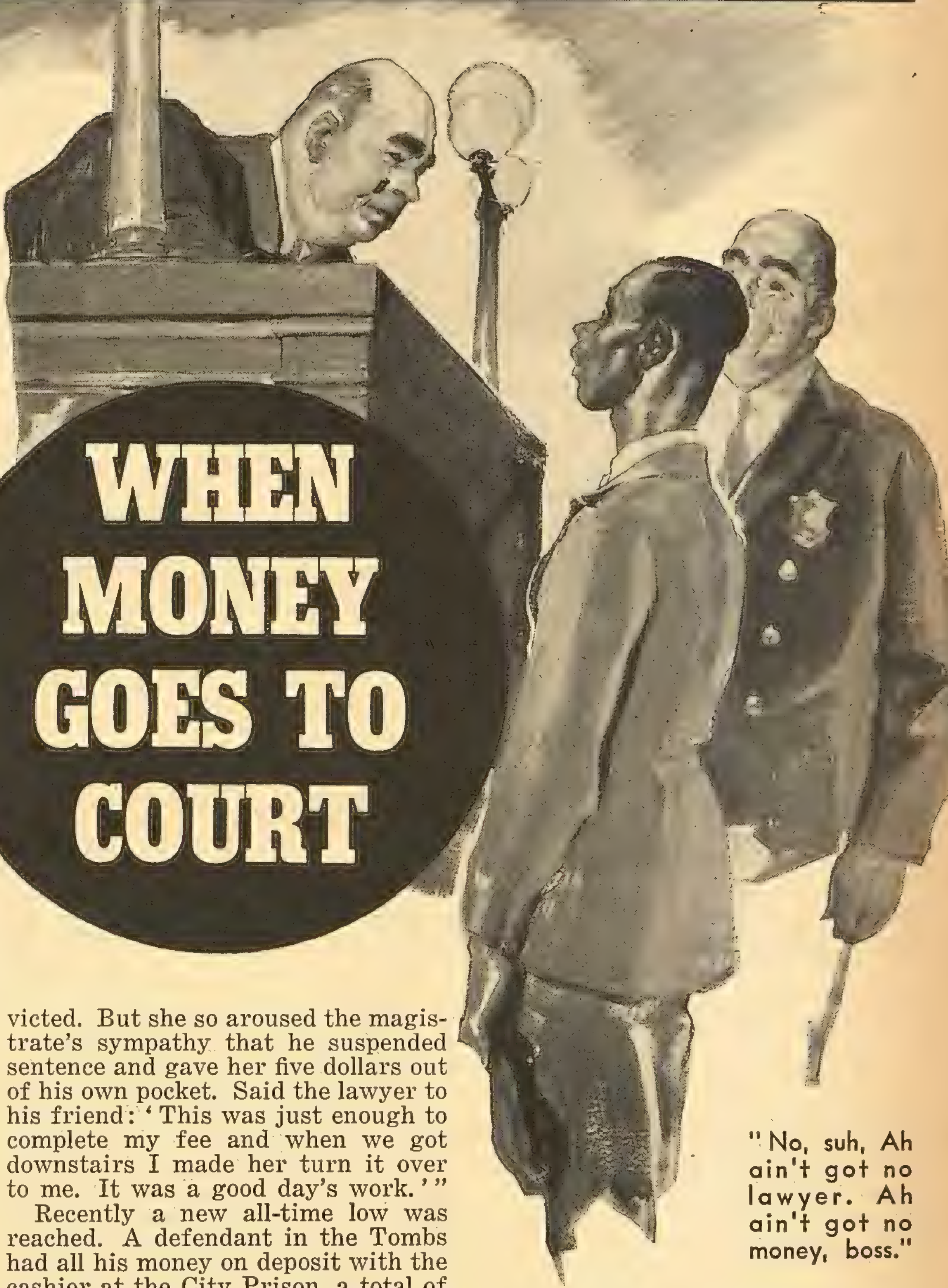
MISTRIAL! The Uncensored Facts About Judges, Technicalities, and Justice

WHEN MONEY GOES TO COURT

Rich man, poor man . . lawyer—An outspoken survey of some tragic things behind the mask of justice

BY PERCIVAL E. JACKSON

Member New York Bar. Special Assistant to Attorney General, New York State, 1930; to U. S. Attorney General, 1934. Attorney to U. S. Senate Special Committee to Investigate Receiverships, etc., 1936. Member New York City, State, and American Bar Associations.



"No, suh, Ah ain't got no lawyer. Ah ain't got no money, boss."

READING TIME
5 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

THE clerk calls a name. A scared Negro steps out of the pen and moves forward before the bench. "Rufus Smith," intones the clerk, "you are charged with the crime of grand larceny. Anything you say will be used against you. You are entitled to an adjournment of forty-eight hours in which to obtain a lawyer. Have you retained counsel or do you want counsel assigned to you before you plead? How do you plead, guilty or not guilty?"

The scared Negro hasn't understood a word.

"He's askin' you have you got a lawyer?" whispers the officer beside him.

"No, suh, Ah ain't got no lawyer," answers Smith.

"Do you want to get one?"

"Ah ain't got no money, boss."

The officer turns to the waiting judge. "He says he wants a lawyer assigned, your Honor."

"Very well," says the judge; "I'll assign Mr. Thompson to defend this man. We'll call this case again."

Mr. Thompson, a member of the bar, has been sitting in the front pew. He strolls over to the side of the pen. "Got any money?" is his first question. "No, Mr. Lawyer," says Smith. "Where do you come from?" asks Thompson. "N'Orleans." "Got any relatives here?" "No, suh." "No relatives anywhere?" "Well, Ah got a brother-in-law what's cooking on the Pennsylvania." "Don't he come into New York?" "Yes, suh, sometimes." Finally Thompson arranges to seek out Smith's brother-in-law, and meanwhile pleads the prisoner "not guilty." Smith goes back to jail to await trial.

If he had been charged with murder the counsel assigned to defend him would have been entitled to an allowance from the state for defending him —$500 or $1,000; hardly an inducement to have the life of a man on one's hands. For lesser crimes the lawyer must fend for himself, and unless he can find some relative or friend of the defendant who will put up some money, the defendant generally finds himself pleading guilty.

Said District Attorney Dewey, in speaking of the abuses of this system: "A lawyer who regularly makes his office in the Magistrates' Court came out of the courtroom at the end of the morning session well satisfied. He confided to a friend that it had been a good day. He was assigned by the magistrate to defend a woman on charges of vagrancy. She was convicted. But she so aroused the magistrate's sympathy that he suspended sentence and gave her five dollars out of his own pocket. Said the lawyer to his friend: 'This was just enough to complete my fee and when we got downstairs I made her turn it over to me. It was a good day's work.'"

Recently a new all-time low was reached. A defendant in the Tombs had all his money on deposit with the cashier at the City Prison, a total of twenty-five cents. A member of the New York bar was assigned to defend the case, and his first act was to procure an assignment of the twenty-five cents from the defendant and collect it from the prison cashier.

The rich man, on the other hand, has at his command, besides skillful and diligent counsel, trained accountants, investigators, medical and other experts, and can buy political-legal influence which secures continuances until witnesses die or disappear. Even after final conviction and affirmance, hope is not dead. Pardon boards, commutations—there are always moves that can be made so long as they can be paid for. It is said that Harry K.

GLAMOROUS MOMENTS

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Thaw's defense cost his family in excess of a million dollars. A poor man would have been summarily disposed of many years before.

Though we use the term "rich man," what we really mean is "influential man"—any one who can control money or influence votes. No one, for example, would be so brash as to say that Tammany leader Jimmy Hines, although perhaps not rich, was without influence.

To be sure, when two litigants face a jury, the poor man is more likely to get a verdict; and when public attention is directly focused upon the rich man accused of crime, as in the case of Richard Whitney, ex-president of the New York Stock Exchange, the glare of publicity often compels summary treatment.

But when money can bring delay, finance flight, and avoid examination or extradition, as in the case of Insull, the results are not usually compatible with the trend of public opinion.

The remedy for legal quibbling? Watch for Mr. Jackson's summing up in an early issue.

The practices referred to are not merely those of the "crooked" lawyer, or of the shyster, or of the "little" lawyer. Many of them are the practices of the "respectable" lawyer.

If anything, the fault of the "big" lawyer is the graver. He organizes the huge "shops" that commercialize the profession and make it a mere wing of the huge commercial organizations its corporate clients maintain. One large law office in New York City maintained in a single department, to which was assigned its corporate work for its clients, over one hundred lawyers, clerks, and stenographers at an annual overhead cost of over half a million dollars. With such an overhead, is it any wonder that politics, social and family connections, purchase and financing of control of corporations, must be the part of lawyers who seek lucrative business?

Then there are the "big" lawyers who do not work for "respectable" clients. The Hines trial disclosed that the Dutch Schultz mob allocated a portion of their "take" in the policy racket for legal fees. In a recent labor-racket investigation it was revealed that when crooked labor leaders called a strike, the employer was advised to retain a firm of lawyers, who, upon payment of the required "legal fees," would undertake to negotiate to have the strike called off.

Whenever effort is made, as it periodically is, to curb improper lawyer practices, all the lawyers in a legislature band together, regardless of party affiliations, to defeat it, claiming that curbing lawyers will infringe the liberties of the public!

Every one knows of unforgivable hypocrisies of such law administrators as the judges who sentence little gamblers to jail during the week while they patronize the Saratoga casinos over the week-end. But the sophistries of the law go deeper than this. In New York, in 1934, the legislature, not daring to legalize race-track betting, and yet desiring to profit and to enable the state and the bookmakers to profit, ingeniously removed the criminal penalties.

Hypocrisy is rampant in the field of matrimonial relations. Some states, like New York, will not permit divorce for anything short of adultery. The consequence is that people who are incompatible must get divorces in Mexico or Paris, or in Nevada or New Jersey, based on fraud and collusion, on false statements of intention and residence, or must connive at perjury and collusion, which are crimes, in New York, to get a divorce for fake or planned adultery. Because of the difficulty of divorce, some people resort to collusive and fraudulent annulment actions.

The law's hypocrisies in this field are closely allied with the fictional temporary-insanity defense which is most commonly availed of by love-triangle participants who have killed lovers or spouses.

Such is one side of the legal-insanity question. Here is the other: Our jails are full of mental cases, men with weak and diseased minds and bodies, who have been convicted of offenses defined by the law as crimes and who are being punished just as though they were normal. There is no excuse for a system that turns unfortunate animals out of jails to commit new crimes instead of committing them to asylums until cured.

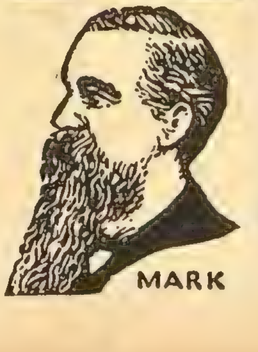
Our entire system of punishment for crime may be said to be based upon unscientific subterfuges, evasions, shams. Frequently the defendant's real offense is offending the judge, who masks the punishment, which sometimes is exaggerated, under the legal pseudonym of contempt.

Even if the prisoner is justly convicted, his sentence may vary with the judge's humor. A judge's wife's temper may readily add years to the permanency of abode of the criminal population.

Some judges are severe, some lenient. Some deprecate one type of crime while they condone another. Some are honest, others are reachable.

The first task of a trial lawyer, therefore, is to jockey his case before the proper judge.

THE END



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MARK

To the Ladies

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND FASHION AUTHORITY

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 19 SECONDS

WHAT'S your favorite outdoor sport?" I put this question to Mikhail Mordkin, dancing master of the ultra-artistic Russian ballet.

"Bricklaying," Mr. Mordkin replied.

And it's actually true. At his country home near the Delaware Water Gap he spends his vacation days doing odd jobs of masonry and carpentry around the house. The fact may be enlightening, I think, because quite a few people seem to hold the view that ballet dancing is a sissy sort of art—which it certainly is not. As a professional group, ballet dancers are about the healthiest, huskiest sets of individuals I ever have known. Their routine calls for five or six hours of hard physical work every day, eleven months in the year. Then in summer they take a month off to relax—with a spell of bricklaying, or some other mild diversion of the kind.

Mikhail Mordkin, now on tour here with his own ballet, is the veteran maestro of them all. With Anna Pavlova, he first danced in America twenty-eight years ago, imported by Otto H. Kahn, to whose memory we owe so many gratitudes for fine music and drama and art. . . . Since 1927 Mr. Mordkin has operated his school here, teaching general poise and body control, as well as the formal ballet. Katharine Hepburn, for one, is a former pupil of his.

A ballet master must translate music into terms of motion, recording the figures of the dance in a shorthand language like no other. I'll bet no black-chamber expert on codes could decipher a Mordkin notebook.

☆ In almost every part of the world we come across fantastic old mansions known to the neighborhood as somebody's *folly*. Smith's Folly, or Jones' Folly, or whatever the name of the eccentric egoist who caused it to be built. I am acquainted with a lady architect whose whim it is to collect photographs of such monstrosities; and she tells me that never, in her wide search for them, has she been able to locate a folly house named after a woman. The lack puzzles her. Have you ever heard of a *folly* estate bearing a woman's name?

☆ Five white peacocks preen themselves in a steam-heated run outside the penthouse office of the wholesale fur establishment conducted by Louis and Leo Ritter. Brother Louis brought the peacocks home by airplane from Bermuda, and they've been famous around the fur district since they took flight one day, landing on the twenty-seventh-floor roof of a building two blocks distant. Half the furriers in New York stopped work to watch police and firemen capture Ritter brothers' peacocks. At Louis Ritter's office, during the rush of the autumn-style season, I heard him phone Eugene Denton, president of the smart and busy fashion house, The Tailored Woman. But not a word did I hear about furs or tailored women. "Have those eggs hatched yet?" asked Mr. Ritter. Then, in an aside to me, "I gave him four white-peacock eggs to hatch at his New Jersey farm." . . . As a hobby for gents in the business of selling elegance to ladies, what could be more appropriate than a passion for raising *peacocks?*

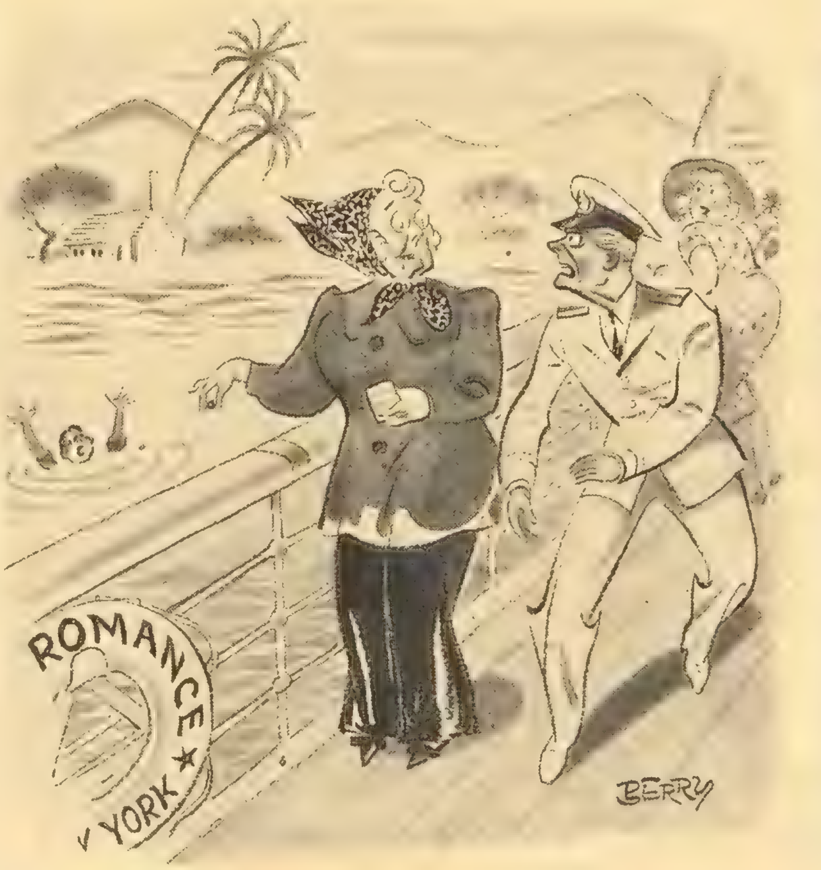
☆ Here are two fall delicacies you may care to try, now that the big cooking chestnuts are with us once more. For either dish, start by crisscrossing each shell with a sharp knife, then covering chestnuts with cold salted water and bringing to boil, then boiling about 5 minutes until soft and easy to peel. . . . *Chestnut croquettes:* Mash 1 cup boiled chestnuts with 2 tablespoons cream, yolks of 2 eggs, salt, pepper, ½ teaspoon nutmeg. Shape as croquettes, roll in bread crumbs, dip in egg, and again in crumbs. Fry crisp in deep fat. Drain on paper before serving. . . . *Chestnut-and-celery salad:* Allow boiled chestnuts to cool. Break up and combine with equal amount chopped celery. Mix with slightly thinned mayonnaise and serve on lettuce leaves. Garnish each portion with a slice of raw tart apple.

☆ I like the Roosevelt family custom of never putting more than twenty-one candles on a birthday cake, no matter how much older the birth-dated person may be. At twenty-one we attain our majority, and, supposedly, our independence. Thereafter our years should be nobody's business but our own. Twenty-one candles can be arranged on a cake by making a seven-seven cross, then placing two candles in each of the four quarter spaces.

☆ Had fun reading Kate Smith's humorously titled story of her overweight life as a radio star. Living in a Great Big Way, she calls it. (Published by Blue Ribbon Books, Inc.)

☆ A Wisconsin reader asks me to take up a point about letter writing. The Wisconsin reader says:

"Will you please tell letter writers to begin on the front sheet of the paper and write straight through to the back? Please tell them to number each sheet—1, 2, 3, 4—if they have to skip around on the pages like a chipmunk on a fence." . . . Your instructions are plain enough, and so are mine. Try not to skip pages unreasonably when you write letters. If you do skip, number the sheets—1, 2, 3, 4. . . . Now I've done *my* part. Please consider yourself told.



"Stop tossing pennies at him, lady. The poor guy fell overboard and can't swim!"

VOX POP

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

She Prayed for Son to Surrender—and He Did

CARSON CITY, NEV.—The road lay dusty and golden in the afternoon sunshine. It was a typical road in a typical Nevada county. Along it Howard Adams, an escaped convict from Carson, the state's prison, trudged.

He was dead tired, leg-weary, on the verge of dropping from sheer exhaustion; but the thoughts of prison drove him on. In the distance a group of trees looming green in their freshness against the burnt barren country told him he was nearing a town.

He wondered if the alarm was ahead of him. "Escaped convict." What a harsh grating sound, what a mental picture that expression created!

Scare headlines in the Baltimore press told of young Adams' escape from the Western prison. Re-enacted the crime that brought him his prison sentence. Brought into bold relief the worthlessness of young Adams. It told of the man's prominent father, his military and civil accomplishments.

Frances Adams, Howard's mother, read the headlines, gasped, and mercifully fainted. Colonel Adams rushed to his wife. The paper in her hand told him the story. He snorted, "Worthless pup—ruins his own life, and now by his actions wants to kill his mother!"

Frances Adams was a good woman. The picture of her only son, an escaped convict, was too much for her. She dropped to her knees and prayed—prayed to her God for her son to surrender.

Howard Adams looked ahead, uncertain whether to enter the town or to detour through the sagebrush and trust to luck for water and food farther along.

His thoughts were interrupted by the honk of a horn and a voice saying, "Going far, son?" He glanced up and saw a young fellow in a coupé smiling down at him. Well, now or never! So he forced a smile and replied, "Just as far east as I can get." The owner of the coupé looked him over and finally said, "Well, jump in, son. I'm in a hurry. Must be in Cincinnati by the 23d."

Howard Adams jumped in quickly and they were on their way.

With occasional stops for food and for gas and oil, they continued east. Noon of the 23d found them entering the outskirts of Cincinnati.

Back in Baltimore, Colonel Adams could not comfort his wife. He feared for her health, her very sanity, unless Howard surrendered.

Noon of the 23d found Frances Adams in the seclusion of her own room, on her knees, praying, praying over and over again, "Dear God, please make Howard surrender—please!"

Howard Adams heaved a sigh of relief. Free—free from prison, free from punishment, tiresome labor, monotonous days, drab prison life. To himself he said, I'll die before I'll go back there. Here he was in Cincinnati, thousands of miles away; a stranger, unknown; no fear of capture.

Then he felt a Presence—a Presence so strong, so compelling, it blotted out all else. He heard a voice within himself. It seemed to say, "Surrender, surrender." He shook himself; yet the voice repeated, "Surrender."

Without knowledge of what he was doing, Howard Adams walked directly to the central police station and surrendered. His mother's prayers were answered.—*Chesapeake Charles.*

"WHEN ADAM TOOK THAT LITTLE NAP"

LAWRENCEVILLE, ILL.—To Lizzie Martell (October 22 Vox Pop), who criticized Jay Franklin for his Menace of Maternalism:

When Adam took that little nap in Eden's palmy glade,
And lost that floating rib from which dear Mother Eve was made,
Had he known the further course his darling wife would take,
I wonder, oh! I wonder, would he not have stayed awake?

—*Highsmith.*

CAN HE HIT? CAN HE THROW? CAN HE RUN?

AKRON, OHIO—Floyd E. Weldon (October 29 Vox Pop) would like to know on what authority Joe DiMaggio calls Ty Cobb the greatest of all ballplayers. Now, Joe knows that the Yankee management asks three things concerning a rookie when he comes up: Can he hit? Can he throw? Can he run?

Ty Cobb excelled in all these departments. Boy, could he burn up those basepaths! Babe Ruth, the great hitter that he was and the grand southpaw that he was—we all know that he was built for comfort but not for speed.—*Al Samuelson.*

HE SECONDS A PIX POP

TORRINGTON, CONN.—Agree with H. Duard Hayes' idea (October 22 Vox Pop) for a Pix Pop for the Liberty reader camera fans. Possibly with a first and second prize for the best two in each issue. Pictures are all the go, so why not keep in step with the times? Or why not combine Pix Pop and Vox Pop and let Liberty give birth to a new mag—one written and "pictured" by the people?—*Russell Burdick.*

MR. MACFADDEN'S BRILLIANT DOCUMENTS OF TRUTH

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—Liberty's interesting editorials have been a constant source of inspiration. Each article in the series has been a carefully aimed direct hit on a miserable target.

I admire Mr. Macfadden's courage in taking the stand he does. Probably every conceivable dishonorable gesture has been proffered him to make him become traitor to America and co-raper of the Constitution.

His editorials are brilliant documents of truth. The facts he quotes and the fundamentals he preaches are mathematically and socially perfect.

In the mad tempo of the times, the mind of the common people is in hysteria, and to them his voice is like one crying in the wilderness.

Regardless of the mass effect that his utterances may or may not have, one thing remains distinctly in his everlasting favor—he unflinchingly spoke his piece, not as a mush-mouthed gutless political parasite, but as a patriotic American . . . one of the few Americans left.

As spokesman for over 50,000 small business firms in the State of California, I congratulate Mr. Macfadden.—*Frank Parke Wright, President of Small Business, Inc.*

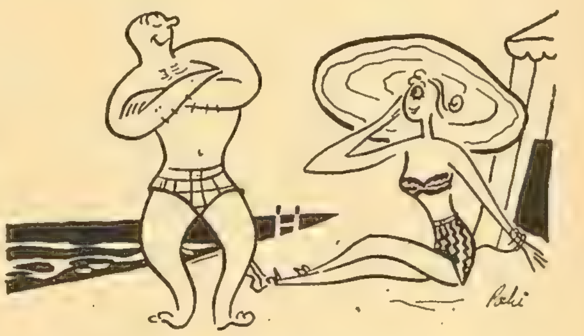
TOP THIS FOR A RED FACE

EVANSVILLE, IND.—Top this for feeling asinine. Several summers ago I was working at a swimming pool, and the attire I wore was an abbreviated pair of swimming shorts.

After the season closed, I met one of our best customers in the business district of our fair city. Naturally, I said "Hello."

She stared at me and finally said, in sudden bright recognition, "Oh, hello! I didn't know you with your clothes on."

I felt like a damphool myself, but to this day I cannot imagine what the beautiful lady I was escorting thought!—*John Smith.*



EX-COP CORRECTS CRITIC

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—In answer to Roy C. Diaz (October 22 Vox Pop) about Sam Browne belts, I must say he should take a back seat about cops wearing these belts on the right shoulder, because the strap is worn on the left shoulder to cross over and support the gun and holster on the right side.

I ought to know; I was a cop for over eight years. Diaz is thinking of army men.—*An Ex-Cop.*

SOUTHWEST FANS RAZZ FULLERTON AS SPORTS EXPERT

WACO, TEX.—Imagine our amazement when we picked up Liberty of October 29 and read the story appearing there by Hugh Fullerton. Mr. Fullerton might be a sports expert, but any fan in the Southwest Conference can tell after reading his article that he probably saw his Southwest games in the newspapers.

Of course Dick Todd of A. and M. can run rings around Ernie Lain. But this Aggie star is not even mentioned by Mr. Fullerton.

We admit there has been a lot of " whizzing " done in the Rice games this year, but most of the "whizzing" was done by Oklahoma, L. S. U., and Tulane, all of whom have beaten Rice this year. In fact, the " Whizzer of 1938 " has not even been able to pull a single game on the winning side of the ledger for Rice in the 1938 season.

Just in passing, we might mention the fact that the admittedly best passing combination in the Southwest Conference is the one possessed by Baylor University. Billy Patterson to Sam Boyd. Of course " Bullet Bill " was voted the most valuable man in the Conference last year. He had an average of better than *four yards for every pass he threw;* he had the best punting average in the Southwest Conference for 1937, and he is back this year, and he is not even mentioned by Mr. Fullerton! Also, it is a well known fact that Ernie Lain is the poorest pass-defense man playing in this Conference; and that, by the way, is the reason that he did not play more last year. Kitts was afraid to leave him in there when the opponent's team was on the offense, or the score might have been so great that Rice would never have had a chance to catch up.

But of course the most valuable man in the Conference for 1937, " Bullet Bill," and the best running back in the Conference, Dick Todd of A. and M., are not comparable to " Whizzer " Lain.

BALONEY!!!! Be a sport, Liberty, and give us some one who can write sports, or let's leave it out. *—Just a Group of Southwest Fans Who Want to Keep the Record Straight.*

The signers to this were: Bill Jablonowski, H. C. Bennett, Harold Crawford, L. C. Bradley, Jr., Orville Robinson, Raifort Hammond, Howard H. Bilby, Buddy Lamb, Bill Jester, James H. Johnston, Claude Cord, Bob Harris, H. C. Pittman, Jr., John Holland III, Bob Bowen, Scott Huntie, David F. Bitter, Johnnie A. Brown, H. T. Booth, Adolph Robbins, Tommy Bunch, W. L. Grant, Roy A. Hudgins, Eugene Wisdom, Woodfin Boggess, Jr., Ernest Jett, Jack Damron, H. F. Byrd, Douglas Daniels, Fred Adams, Jr., Mack Rodgers, Buster Lockett, James Storey, W. York, Jr., J. P. Penland, Houston Burk, Earle Shellenberger, J. Harold Gilbert, T. J. Wallace, Joe Jarrard, Charles Paredes, Boyd Nemman, Joe Reilly, Raymond Hankamer, J. D. McDowell, Bill Smith, Charlie Holton, Speedy Spillman, Lee Harris, Johnny Lyons, Clinton Sewell, C. D. Woodburn, Jr., James G. Jones, Lyle E. Moeckel, Jr., Ed Marten, Robert Scates, Robert B. Ballonger, Ronald Merrill, M. Waddell Mowelund, Horace Moore, J. Milton Hardog, Omar Harvey, Joe Faulk, Frank C. Green, Jr., Warner Brock, W. A. Ford, Jr., W. P. Culp, Sarah Watts, Lockert Sleeper, Jr., Edwin Booth, Hank Foster, E. C. McCall, Raymond Marstatt, Ed Rice Tate.

LIKES HIS PAGES COLORED

BURLINGTON, VT.—For several years I have been reading Liberty from cover to cover. When I came to pages 31-35 of your October 29 issue, the print not only stood out more clearly, but I found it very restful to the eyes.

Let's have more of these colored pages. I think you have something there.—*R. H. Larry.*

JUST CUT IT FROM 'ERE TO THERE

ST. PAUL, MINN.—Thank you for your very interesting series of articles upon The Doris Case of Multiple Personality, especially since they represent the subject's own views.

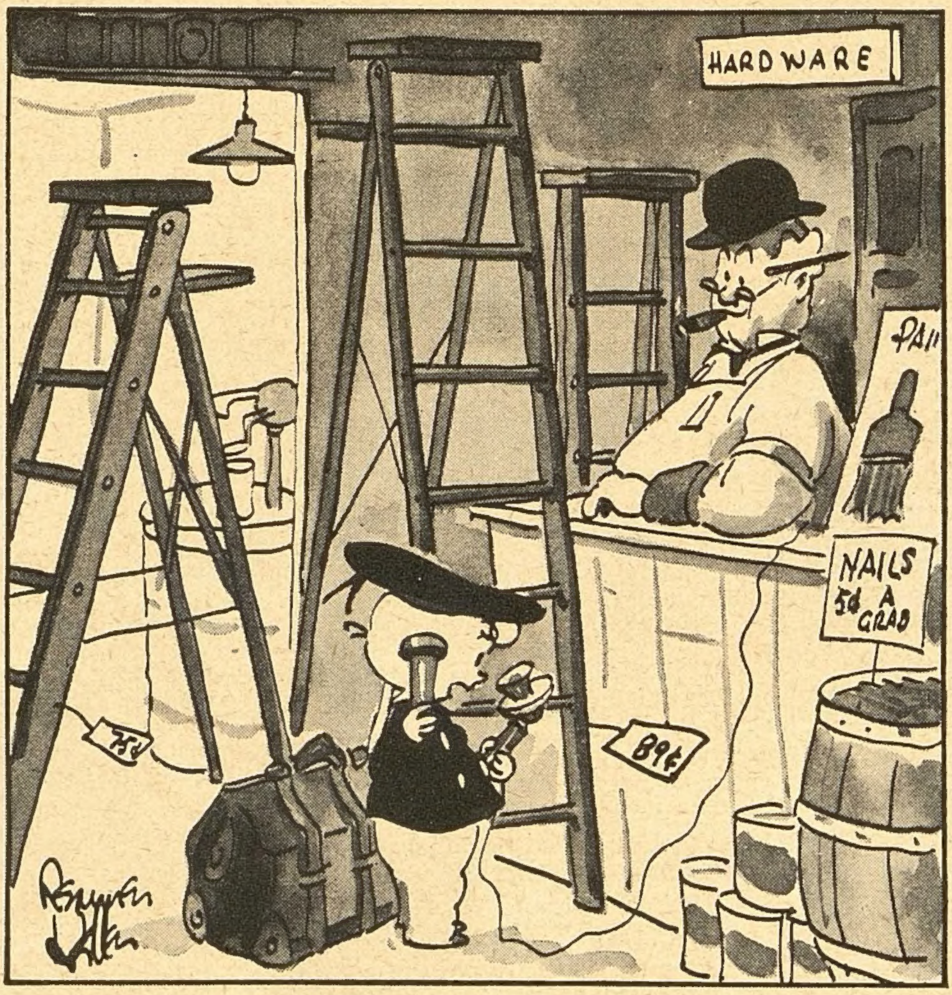
I became absorbed in this case several years ago upon reading that book, and now Doris' own statements renew my interest in this intriguing affair.

However, a sour note was injected into the whole affair by a somewhat waggish companion of mine who blurted out:

" Sic transit gloria mundi;
Sick Doris every Wednesday."

Please advise whether I should cut his throat from ear to ear or merely from 'ere to there.—*S. Leslie Truesdell.*

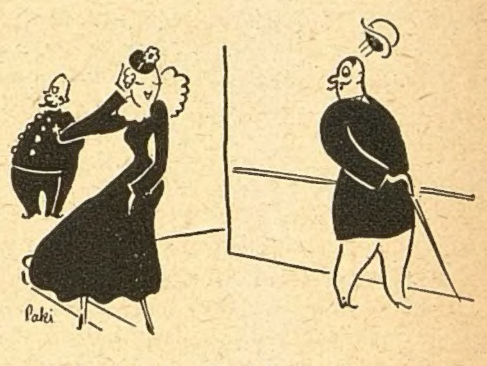
"HARDTACK"



" Hello, Gladys. How high is it from the ground to your window? "

MODESTY YESTERDAY AND TODAY

ITTA BENA, MISS.—Liberty's October 22 cover picture impressed me strongly. How the man of 1890 was shocked! Not many years ago I met a lady on the street whose white stockings showed several inches above her high-top shoes,



and was I shocked! Modesty was then thought essential to a lady of high type. Now—

A lady can flirt,
Leave off her shirt,
Go without her undies
Even on Sundays.

Before my teens I heard my sisters talking about " grass widows," and wondered what kind of vegetables they were, as divorces were then " scarce as hen's teeth." Now divorce trials fill our court dockets, and many wonder if " naked women " and divorces are related.—*W. H. Rucker.*

WHAT HELL MEANS IN SWEDISH

ROCKFORD, ILL.—It's too bad that any Swede does not know the names of places in his brethren's country, Norway. Didn't Mr. Edvard Eriksson (October 29 Vox Pop) know what the word Hell means in the Swedish and Norwegian language? It simply means what Americans call slope or hill.

I too received a post card from Mr. Kellgren from the beautiful Hell in Norway.—*Dagmar Bruce Lundgren.*

DONE TO A CRISP

HAWTHORNE, CALIF.—In answer to Vox Popper Buckman (October 1 Vox Pop), What kind of hair is crisp? Referring to Mr. Webster, I find: " Crisp, *adj.*: wavy, curled, brittle, cheerful, terse, sparkling; *verb*: to curl, to ripple." So the word crisp may be correctly used in many ridiculous ways.

To wit: " The man with the crisp hair drank a glass of crisp champagne, after which his disposition became crisp; he then ate a bowl of crisp cornflakes that were served him in crisp milk, after which he jumped in the crisp lake." *—Margaret Vaughan.*

Why Did Hitler Give Lindbergh a Medal?

STRANGE AND CONTRADICTORY stories about Colonel Lindbergh have been coming from abroad. One day we hear that the American flyer inspected the Russian air fleet and reported to Chamberlain that it was not strong enough to help England and France win a war against the totalitarian Powers. Next we hear that the people of Great Britain resent Lindbergh's interference with their national affairs. A later dispatch says that Lindbergh is planning to become a British subject. Later still we are told he is coming back to the United States. Most ironic touch of all: A high German official pounces on Lindbergh at a public reception and pins a medal from Hitler just over his left lung. Why? Why Did Hitler Give Lindbergh a Medal? is the title of an article you will not want to miss in next week's Liberty. . . . WE THINK—although naturally our point of view is prejudiced—that you will like the whole of next week's table of contents, including two fine short stories: Aristocrat, by Achmed Abdullah, and Wedding for Three, by Florence Ostern Faulkner; and a number of distinguished articles, including are the Churches Keeping Pace with the Modern World? by Frank M. Reed; Are New Blood-Test Laws Reducing Marriages? by Barbara Wake; A Candid Portrait of Hedy Lamarr, by Howard Sharpe; another feature about Liberty's All-Players All-America Team by Norman Sper; and many other interesting contributions, including installments of the current serials. . . . WORD COMES from Richmond of a revival in the Old South—an old and honorable magazine name born again. The Southern Literary Messenger is being revived and is to appear this month in format similar to that of the original magazine. We welcome this reincarnation of a once noble literary spirit. In the old days the Messenger had among its contributors Edgar Allan Poe, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, William Cullen Bryant, Sidney Lanier, former President John Quincy Adams, Ik Marvel, and many others. That is something to live up to. . . . FROM A GENTLEMAN in Canada came the following appreciation, of which we are very proud: "I read Liberty because I understand it; because it is close to the wonderful, puzzling, unknown, exciting, beautiful, *average* world I live in. Because it changes as I change, with winter and summer, with my fear of war and my delight in progress, with my love of enchantment and my desire for adventure; because it soothes me when tired and challenges me when alert; and because it is neither ahead of nor behind the times—but is the essence of the times." . . . We have just had brought to our attention the unselfish work of Mr. F. Bert Morgan of Greenville, South Carolina. Mr. Morgan's hobby is saving the American chestnut trees from threatened extinction because of blight. For decades they have been rapidly disappearing, but now, largely because of his energy and effort, they are beginning to hold their own. . . . Mr. J. R. de la Torre Bueno, Jr., sends us an advance copy of a new series of E. C. Bentley detective stories called Trent Intervenes, with a request for a comment. We read the stories with pleasure. They are among the more literate detective stories written today, often rich in characterization, charming in style, and short of plot. But oh, Mr. de la Torre Bueno, Jr., and Mr. Bentley, why is it that English authors write of Americans as if they were all caricatures—and badly drawn caricatures? The slang attributed to American characters by English authors is an unbelievable contribution to the unconsciously comic literature of our time. An Englishman's ear for American slang is apparently as accurate as our beloved wife's notions of how to budget the family income. . . . A FRIEND sends us this clipping: "A deplorable little scene took place in the periodical room of the Library of Congress, toward closing time, one night last week. An elderly man in pince-nez stood up and began waving his arms, shouting: 'I've been in here for three nights running, waiting for that thing. You're trying to keep it from me.' So saying, he snatched a Liberty Magazine from the nerveless fingers of a small man in a trench coat. A short scuffle for Liberty followed, after which both antagonists were subdued by library attendants." . . . One of your favorite contributors, and veteran of many a cross-country trip in his trailer, Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., has accepted the presidency of the American Trailer Travel Association. . . . WE GET ENTHUSIASTIC word about the reception of General Robert Lee Bullard at dinners, speeches, and interviews while on his recent Western tour. People everywhere made a buzz over him like nothing he had ever known before and, we are told, the General didn't know how to account for it—"unless it was because of those articles," which you all read in Liberty. . . . Louis B. Davidson's remarkable story about Mark Twain's romance, He Fell in Love with a Picture, has continued to win new laurels ever since we published it. Its latest is its inclusion in the Teachers' Manual to a series of high-school English textbooks for use in the Pennsylvania high schools. . . . From J. R. Campbell of Fairhope, Arkansas, a post card saying that we don't give both sides of all public questions. What he objects to is the Upton Sinclair article on California's $30-every-Thursday plan. But when a radical like Mr. Sinclair takes the conservative end of the argument, isn't that both sides in a nutshell?

* * *

THANKS! Hope to see you all right here with us again next Wednesday.

FULTON OURSLER.

Liberty-*for Liberals with Common Sense*

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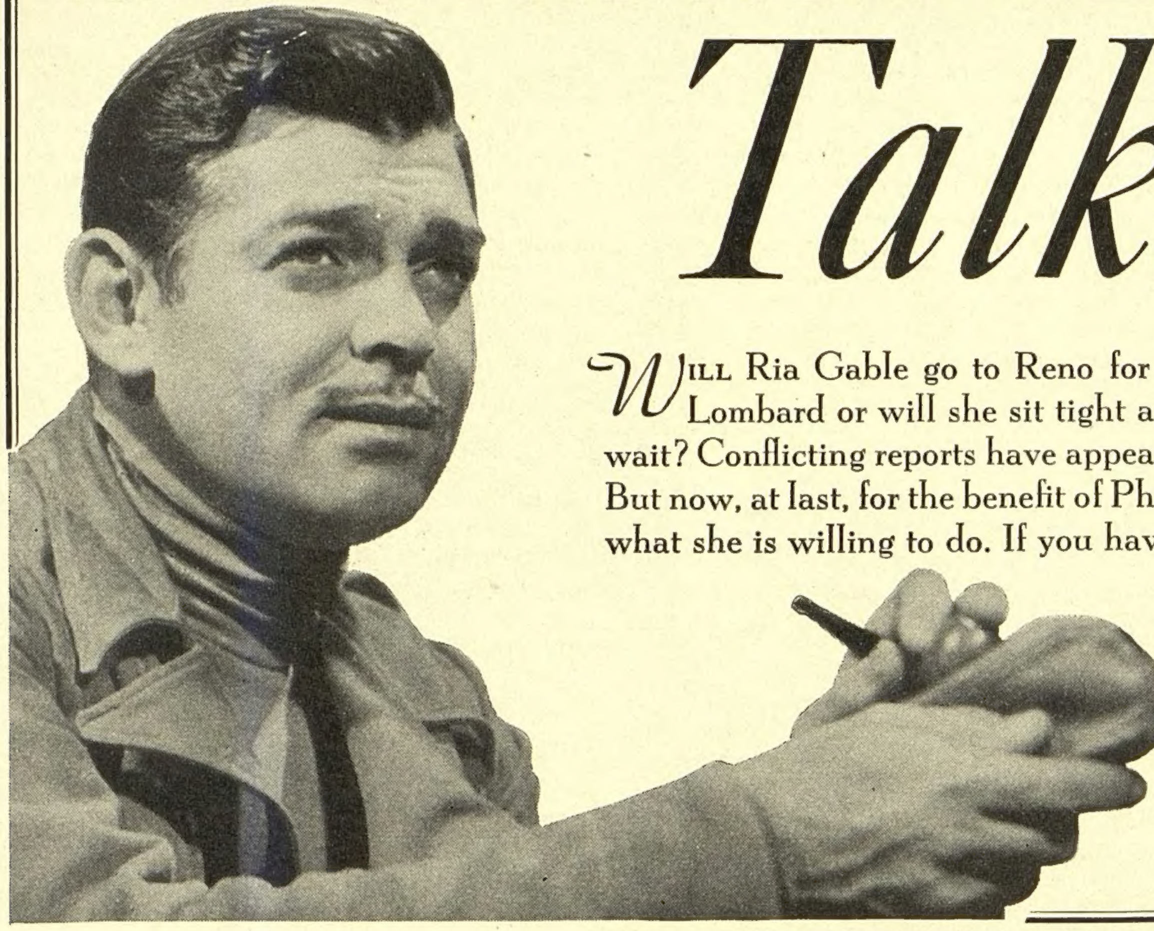
The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any person, living or dead, it is purely a coincidence.

COVER BY RUSSELL SAMBROOK

AT LAST! *Mrs. Clark Gable* Talks



WILL Ria Gable go to Reno for a divorce so Clark can marry Carole Lombard or will she sit tight and make the Gable-Lombard romance wait? Conflicting reports have appeared both on the air and in the columns. But now, at last, for the benefit of Photoplay readers Ria Gable tells exactly what she is willing to do. If you have been watching the Gable-Lombard-Gable situation with interest do not fail to read this honest, straightforward statement of fact as made by Ria Gable to Sara Hamilton. You will find it in Photoplay for December, now on sale.

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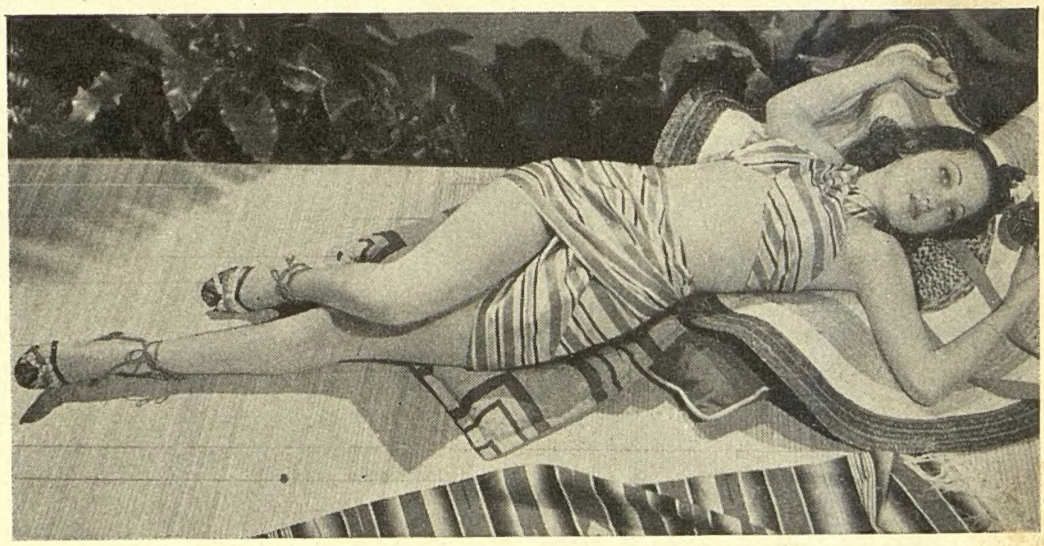

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HIGHLIGHTS OF THE DECEMBER ISSUE

He Really Mows 'Em Down (A Charlie McCarthy laugh-fest at movie moguls' expense) ☆ Golden Girl (introducing Priscilla Lane) ☆ Bob Burns of Van Bazooka by Irvin S. Cobb ☆ What Really Happened to Bette Davis' Marriage? ☆ Even His Best Friends Don't Know Tyrone Power ☆ What Makes Love Tick (The McCreas' marriage formula) ☆ The Case of the Hollywood Scandal by Erle Stanley Gardner ☆ Portrait of a Man Walking Alone (Nelson Eddy) ☆ Photoplay Fashions ☆ One Mad Auer ☆ Beautiful Brat and many other absorbingly interesting features and departments.

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